

# MACLEAN'S

MARCH  
1916



LITERATURE

"Germany's John"

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

"The Unsav'd Hatchet"

EDWARD KELLY

More

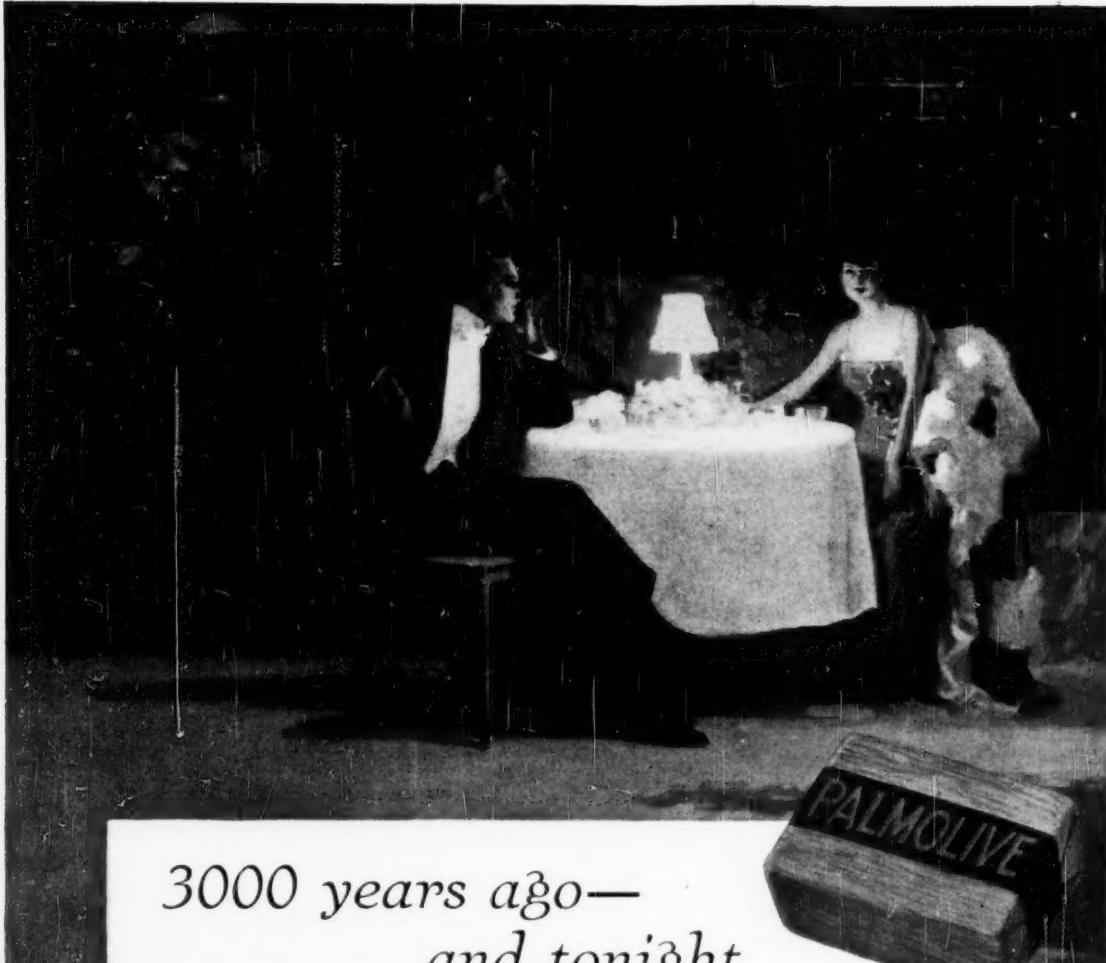
About

German

PLOTS

A HOG

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO CANADA



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and tonight

The Moon that shone on Cleopatra may now illuminate a different type of woman, yet now, as in the great Egyptian's day, Palm and Olive oils are the great toilet requisites.

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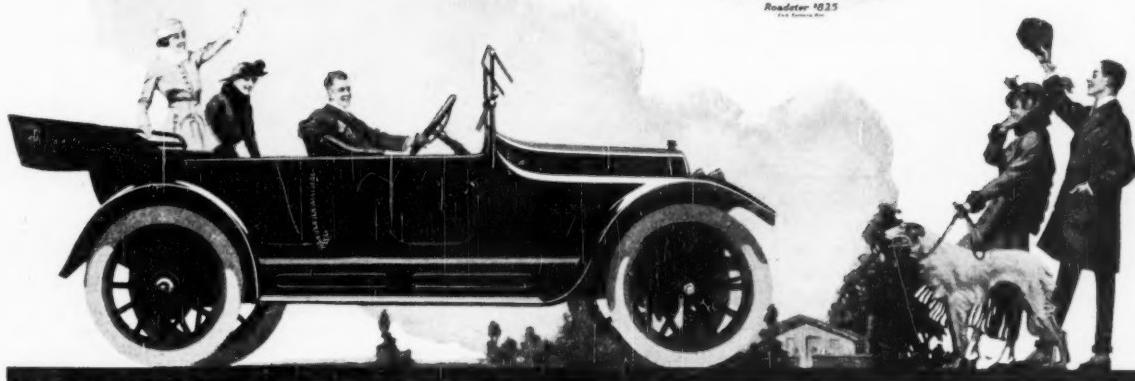
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Never before has any model been such a complete and instantaneous success.

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Note that the tires are four-inch size. Many cars costing more have smaller tires.

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No wonder there's a rush to possess the car the world has been waiting for.

But that means quick action on your part in order to get a prompt delivery.

Don't delay—get your order in to-day.

Remember it comes complete—only \$850.

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 610

**Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Ont.**

# The Publisher's Page

## An Interpretation

STATEMENT BY  
THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

March, 1916

No. 14

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
TORONTO, FEB. 15th, 1916

PERHAPS you have heard it said, or said it yourself, or observed, that this war has made our Canadian people more serious. At any rate, many are saying that the war, in all countries at war, will have the effect of sobering the minds of men and women, of uplifting national ideals, and of recreating the nation in a spiritual sense.



So far as Canada is concerned, we are becoming more and more Canadian all the time. The war has saved us from the peril and menace of divisions. West and East have been united, and both East and West have been drawn very much closer to the Motherland and the other overseas Dominions of the British Empire.



This newly aroused Canadian spirit has shown itself in a rather unlooked-for field—the people's reading. Explain it how one may, the fact is that we Canadians are favoring the books and magazine contributions of Canadian writers; or to put it another way: the Canadian origin of books or writers, and books and magazine articles with a Canadian background or setting, seem to impress us as a people, and we are hungrier than ever before for Canadian literature. This is very significant.



This obvious preference for Canadian literature is unmistakably indicated by the news-stand sale of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. Here the public buy what they want. There is no coercion of any sort, no compulsion; and goodness knows, there is competition enough. We can say that more persons than ever before are buying MACLEAN'S. Our sales have gone up by leaps and bounds.

As contributory evidence, came this postscript on a card received last month from the leading bookseller in Winnipeg—one of the largest firms in its line in Canada:

"Magazine winning most new friends is MACLEAN'S. Every bookseller and news agent in Canada should boost it. The Magazine worth while."

(Signed) Russell, Lang & Co.

This tribute was entirely voluntary, but it is a straw which shows how the wind blows among magazine buyers



To us the cause is clear: MACLEAN'S magazine satisfies Canadian readers far more than does any American magazine, *and it lasts longer*. That is, there is more reading—more good reading—than in any other popular magazine we know. You know this, of course, because you are a regular reader of MACLEAN'S. Our reason for emphasizing these points is to make you conscious and appreciative of the fact that MACLEAN'S is fulfilling the requirements of Canadians. We want you to know—and proclaim—that Canada has a magazine at least the equal of any American magazine, and better far than many that enjoy fame and favor.



In the hope that you are interested to know something about this part of a publisher's problem, we give the results for one week of a canvass, by mail, of a select list of men and homes.

During the week ending January 22nd, 1916, the number of new subscribers received for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE was 344.

We took a great deal of trouble to get certain particulars about these 344 subscribers—this for a special purpose. For example, we looked up directories, telephone books, Bradstreet's and Dun's rating books, and

other sources of information. This is what we discovered: There were in this list of 344—

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 30 manufacturers  | 5 lawyers and judges |
| 45 merchants      | 7 contractors        |
| 29 doctors        | 8 bank managers      |
| 10 sales managers | 45 farmers           |
| 15 teachers       |                      |

We did something further: We checked up this list of 344 with a list of motor car owners which we possess, and found that 245 of them own cars. That spells wealth.

Two of the manufacturers have a commercial or credit rating of \$50,000 each; two merchants had credit ratings in excess of \$50,000, and there were others rated from \$10,000 to \$35,000 each.



Frankly our object in making this investigation into the list of new subscribers secured in a given week was to convince advertisers and advertising agency men that we are justified in our claim that our subscribers represent the very *cream* of the people of Canada.



You see an advertiser and his agent want to know the purchasing power of a publication's subscribers, and their social class. A financial firm offering investments; a firm of furniture manufacturers making fine and expensive furniture; motor car manufacturers; and all other classes of advertisers want to know, and have a right to know, what class of persons a magazine or newspaper reaches.



We are not saying anything about the contents of this March number of MACLEAN'S, letting the contents speak for themselves. But we have this to say about next month's number: it will emphasize spring needs in its advertising columns—motor cars, furnishing, gardening and other matters pertaining to out-of-doors and the spring renovations.



### *More Value for Every Dollar of the Price*

This NEW Series 17 Studebaker 4-cylinder model is the GREAT 4-cylinder value of the year—a car that offers the discerning buyer MORE visible, tangible, PROVABLE value for every dollar of the price than any other 4-cylinder car on the market.

And the price of \$1165 is possible only by reason of Studebaker's unexcelled manufacturing facilities, GREAT financial resources, long years of manufacturing experience and LARGELY increased volume.

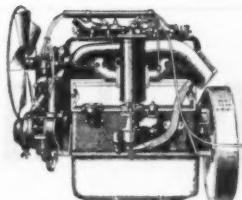
No man can safely invest a dollar in any car without FIRST seeing this new SERIES 17 Studebaker. Write for handsome catalog—and have your local dealer demonstrate the car.

### STUDEBAKER

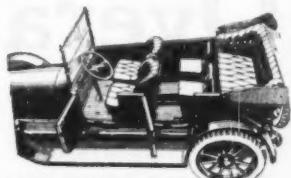
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*Made in Canada*

More than 221,000 Studebaker Cars now in use



—it buys MORE Power—a big 2½-inch bore x 5-inch stroke motor that develops FORTY Horse Power—the most POWERFUL 4-cylinder car at the price



—it buys MORE Room—plenty for SEVEN full-grown people to ride in comfort—more room for driver and more in tonneau—DIVIDED and adjustable front seats.

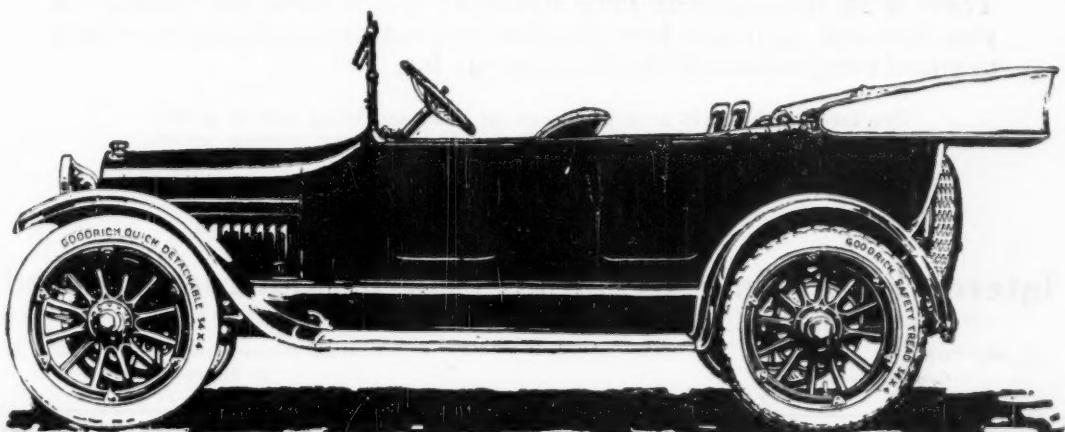


—it buys MORE Beauty—a handsome car, luxurious in its finish and graceful in its long, smooth, flowing lines—finest hand-buffed, straight-grain, semi-glazed leather upholstery.



—it buys many NEW Conveniences—such as the gas tank removed from the cowl to the rear of the chassis—the new design, overlapping, storm-proof windshield—the adjustable front seats—the more conveniently arranged instruments.

*See them all in the  
car at your dealer's*



# Nobility in Overalls

In these stirring times many remarkable incidents are being recorded. The illustration shows Lord Norbury, one of England's wealthiest noblemen, going to his job as fitter in an aeroplane factory in overalls, "ringing in" on an

**Lord Norbury**  
"ringing in" on an  
"International"



## International Time Recorder

The International Time Recorders play no favorites—lords or laborers, it gives the same automatic record—accurate, indisputable — made by the employee himself.

The International is the choice in the great factories of the world for checking the cost of labor, saving money. It will do the same for you.

There is an International Time Recorder and System that exactly fits your business, no matter how peculiar your requirements may be—ready to guard every minute of the time you pay for.

**The International will soon discharge its debt and bring you in profitable returns from the time saved and the efficient service given.**

**WRITE US FOR FULL PARTICULARS.**

The prices range from \$95.00 up.

**International Time Recording Co. of Canada, Limited**  
Ryrie Bldg., Corner Shuter and Yonge Sts., TORONTO

F. E. MUTTON,  
General Manager

Montreal Representative: W. A. WOOD, Jr.  
19 Bleury Street

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President. T. B. COSTAIN, Editor. MILLER McKNIGHT, Advertising Manager.

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## The girl who wanted more color

*The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks  
the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for*

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand.

The rest of us *must* have at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess all the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny old, dead particles so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibres stimulated. You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

### Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin.

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.



The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once!

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater cleanliness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this skin treatment. Get a cake to-day. It is for sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

### Send today for sample cake.

For 4c we will send you a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 462 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Tear out this cake  
as a reminder to ask  
for Woodbury's  
today at your drug-  
gist's.*



# MACLEAN'S

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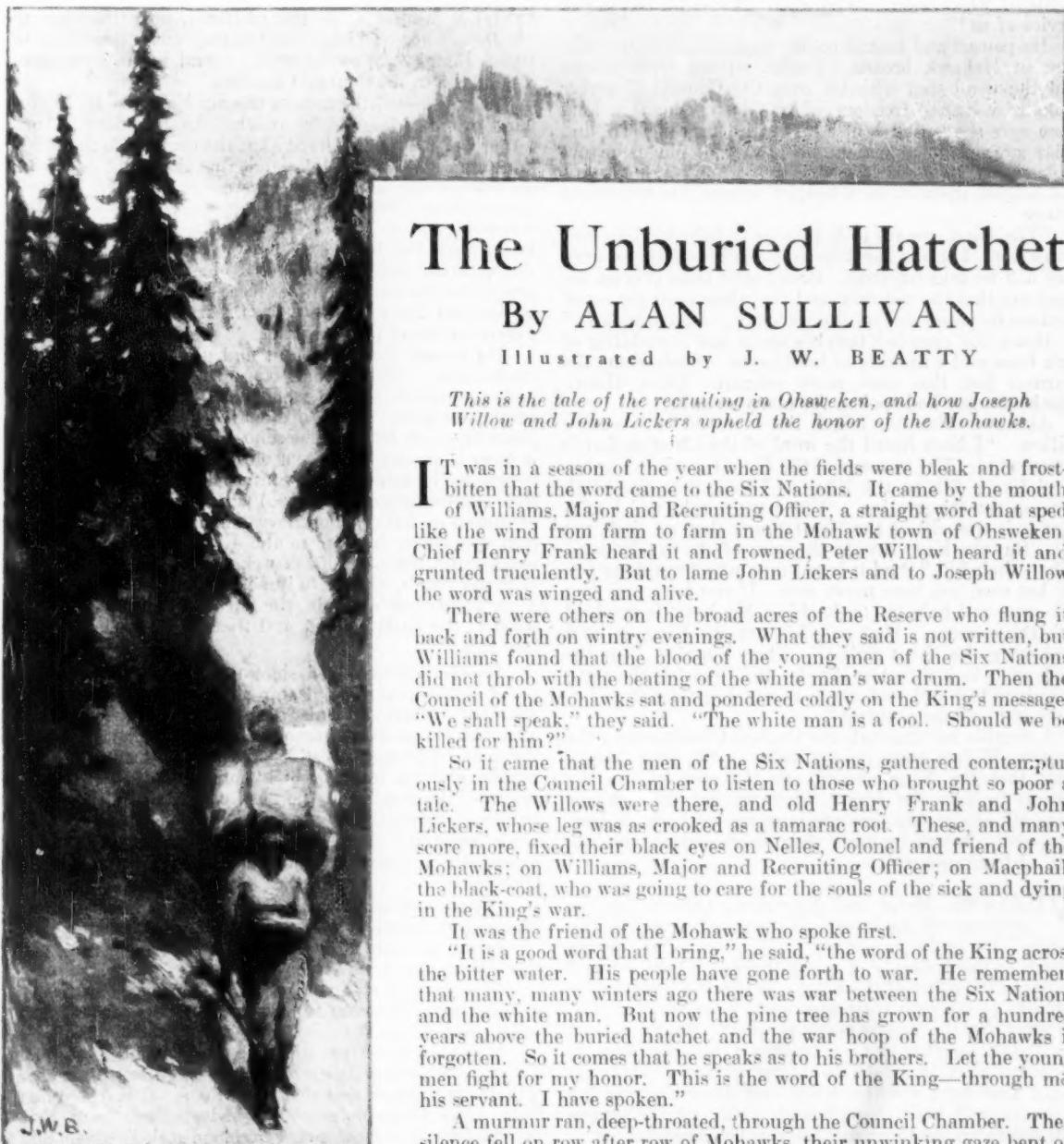
## MAGAZINE

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Volume XXIX

MARCH, 1916

Number 5



## The Unburied Hatchet

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

*This is the tale of the recruiting in Ohsweken, and how Joseph Willow and John Lickers upheld the honor of the Mohawks.*

IT was in a season of the year when the fields were bleak and frost-bitten that the word came to the Six Nations. It came by the mouth of Williams, Major and Recruiting Officer, a straight word that sped like the wind from farm to farm in the Mohawk town of Ohsweken. Chief Henry Frank heard it and frowned, Peter Willow heard it and grunted truculently. But to lame John Lickers and to Joseph Willow the word was winged and alive.

There were others on the broad acres of the Reserve who flung it back and forth on wintry evenings. What they said is not written, but Williams found that the blood of the young men of the Six Nations did not throb with the beating of the white man's war drum. Then the Council of the Mohawks sat and pondered coldly on the King's message. "We shall speak," they said. "The white man is a fool. Should we be killed for him?"

So it came that the men of the Six Nations, gathered contemplatively in the Council Chamber to listen to those who brought so poor a tale. The Willows were there, and old Henry Frank and John Lickers, whose leg was as crooked as a tamarae root. These, and many score more, fixed their black eyes on Nelles, Colonel and friend of the Mohawks; on Williams, Major and Recruiting Officer; on Macphail, the black-coat, who was going to care for the souls of the sick and dying in the King's war.

It was the friend of the Mohawk who spoke first.

"It is a good word that I bring," he said, "the word of the King across the bitter water. His people have gone forth to war. He remembers that many, many winters ago there was war between the Six Nations and the white man. But now the pine tree has grown for a hundred years above the buried hatchet and the war hoop of the Mohawks is forgotten. So it comes that he speaks as to his brothers. Let the young men fight for my honor. This is the word of the King—through me, his servant. I have spoken."

A murmur ran, deep-throated, through the Council Chamber. Then silence fell on row after row of Mohawks, their unwinking gaze bent on

Nelles. In the midst of the silence rose up Chief Henry Frank.

"The white man has spoken and I have heard," he began slowly. "But his mind is shallow and he forgets much. The men of the Six Nations are neither subjects nor brothers of the King. We are children in the white man's law. We were not always children but, as he grows older, we become younger and more helpless. Many winters ago when our war whoop was heard, this whole country was ours. We could travel for many days and hunt and fish. There is not now any place for hunting and fishing. There is treaty between us and the King, but the people of Brantford have even asked that more of our land be taken from us. The men of the Six Nations are not blind. They can see that their rights are not the rights of white men. Why then should the King ask service of us?"

He paused and looked coldly about. Revolt was stirring in Mohawk breasts. Buried wrongs were reborn and the wind that whistled over the Council Chamber spoke of vanished freedom, of trackless woods that long since were shaven bare, of rivers full of leaping fish, and cedar swamps from which the hunter of old came not back empty handed. Chief Henry Frank saw all this and played upon it as a harpist fingers his responsive strings.

"The King, we are told, asks us to fight in the white man's war. Let him speak to us to as ally to ally, for only thus will we take up arms. Better even than this let the King say that the red man and the white man are equal brothers in peace and on the war-path. I have spoken."

Down the crowded benches there was a nodding of dark faces and a flashing of beady eyes. Again came the murmur but this time more vibrant. Chief Henry Frank's tongue had spoken for many mouths.

Another voice was lifted, the voice of the younger Willow. "I have heard the word of the Chief and it is a good word. The message of the King has moved in my mind like a fish in the lake, so I took it to the black coats on the Reservation. 'You have taught us,' I said, 'that it is the will of the Great Spirit that we shall not kill. But the King says to the men of the Six Nations, "Thou shalt kill." And it is not men who have done you evil but men you have never seen. If you honor me you will come and help me to do this. My heart is troubled with the message. How can I honor the King without disobeying the Great Spirit?' Thus I spoke. But the black coats looked first at the sky and then felt the earth with their feet and said many things I could not understand and told me nothing."

A rumble ran through the Council Chamber and the younger Willow went on cynically. "It is a strange thing that the King should ask the men of the Six Nations to fight for him. Shall we not stay on our farms till the rights that are ours by treaty have been given us? It will be time then to go out on the war trail. I have spoken."

**WILLIAMS**, Major and Recruiting Officer, felt the grimness of the hour. "I come as a friend to my friends," he broke in evenly. "It is now for the Six Nations to think deeply of many things. There is much trouble in the mind of the King. Is this the hour for the Mohawks to say that their men shall be considered first, and after that the war of many peoples? We have eaten and drunk together. As a brother I tell you here in Ohsweken that it would be better that the Mohawks should first fight for the King and after the war his messenger will hold Council with you, and his tongue shall not be crooked nor will his ears be closed."

Now it happened, that while Chief Henry Frank and the younger Willow were speaking, Joseph Willow, the older shook his head and muttered many objections, so that the sound of his voice was like the rumble of a distant rapid. Macphail, the black-coat, who wore the garb of a fighter, heard it and caught a flash in the old man's eyes.

"Is there no one of your Council," he questioned, "who will speak for the loyalty of the Six Nations? Have we come to hear the children complain or to hear the word of your young men and their message to the King?"

Joseph Willow nodded gravely. "It is well said. There is John Lickers. He is the schoolmaster at Smoothtown, the village of the Mohawks. His tongue is wise. Let him speak."

**T**HEN Williams, on the platform, gave the sign to John Lickers, but it went astray and came back to Chief Joseph Willow himself. And as he rose there was silence in the Council Chamber.

"I have heard the men of the Six Nations," he began, "and wondered at their speech. In the days of my father's father, the Mohawks left the country to the south and followed the British to lands that they gave us. There we buried the hatchet and here our children learned many things. We live, not in teepees, through which the winds of winter blow freely, but in houses which are better than the houses of many white men. We dress not in skins and the harvest of our fields does not run away like the moose and red deer. We read in printed books, and the tongue we have learned to speak is the tongue of many peoples."

He paused for an instant and glanced scornfully at his brother. "The younger son of my father has spoken and my mouth opened as I heard. The mind of my brother is quick—like an otter in the stream. For ten years he sat in front of the school teacher, and to-day he is wiser than any black coat on the Reservation. Of the Scriptures he can talk and confound them with questions they cannot answer, as a child which knows nothing can confound its father who knows much. It is not long ago that the Duke, brother to the King, came to the Mohawks, and the men of Ohsweken gave him an address of many words, and there was much talk. On that day, I—a Chieft—sat away in the corner. But my brother stood at the Duke's elbow and tried to get even closer—like this."

Joseph Willow edged sideways. There came a ripple of amusement and a flashing of teeth from the packed chamber. Then suddenly the speaker's voice deepened. The old frame straightened and age fell away like a garment. Through his stiff body the blood coursed more rapidly and the memory of bygone days thrilled in his brain. Like a spirit of the past, animated by the recollection of desperate enmities and grim relentless expeditions, he spoke on. And along the listening benches pulsed that which was stranger to the flat fields of Ohsweken.

"There was a day when a runner came down our line and we heard what not many men have heard."

Again he paused, then sharp and terrible rang out the war-whoop of the Mohawks.

"Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo!!" cried the runner. "Let every fighting man come out to make war for his country and meet the Fenians."

A sudden thrill ran through the Council Chamber. Long dead passion flamed up in hundreds of hearts. The Iroquois knew well that war whoop. It had sounded from Lake Champlain to Matchedash Bay, from Erie to the Ottawa. How many a blood-soaked glade and

ruined village, how many a grove and beach had heard and shivered and mourned. And into this savage reverie the voice of Joseph Willow cut like a whip.

"The Mohawks heard and answered. There was a gathering of fighting men—a gathering of all but one—and they went out chanting their battle cry to meet the Fenians. And the one who did not go," here Joseph Willow paused and gazed at his brother with ineffable scorn, "was the younger son of my father. And my mother being covered with anger and shame said, 'I will make a petticoat for him. He is not a fighting man but a squaw.'"

**A**GUST of laughter shook the meeting, but Joseph Willow, seizing the moment, went on swiftly. "It is now time for the Six Nations to stop dreaming about wrongs and do their duty as their fathers have done. I am an old man and my back is bent and my fingers have curved to the handle of the plough. This is known to all of you. When the first word came from the King, I and my five sons were farming three hundred acres of land given me by the white men who my brother says have done so many evil things for the Mohawks. Three of my sons heard the word and went to fight, and one of them sleeps forever by the war path. The two that were left worked hard with me, and because the King needs hay and wheat for his armies we farmed two hundred acres. It was good to know that the fields were made to pay tribute."

He paused again and his gaze searched the audience. Williams, Nelles, and Maephail sat breathless. These were the words of one the roots of whose history struck so far back into time that they were lost in misty centuries. Survivors of an ancient race, the dwindling circles of the Iroquois were now vanishing like the departing forests. But still survived in them a spark of that flame which once raged tempestuously across a continent. And Joseph Willow, crowned with the rime of many winters, and wise with the wisdom of the silent, had reached that spark and was fanning it steadily into new life.



"The King," he thundered on, "now calls for more men. The two sons who are left will follow their brothers. Perhaps they also may sleep by the war-path. And if that is not enough, I myself will rise up and the stiffness will leave my back and the blood again run hot in my veins and I shall follow after my sons. As for my younger brother let him think his own thoughts. They are not the thoughts of a fighting man. The word has come to the Mohawks. Let us answer it. I have spoken."

**H**E sat down royally. The younger son of the father of Joseph Willow started at his brother with unblinking eyes. Hit or not hit, he betrayed neither anger nor shame. There was only the steady stare of black and beady orbs. But through the audience emotion fluttered like a bird. There was a nodding of heads, a sound of sibilant whispering and a leaning forward of sinewy shoulders. The words of a Mohawk had struck deep. Then there rose up John Lickers, schoolmaster of Smoothtown of the Six Nations. He shifted his bad leg, which was crooked as a tamarae root.

"For many years the children of the tribes have come to me and I have watched them grow as saplings grew into trees. It was not always the wisdom of books that I taught them for there is much wisdom that is not in any book. Always they learned from me to honor the King. To-day this Reservation is bare of my older pupils. There are but a few left and these could not learn all that I tried to teach them about honor. But now that you may know that the teacher believes his own words, and that they are not empty words, I will go to the King's war. And if my leg is too crooked for fighting I will carry wood and water to the fighting men. One cannot tell the strength of a leg by its shape. So—let the biggest man here step forward and I shall throw him on my back and carry him alone from the Council Chamber. We have talked too much. The King's word has come in the daytime, but like the owl in the sunlight we cannot see. Let us answer his call. I have spoken."

*Continued on page 72*

# THE RETURN OF THE PACIFIST

By VICTOR LEESE

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Lieutenant Foster, of the British navy, has been through a series of adventures dating from the time that he saves a transport ship while wireless operator on board. He was placed in charge of a small vessel to take a British diplomat and some models of new guns to Russia and, as narrated in "The Man in the Inverness Coat," he just manages to save his valuable cargo from the Germans. The accompanying story tells of his return trip with Lord Fairley and some other interesting characters on board. In Lieutenant Foster, Mr. Leese has created a typical British officer—modest, absolutely fearless and hard as nails. There will be more Foster stories for readers of MacLean's. Read "The Last Cruise" in next issue.

THE first ice of winter was swinging steadily down the Neva in thin scales laden with sudden snow, filling the morning air with a sibilant crepitance in the lulls of the city noises, and dappeling the greenish waters in a way that vastly took the eye of the dark-faced sea-faring man, clad in decent civilian blue, who paused beside the parapet of the Prospekt. His companions, a lean, covertly alert man similarly clothed and a tall Russian in a staff-captain's uniform, turned inquiringly.

"That," said Martin Dool, sweeping a gloved hand over the river, "is really fine."

"Uh-huh!" agreed Lieutenant William Foster. "There's lots more of it in the White Sea; and if our passenger doesn't see fit to pull up stakes this week, there may be too much for my comfort."

"A most remarkable man, this passenger of yours," commented the Russian officer.

"So remarkable, Captain Kurotky, that we have taken the trouble to come up from Archangel to remind him that this is the third and positively last trip that the *Helen* will make for the purpose of taking him home."

"Be tranquil, monsieur," said the officer; "I am able to assure you that his excellent work is at last finished."

"The third time is said to be lucky."

"What would you?" The Russian shrugged deprecatingly. "There was first the uneasiness as to your own country and our difficulties of finance and munitions. Then the affair of the Balkans—a business in which even his genius could not accomplish all that was desired. And lastly there has been—why should it not be mentioned among friends?—a little misunderstanding within our own circle, in the clearing up of which he has been positively invaluable. These things I can say to you . . . ."

BUT Foster's attention had wandered. A fine open carriage, so little damaged as to paint and upholstery as to make certain that the war had brought about its descent to the livery business, drawn by a shaggy pony recently promoted to the same estate, was approaching at a walk. The patrician vehicle, the sturdy plebeian nag, and the decrepit fragment of the submerged tenth that

drowsed on the box presented fine material for a study in contrasts. But the object of Foster's regard was rather the figure that lolled in the rear seat; and the eyes of that figure returned his steady gaze.

They were keen, wind-narrowed eyes, half closed against the morning sun, deeply ambushed in a pleasant face, with humor lurking at their corners. The face was yellow-brown from long exposure, save for the parts whence hair had recently been removed. A mop of ruddy curls above it, uncovered in that crisp air even though it thinned perceptibly at the temples, showed signs of bleaching by strong suns. The face might have been Russian; but Russians do not bare their heads on late November mornings.

As the carriage drew abreast, a drawl from the occupant stopped it; and Foster found himself addressed.

"Hullo, Spark!"

The speaker had moved a cigarette from his lips; otherwise he was immobile. Foster, who had been racking his memory for a full minute, jumped on the step and thrust a hand into the carriage.

"Hullo, Kelly!" he said.

"Going anywhere? Better jump in!"

Foster, turning to invite the others to enter, flicked a card on to the seat. "Spark" was a non-committal name enough, celebrating nothing more than a juvenile weakness for electricity and escapades; but it might save explanation to advise one who knew him by it that he was now Lieutenant William Foster, commanding His Majesty's schooner *Helen*. He introduced the other as Mr. Evan Griffyth Broadwood.

"I have heard of Sir Evan," said the Russian staff-captain, Foster raised his eyebrows at the title.

"Old man bagged a baronetcy just before he cashed in," acknowledged Broadwood; "but I'm still hopelessly middle-class. Look here, now!"—he glanced at the officer's uniform—"wines are barred, and I'm a teetotaler to boot. Can I drag you fellows anywhere for a cup of coffee?"

By request, Captain Kurotky directed the dragging process; and at the end of it Broadwood, also by request, drew out the following autobiography, covering in five minutes the years that had lapsed since he and Foster left the same school.

"I went through the mill at Armstrong's, as you know. Guns, shells and armor plate. Then I specialized in guns, and presently got a big job with the John Brown people. They didn't feature that end of the trade so much in those days; but I left 'em with one or two nice little things up their sleeves that have probably come in handy before this.

"Then I struck Tolstoy . . . . or he struck me. You know the way of it. War and government were agencies of the devil, to mention only the pertinent features of his dream. I call it a dream. At the worst, it was the noblest dream of the XIX century; if you grant his premise—allow me still to call it the Christian hypothesis—it is a good deal more than that.

"The upshot was that six years ago, when my father died, I went to live the simple life in the Caucasus."

CAPTAIN KUROTKY permitted him self a half smile.

"As you say," Broadwood resumed, "it's a devil of a place to go to for the simple life. That was why I went. Furthermore, it can be done. I did it, within my limits. I hugged the border where the *jigits* (Cossack braves) roam, and was neither killed nor robbed—much. I saw Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana, once. I was very happy.

"Then the war came; and I moaned about the front, doing odd jobs."

"Tending the wounded and nursing the sick," corroborated Captain Kurotky.

Broadwood stopped him with a slight motion of his hand, and continued:

"But I got restless. No, I don't know that the philosophy broke down. For a time I thought the war might be a necessary thing to bring it into its own. I was sorry to see men fighting, but not at all excited. I dare say I was the quietest pacifist in five continents. But gradually the "if" at the bottom of it all loomed larger. And then the things at home began to pull. You know, the Berwyns with the heather on them; Cader beetling over the Mawddach and holding the little shepherds' huts quiet on his back; and the people thinking and feeling in ways that I understood. I'm Welsh, of course. . . . Damn it, Spark, we were Christians when you other German pirates came, fourteen hundred years back, and mixed things up. Yes, I know; pagan enough to scrap like wild-cats for our wild hills and little rivers. That's what is the matter with me now. I'm looking for a quick trip home; and the philosophy is more or less on the scrap-heap for the time. That's about all."

"Yes," said Martin Dool, whose coffee had grown cold untasted, "this love of home is strange and very strong. Even if it is bad, one cannot argue with it."

BROADWOOD glanced sharply at the Celt who understood his incoherence, and loafed back in his chair, a careless



*The peer of the realm had throned his bulk among the ruins of the tower. He was tuning a banjo. Broadwood sat at his feet, giving him the notes with a guitar. Martin Dool poked his head up from below and applied a mouth-organ to his lips.*

Briton at ease in a splendid cafè. Kurotky politely concealed his excusable mystification.

"Now tell us how you got into trouble," said Foster. "Captain Kurotky is a friend of mine."

Broadwood screwed up his eyes and flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"And yet they say that the English are stupid," he murmured.

"Don't let that stand in your light," replied Foster. "My home port is Montreal."

Broadwood turned suddenly to the Russian.

"Do you know a captain of Hussars named Stiebel?"

"I have met him," Kurotky replied; "a half-German and a court favorite under the old regime. Probably loyal, but sent to the Caucasus to be out of the way."

"I know nothing of his loyalty," said Broadwood with scrupulous fairness; "but he was a devil. With the women, particularly. Literally a devil."

"As I said, the things at home were pulling; and when I stumbled on Stiebel and his work . . . well, I got excited and forgot my principles. I was reasoning with him; and he pulled his sword out—a German trick. I fancy I knocked him about rather badly. Anyhow, I left him with some Cossack women in the mountains, burnt his clothes, and hooked it in the morning. I landed here last night; and I hope to beat the telegraph to Sweden or Archangel."

"If one could not leave the man alone, it would have been better to have shot him. He will make much trouble when he returns. But if you can—how say you?—beat the telegraph out of Petrograd, the rest can probably be arranged."

"Thanks, Kurotky," said Foster. "The train for Archangel leaves at two o'clock. If you will explain to my other passenger that I am in an unexpected hurry, I think we will simplify matters for you by going to-day."

"Obliged to everybody," said Broadwood calmly; "but there's no need to get in a stew. If the music has to be faced, I prefer to face it myself. I deserve to suffer for forgetting my principles; and whether I do or not is nobody else's business."

"Isn't it?" said Foster. "You haven't heard the howl that Britain is putting up for makers of munitions."

**E**IGHT hours after the arrival of Foster, Dool and Broadwood at Archangel, the *Helen* then lying with the Blue Peter hoisted half a mile off-shore, two boats were seen making for her from the press of shipping about the wharves. The *Helen* immediately hove short on her cable; for the boats might bring police. Our amiable lieutenant almost hoped they did, though it would mean that he would have to pick up Lord Fairley, his exalted passenger, somewhere in Norway. Life had been totally without excitement for three solid months.

Broadwood displayed no interest in

the question. With the aid of an arc light and a couple of gunners—the *Helen*'s crew was now all British—he had reduced the twelve pounder amidships to a skeleton of its formidable self, and was presently engaged in putting back the pieces. Sub-lieutenant Farrell, now navigating officer, ran forward, cogitating the use of a few swear-words to expedite the fishing of the anchor.

Then the first boat resolved itself into a tiny motor launch, from the stern of which a mighty figure rose. An old-fashioned coat and cape billowed and flapped like a torn sail to leeward of the figure, and a thin, piping hail came over the water. A cautious smile passed around the *Helen*'s deck. Even the men who were new to the ship knew at once the owner of that coat and voice. Their wait was over. Lord Fairley had consented to go home at last.

The owner of the launch was assuring him in voluble Russian that he would be deservedly drowned even before he reached his ship; but when he found himself paid for the mental strain of carrying such a fare, paid at a rate beyond Archangel's wildest dreams, his Russian failed him, and he wept.

To Foster the great man said: "I was not quite sure whether you meant to go without me or not; so I caught the next train like a good prodigal. There is a boat load of fatted calf coming on behind. . . ."

Broadwood broke into the saloon with triumph in his eye, wiping grimy fingers on the best pair of trousers that Petrograd had afforded on short notice.

"That gun is mine," he said, "with improved recoil and sights."

Then, and only then, he remarked the strange presence occupying an approximate tenth of the room.

Sir Evan Broadwood, of Trefriw and the Caucasus," explained Foster, "whose troubles account for my haste. Kelly, this is my passenger, Lord Fairley of Oxenham."

"Who modestly hopes that his authority will ensure the presence of Lieutenant Foster, and if possible the excellent Farrell and Engineer Dool, at this evening's festive board. The calf is passing fat; and there will be tales to tell after dinner."

**T**HE tales were told, but not all that night. The noble diplomat found Broadwood to be an oyster very well worth the trouble of opening; and Broadwood gave way to the accumulated hunger of many years for the companionship of men of racial intellectual kin. Even Foster's uncommunicative calm yielded to the genial pressure; and the dark soul of Dool expanded, at least on the last night, into frank comradeship.

The gloomy Lofodens and the midday twilight of the north were a long day behind them; and they proposed to talk until the dawn should bring the first glimpse of Scotland's iron coast. They walked the deck to wait for it. The first wan light was picking out the wave-tops westward.

"The morning!" Lord Fairley com-

mented. "The morning that ends a safe and happy voyage."

"Hist!" said Dool. "Wait till the sod is under your feet for words like those."

"The ineradicable superstition of the Celt!"

"Submarine on the starboard bow!"

"All hands on deck!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Lord Fairley; "I thought they were all sunk."

"Silence on deck! Engineers stand by! Kelly, take command of your gun and fire at will after I give the word! Gunners, man quick-firers!"

**B**Y the time the men were at their stations—and hardly a ship in the navy could have bettered Foster's discipline—it was apparent that the submarine was an enemy. The strange thing was that she should lurk in the path of a ship superior in speed and armed.

Foster glanced eastward and chuckled. The uncertain light was strongly in his favor; the submarine would see only an unknown schooner under easy sail. Foster decided to mask his guns and, by a simple manoeuvre, to cut the enemy in two. Then he had an inspiration; he asked Lord Fairley to hail the stranger.

"Delighted," said the diplomat, trotting forward, and losing his hat by a scrape of the foresail boom. "Submarine ahoy!"

Probably the seas had never before heard a hail in so cultured and peculiar a voice—at least, not at seven o'clock of a morning in the tail end of November. A smothered guffaw, followed by a sharp reproof, came from the stranger's narrow deck.

"Keep as you are!" came the answering hail; "or I'll blow you out of the water."

"Really you should not say things like that. Who are you?"

Lord Fairley, mildly remonstrative, was taking the conversation into his own hands. Foster was well content to listen and observe.

As well as he could make out, the German intended not to sink his vessel but to commandeer it, probably for use as a screen in the pursuit of bigger game—a wild and daring scheme, no doubt; but the mere presence of the submarine in those waters argued its commander an intrepid and able man.

**T**HE space between the vessels was slowly decreasing. The *Helen*'s screws were tentatively gripping the water. Farrell, to whom the plan had been explained, stood by the telegraph, tensely watching his commander. As yet, the yacht appeared to be obeying the order of the enemy. Foster signalled for more speed.

The German who spoke English was applying derogatory epithets to Lord Fairley. He appeared to be exasperated. Suddenly he broke off and shouted commands in his own tongue. Simultaneously Foster swung his hand; and the water at the stern of each vessel leapt to furious commotion.

"Hard a-port," sang Foster, springing  
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"Count," I said, "I begin to see that Germany is unconquerable."



# Germany From Within

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERY'S

Note: Everywhere to-day one meets a new type of pessimist. He is found wherever people gather to talk about the war. He sees efficiency in everything the Germans do and slackness in everything we do ourselves. Our men, he says, are all right, but are not organized. In Germany, he says, the state does everything. Not having any state, we have to do everything for ourselves. Bismarck foresaw all this. For this purpose he married the King of Greece to his wife. Like fools we gave up Corfu. Zululand is full of German spies, disguised as book agents. On the west front the Germans have dug themselves in so deeply that we shall never

find them. The Germans are sending a million men to Arabia. They don't need food. They eat sand. Prussia has only lost three million men. That's nothing. They are calling out the Landslide. Help!

THE adventure which I here narrate resulted out of a strange psychological experience of a kind that (outside of Germany) would pass the bounds of comprehension.

To begin with, I had fallen asleep.

I am not prepared to say with any

exactness just where and how this happened. It may have been during a pause in one of my lectures on political economy; or it is possible that

I had fallen asleep, in a sort of intellectual rapture, during some part of my college duties. For I was still wearing my cap and gown when I woke up.

Of the reason for my thus falling asleep I have no doubt. I had remained awake nearly the whole of the preceding night, absorbed in the perusal of a number of recent magazine articles and books dealing with Germany as seen from within. I had read from cover to cover that charming book, just written by Lady de Washaway, under the title *Ten Years as*

a Toady, or *The Per-Hapsburgs as I Knew Them*. Her account of the life of the Imperial Family of Austria—simple, unaffected, home-like: her picture of the good old Emperor, dining quietly off a cold potato and sitting after dinner playing softly to himself on the flute, while his attendants gently withdrew one by one from his presence: her description of merry, boisterous, large-hearted Prince Stefan Karl, who kept the whole court in a perpetual roar all the time by asking such riddles as "when is a sailor not a sailor?" (the answer being, of course, when he is a German Prince)—in fact, the whole book had thrilled me to the verge of spiritual exhaustion.

From Lady de Washaway's work I turned to peruse Hugo von Halbwitz's admirable book, *Easy Marks, or How the German Government Borrows Its Funds*; and after that I had read Karl von Wiggleround's *Despatches* and Barnstuff's *Confidential Letters to Criminals*.

As a consequence I fell asleep as if poisoned.

BUT the amazing thing is that whether it was or was not that I fell asleep, I woke up to find myself in Germany.

I cannot offer any explanation as to how this came about. I merely state the fact.

There I was, still wearing my cap and gown and seated on the grassy bank of a country road.

I knew it was Germany at once. There was no mistaking it. The whole landscape had an orderliness, a method about it that is, alas! never seen in British countries. The trees stood in neat lines, with the name of each nailed to it on a board. The birds sat in regular rows, four to a branch, and sang in harmony, very simply, but with the true German feeling.

There were two peasants working beside the road. One was picking up fallen leaves, and putting them into neat packets of fifty. The other was cutting off the tops of the late thistles that still stood unwithered in the chill winter air, and arranging them according to size and color. In Germany nothing is lost; noth-

ing is wasted. It is perhaps not generally known that from the top of the thistle the Germans obtain picrate of ammonia, the most deadly explosive known to modern chemistry, while from the bulb below, butter, crude rubber and sweet cider are extracted in large quantities.

The two peasants paused in their work a moment as they saw me glance towards them, and each, with the simple gentility of the German workingman, quietly stood on his head until I had finished looking at him.

I FELT quite certain, of course, that it must only be a matter of a short time before I would inevitably be arrested.

I felt doubly certain of it when I saw a motor speeding towards me with a stout man, in military uniform and a Prussian helmet, seated behind the chauffeur.

The motor stopped, but to my surprise, the military man, whom I perceived to be wearing the uniform of a general, jumped out and advanced towards me with a genial cry of:

"Well! Herr Professor!"  
I looked at him again—



*The simple gentility of the German workingman.*

"Why, Fritz," I cried.

"You recognize me?" he said.

"Certainly," I answered, "you used to be one of the six German waiters at McCluskey's restaurant in Toronto."

The General laughed.

"You really took us for waiters!" he said. "Well, well. My dear professor! How odd! We were all generals in the German army. My own name is not Fritz Schmidt, as you knew it, but Count Boob von Boobenstein. The Boobs of Boobenstein," he added proudly, "are connected with the Hohenzollerns. When I am commanded to dine with the Emperor, I have the hereditary right to eat anything he leaves."

"But I don't understand!" I said. "Why were you in Toronto?"

"Perfectly simple. Special military service. We were there to make a report. Each day we kept a record of the velocity and direction of the wind, the humidity of the air, the distance across King street and the height of the C. P. R. Build-

ing. All this we wired to Germany every day."

"For what purpose?" I asked.

"Pardon me!" said the General, and then, turning the subject with exquisite tact: "Do you remember Max?" he said.

"Do you mean the tall melancholy-looking waiter, who used to eat the spare oysters and drink up what was left in the glasses, behind the screen?"

"Ha!" exclaimed my friend, "But why did he drink them? Why? Do you know that that man—his real name is not Max but Ernst Niedelfein—is one of the greatest chemists in Germany! Do you realize that he was making a report to our War Office on the percentage of alcohol obtainable in Toronto after closing time?"

"And Karl?" I asked.

"Karl was a topographist in the service of His High Serenity the King Regnant of Bavaria,"—here my friend saluted himself with both hands and blinked his eyes four times—"He made maps of all the breweries of Canada. We know now to a bottle how many German soldiers could be used in invading Canada without danger of death from drought."

"How many was it?" I asked.  
Boobenstein shook his head.

"Very disappointing," he said. "In fact your country is not yet ripe for German occupation. Our experts say that the invasion of Canada is an impossibility unless we use Milwaukee as a base—"

"BUT step into my motor," said the Count, interrupting himself, "and come along with me. Stop, you are cold. This morning air is very keen. Take this," he added, picking off the fur cap from the chauffeur's head, "it will be better than that mortar board—or, here, wait a moment—"

As he spoke the Count unwound a woollen muffler from the chauffeur's neck, and placed it round mine.

"Now then," he added, "this sheepskin coat—"

"My dear Count," I protested.

"Not a bit, not a bit," he cried, as he pulled off the chauffeur's coat and shoved me into it. His face beamed with true German generosity.

"Now," he said, as we settled back into the motor and started along the road, "I am entirely at your service. Try one of these cigars! Got it alight? Right! You notice, no doubt, the exquisite flavor. It is a *Tannhäuser*. Our chemists are making these cigars now out of the refuse of the tanneries and glue factories."

I sighed involuntarily. Imagine trying to "blockade" a people who could make cigars out of refuse; imagine trying to get near them at all!

"Strong, aren't they," said von Boobenstein, blowing a big puff of smoke. "In fact, it is these cigars that have given rise to the legend (a pure fiction, I need hardly say) that our armies are using asphyxiating gas. The truth is they are merely smoking German-made tobacco in their trenches."

"But come now," he continued, "your meeting me is most fortunate. Let me explain. I am at present on the Intelligence Branch of the General Staff. My particular employment is dealing with foreign visitors—the branch of our service called, for short, the Eingewanderte - Fremden - Verfüllungs-Bureau. How would you call that?"

"It sounds," I said, "like the Bureau for Stuffing Up Incidental Foreigners."

"Precisely," said the Count, "though your language lacks the music of ours. It

is my business to escort visitors round Germany and help them with their despatches. I took the Ford party through—in a closed cattle-car, with the lights out. They were greatly impressed. They said that though they saw nothing, they got an excellent idea of the atmosphere of Germany. It was I who introduced Lady de Washaway to the Court of Franz Joseph. I write the despatches from Karl von Wiggleround, and send the necessary material to Ambassador von Barnstuff. In fact I can take you everywhere, show you everything, and"—here my companion's military manner suddenly seemed to change into something obsequious and strangely familiar—"it won't cost you a cent—not a cent, unless you care—"

I understood.

I handed him ten cents.

"Thank you, sir," he said. Then with an abrupt change back to his military manner.

"Now, then, what would you like to see? The army? The breweries? The Royal court? Berlin? What shall it be? My time is limited, but I shall be delighted to put myself at your service for the rest of the day."

"I think," I said, "I should like more

THE motor flew ahead and in a few moments later we were making our arrangements with a local station master for a special train to Berlin.

I got here my first glimpse of the wonderful perfection of the German railway system.

"I am afraid," said the Station Master, with deep apologies, "that I must ask you to wait half an hour. I am moving a quarter of a million troops from the East to the West front, and this always holds up the traffic for fifteen or twenty minutes."

I stood on the platform watching the troop trains go by and admiring the marvellous ingenuity of the German system.

As each train went past at full speed, a postal train (Feld-Post-Eisenbahn-Zug) moved on the other track in the opposite direction, from which a shower of letters were thrown in to the soldiers through the window. Immediately after the postal train, a soup train (Soupzug) was drawn along, from the windows of which soup was squirted out of a hose.

I watched till all had passed.

"Now," said the station master, "your train is ready. Here you are."

Away we sped through meadows and fields, hills and valleys, forests and plains.

And nowhere—I am forced, like all other travellers, to admit it—did we see any signs of the existence of war. Everything was quiet, orderly, usual. We saw peasants digging—in an orderly way—for acorns in the frozen ground. We saw little groups of soldiers drilling in the open squares of villages—in their quiet German fashion—each man chained by the leg to the man next to him; here and there great Zeppelins sailed overhead dropping bombs, for practice, on the less important towns; at times in the village squares we saw clusters of haggard women (quite quiet and orderly) waving little red flags and calling: "Bread, Bread!"

But nowhere any signs of war. Certainly not.

WE reached Berlin just at night-fall. I had expected to find it changed. To my surprise it appeared just as usual. The

streets were brilliantly lighted. Music burst in waves from the restaurants. From the theatre-signs I saw, to my surprise, that they were playing



"withdrawing the men from the breweries.  
That is the last final act of national fury."

than anything to see Berlin, if it is possible."

"Possible?" answered my companion.  
"Nothing easier."

*Hamlet, East Lynne and Potash and Pearl-mutter.* Everywhere was brightness, gaiety and light-heartedness.

Here and there a merry-looking fellow with a brush and a pail of paste and a roll of papers over his arm, would swab up a casualty list of two or three thousand names, amid roars of good-natured laughter.

What perplexed me most was the sight of thousands upon thousands of men, not in uniform, but in ordinary civilian dress.

"Boobenstein," I said, as we walked down the Linden Avenue. "I don't understand it."

"The men?" he answered. "It's a perfectly simple matter. I see you don't understand our army statistics. At the beginning of the war we had an army of three million. Very good. Of these, one million were in the reserve. We called them to the colors, that made four million. Then of all who wished were allowed to volunteer for special services. Half a million did so. That made four and a half million. In the first year of the war we suffered two million casualties, but of these seventy-five per cent., or one and a half million, returned later on to the colors, bringing our grand total up to six million. This six million we use on each of four fronts, giving a grand total of twenty-four million."

"I see," I said. "In fact, I have seen these figures before. In other words, you're men are inexhaustible."

"Precisely," said the Count, "and mark you, behind these we still have the Landsturm, made up of men between fifty-five and sixty, and the Landslide, reputed to be the most terrible of all the German levies, made up by withdrawing the men from the breweries. That is the last final act of national fury. But come," he said, "you must be hungry. Is it not so?"

"I am," I admitted, "but I had hesitated to acknowledge it. I feared that the food supply—"

Von Boobenstein broke into hearty laughter—

"Food supply!" he roared, "my dear fellow, you must have been reading the English newspapers! Food supply! My dear professor! Have you not heard? We have got over that difficulty entirely and forever. But come, here is a restaurant. In with you and eat to your heart's content."

WE entered the restaurant. It was filled to overflowing with a laughing crowd of diners and merry-makers. Thick clouds of blue cigar-smoke filled the air. Waiters ran to and fro with tall steins of foaming beer, and great bundles of bread tickets, soup tickets, meat cards and butter coupons.

These were handed around to the guests, who sat quietly chewing the corners of them as they sipped their beer.

"Now then," said my host, looking over the printed menu in front of him, "what shall it be? What do you say to a ham certificate with a cabbage ticket on the side? Or how would you like lobster-coupon with a receipt for asparagus?"

"Yes," I answered, "or perhaps as our journey has made me hungry, one of these

beef certificates with an affidavit for Yorkshire pudding."

"Done!" said Boobenstein.

A few moments later we were comfortably drinking our tall glasses of beer and smoking *Tannhäuser* cigars with an appetising pile of colored tickets and certificates in front of us.

"Admit," said von Boobenstein, good-naturedly. "that we have overcome the food difficulty forever."

"You have," I said.

"It was a pure matter of science and efficiency," he went on. "It has long been observed that if one sat down in a restaurant and drank beer and smoked cigars (especially such a brand as these *Tannhäuser*) during the time it took for the food to be brought (by a German waiter), all appetite was gone. It remained for the German scientists to organize this into system. Have you finished? Or would you like to take another look at your beef certificate?"

WE rose. Von Boobenstein paid the bill by writing I.O.U. on the back of one of the cards—not forgetting the waiter, for whom he wrote on a piece of paper, "*God bless you*"—and we left.

"Count," I said, as we took our seat on a bench in the Sieges-Allee, or Allee of Victory, and listened to the music of a military band, and watched the crowd, "I begin to see that Germany is unconquerable."

"Absolutely so," he answered.

"In the first place, your men are inexhaustible. If we kill one class, you call out another; and anyway one-half of those we kill get well again, and the net result is that you have more than ever."

"Precisely," said the Count.

"As to food," I continued, "you are absolutely invulnerable. What with acorns, thistles, tanbark, glue, tickets, coupons, and certificates, you can go on forever."

"We can," he said.

"Then for money, you use I. O. U.'s. Anybody with a lead-pencil can command all the funds he wants. Moreover, your soldiers at the front are getting dug in deeper and deeper: last spring they were fifty feet under ground: by 1917 they will be nearly 200 feet down. Short of mining for them, we shall never get them out."

"Never," said von Boobenstein with great firmness.

"But there is one thing that I don't quite understand. Your navy, your ships. There, surely, we have you: sooner or later that whole proud fleet in the Kiel Canal will come out under fire of our guns and be sunk to the bottom of the sea. There, at least, we conquer."

Von Boobenstein broke into loud laughter.

"The fleet!" he roared, and his voice was almost hysterical and overstrung, as if high living on lobster coupons and over-smoking of *Tannhäuser* was undermining his nerves. "The fleet! Is it possible you do not know? Why all Germany knows it. Capture our fleet! Ha! Ha! It now lies fifty miles inland. We have filled in the canal,—pushed in the banks. The canal is solid land again, and the

fleet is high and dry. The ships are boarded over and painted to look like German inns and breweries. Prinz Adelbert is disguised as a brewer; Admiral von Tirpitz is made up as a Head Waiter, Prince Heinrich is a bartender, the sailors are dressed up as chambermaids. And some day when Jellicoe and his men are coaxed ashore, they will drop in to drink a glass of beer, and then—pouf! we will explode them all with a single torpedo! Such is the naval strategy of our scientists! Are we not a nation of sailors?"

VON BOOBENSTEIN'S manner had grown still wilder and more hysterical. There was a queer glitter in his eyes.

I thought it better to soothe him.

"I see," I said, "the Allies are beaten. One might as well spin a coin for heads or tails to see whether we abandon England now or wait till you come and take it."

As I spoke, I took from my pocket an English sovereign that I carry as a lucky-piece, and prepared to spin it in the air.

Von Boobenstein, as he saw it, broke into a sort of hoarse shriek.

"Gold, gold," he cried, "give it to me!"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"A piece of gold," he panted, "give it to me, give it to me, quick. I know a place where we can buy bread with it. Real bread—not tickets—food—give me the gold—gold—for bread, we can get bread. I am starving—gold—bread."

And as he spoke his hoarse voice seemed to grow louder and louder in my ears—the sounds of the street were hushed—a sudden darkness fell—and a wind swept among the trees of the *Allee of Victory*—moaning—and a thousand, a myriad of voices seemed to my ear to take up the cry—

"Gold! Bread! We are starving."

Then I woke up.

On pages 27 and 28 of this issue appears an article by H. F. Gadsby on the new Speaker of the House of Commons, Dr. Albert Sevigny. The form in which this appears was printed and off the press before the terrible catastrophe occurred at Ottawa which brought such sorrow to the young Speaker and which, moreover, wiped out the historic chambers around which Mr. Gadsby's article was written. The brilliant setting in which the Canadian Speaker moved has been rent away by the calamity and for a time at least the new Speaker will fill the duties of his office under trying circumstances. No individual has suffered in larger measure than Dr. Sevigny, and nation-wide sympathy will be extended to him.



*"Asquith with his parliamentary tact!" exclaims the Pro-Dictator man.*

## Does Britain Need a Dictator?

THE savage in time of peace amuses himself with many gods. When adversity comes he embraces the cold knees of one of them, preferably the ugliest. In short, in emergencies men abhor choices and varieties. In Britain today there are evidences of this common instinct. A certain section of the public insists there is an emergency, while the other section denies it, and dwells fairly content with its Asquiths, Balfours and Bonar Laws. This first section refuses to be comforted with official statements or the expoundings of Hilaire Belloc. It declaims against having such numbers of statesmen as are to be seen in Westminster. It prays for a single leader. It wants a Dictator. It presents the novel spectacle of Britishers asking for an abatement of democratic government. It speaks calmly of the advantages of absolutism! In short, there have never been such strange conversations in British

By BRITTON B. COOKE

clubs, streets, bus-tops, pubs and drawing-rooms.

This section may be wrong. It is to be hoped it is. The things it says puzzle Canadians who, after all, are mere infants in the game of politics. Possibly there are evidences that the situation is still the same. Recent Cabinet changes may clear the air, and for the Canadian no conclusion is immediately possible. It is dangerous to take sides. One can only conclude that under the strain of the past sixteen months the British Empire has shown one or two weaknesses of detail which in the opinion of some people are not worth worrying about and in the opinion of others are to

be ultimately calamitous. One is tempted to say that the most serious weakness seems to be the divided state of public opinion. At all events, it seems to most people with whom I have discussed the phenomenon, that it should be understood. To be understood it must be reported. Hence this article.

Whether it is true or not that a better quality of leadership is wanted, whether or not the Dardanelles campaign is to be condemned, or whether we could or could not have done better in the Balkans, do not concern this article. Let the reader believe whom he pleases: history is the only person that can ever answer satisfactorily. What matters is the division of opinion about the leaders at Westminster and their personalities. It hurts everyone. Everyone admits that the victory must be won in London, that is, by wise administration and husbanding of resources.





*From Milner's enemies comes the assurance that he has a quality required by the "Dictator Party" now—ruthlessness.*

IT is unfortunate that English journalists seem bound to think of politics even in the midst of war. They smoke politics in their pipes. They still indulge also in those polite slanders of which English journalists are peculiarly masters. The indelicacies of Western journalism are far less dangerous. It is unfortunate, too, to find the politicians leaving loop-holes through which the journalists may snipe at them. It is almost melancholy in London to find the seemingly sane Englishman of the pro-dictator party, bristling with rage, full of energy, equipped with wealth and, in short, with the will and the ability to fight, sitting conning over on his finger-tips the names of his dead great men, wishing he had one of them—a Warwick, or a Cromwell, or an elder Pitt. He moves among the monuments to his dead and then looks reproachfully at his living leaders. Kitchener is a strong man in whom this Englishman has been slightly disappointed, owing to the munitions shortage, which was only

just remedied in time. Kitchener's office is not the one that troubles him. He wants someone who will "fight," not merely the army or the navy, but the whole state! Perhaps he is wrong. Mr. George he is uncertain of. Asquith he almost hates, and hates the more bitterly because he loved him once so well. Balfour, he dubs—a pale vision in polite manners! Churchill—the ingénue delightful! Haldane the intellectual simpleton, and Bonar Law a blank. He scans the horizon and talks in his sleep and over his bread and cheese at noon, of—a dictator! He is rather "fed up" on the business of "playing the game" and "fighting like a gentleman," and not doing a thing simply because "it isn't done." He is furiously keen to win the war, and thinks other people are not. If it could have been done in the old gentlemanly fashion, well and good, but since good manners are merely prolonging the fight, he demands a new kind of leader, one who will fight the Germans with German methods, one who will



not be bound by laws but make the laws to suit the necessities of the hour; one who will decide quickly and if need be ruthlessly, rather ruthlessly than with "dawdling sentimentality." He asks for a Caesar. At least he is in earnest whatever the state of his judgment.

Talk to him. He will tell you solemnly that the British race has drifted into a curious state. He finds politeness taking the place of virility, philosophy in the place of foresight, intellectualism in the place of alertness and decision of character, and sentimentality — of all things in a Britisher; sentimentality about the colonies, sentimentality about votes for women and child labor and rights of workmen, Irishmen. That is where he shows his politics. He tells you he sees his nation too deeply concerned with the "rights" of individuals and too little with "duties."

"Asquith," he exclaims, "with his parliamentary tact! Balfour with his exquisite sensibilities! Churchill with his brilliant flashes and incompetent intervals! Lloyd George with his self-interest and Bonar Law with his big jaw and no equivalent light in the eye to direct the force in the jaw."

"Phew! We have too many political gods," he says, "each god representing somebody or some class with a right and not one of them saying 'This is your duty. You must practise doing your duty. Thus say I!' This Englishman turns away seeking a greater political power. Whom does he find?

THREE men above all others are nominated for this curious position of Dictator. They are Lloyd George, Lord Milner and Sir Edward Carson. There was a time when Lloyd George might have been the unanimous choice. This was shortly after the outbreak of war, when "El-Gee" acquitted himself so satisfactorily in connection with the handling of finance. Since then a kind of fear of the man has grown up. After all, say the doubters, he is a Liberal and war is not a Liberal institution; that is to say, it is not fought best by men of Liberal temperament. Then, too, Lloyd George has risen too quickly and he is—non-conformist! If anything else were needed to make these men hesitate, he has too small and too woman-like a face, and his hair is too long. Men go to important meetings with Lloyd George, where they meet him face to face over a board table and where they have to make important decisions with his aid. They come out talking almost hysterically—for Britishers—about this "wonderful little man." Bankers, merchants, manufacturers and scientists of the Tory sort cannot speak too highly of him, and yet the very way he "got around" them makes them afraid to trust him. They cannot, if they are honest with themselves, give their reasons for liking him. He seems to have won them by some sort of feminine tactics or by little flatteries they were scarcely aware of. The Englishman will trust Lloyd George with a great deal, but not, I think, with the conduct of the whole war. The soldiers fight

better under Kitchener than under any number of Lloyd Georges, and they dislike long hair. If you met Lloyd George in the Mall you would be struck with certain physical characteristics. Too much hair and silk hat and too little shrewd face. Too much wit and not enough jaw. Too much cleverness and not enough bone and muscle to indicate the right amount of tenacity. Too much Churchill and not enough Kitchener. At least, that is how it appears on the surface.

As everyone knows now, it is the Liberals who criticize Lloyd George and the Conservatives who praise him. This is partly because he is a conscriptionist and partly because he took care of the vested interests when financial difficulties were imminent. Why the Liberals have turned against him is not so easy to understand. They say very unkind things. These might be explained on the grounds of great love for Asquith and corresponding hate for the man who threatens to outshine, if not to out-maneuvre, that parliamentarian. But Liberal love for Asquith has cooled. He is no longer an idol. Men of both parties wish he would show more fire and less "poise." The hatred of Lloyd George cannot, therefore, be explained on those grounds. Lloyd George with certain advisors would suit many of the Tories. One of the greatest Conservative editors in London said he thought—this was last October—that ultimately His Majesty would call on Lloyd George to form a national government, and that Lloyd George would then call on Carson, Milner, and possibly Curzon, to help him run the war. Another man said Carson would be asked to form a Government and that Carson would call on George and Milner. These were, of course, from Conservative courses. It is noteworthy that most suggestions come from the Conservatives. The Liberals are playing a defensive game.

CARSON represents better than anyone else the principle which, as I read the mood of the Dictator-seekers, is most called for. This was the man who defied the Asquith Government in connection with the Ulster troubles, and defied it successfully. Liberals point out with pride how Asquith escaped from the difficulty with the officers in the army by writing such-and-such letters and so on. But the Conservatives insist that, clever though Asquith may have been in the wording of speeches and letters, he and his Government were virtually defeated by a rebel. The word rebel is mine. It is not difficult to understand why the Pro-Dictators think of Carson now. He won in the Ulster matter by reason of the qualities which certain men say are now wanted for the conduct of this war. Asquith lost for the very lack of those same qualities. He had to compromise with Carson, a rebel, when under a strong and able Government the rebel deserved not one moment's consideration. That seems a fair statement of the case. Carson by his force of character, his readiness to make important decisions and make them quickly, his willingness to accept tragic responsibility,



*Men go to meetings with Lloyd George and come out talking almost hysterically about "this wonderful little man."*

to act quickly and to over-ride law and precedent in the interests of a cause, made him a strong man against a Prime Minister whose forte was words and whose weapon was delicacy. Carson bought machine-guns and smuggled them in. He drilled men and paraded them. He conducted a small war against the Government—and in a few months was invited into a council in London to decide what was to be done about Home Rule! It was like a burglar demanding money and being invited into the bank manager's office to talk it over and have his rights treated seriously. So the men who seek a Dictator have reason to respect Carson. Putting Carson in the place of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Asquith in the place of the German Kaiser, it seems to them reasonable to expect that Carson would win out, and that he would still win with the Kaiser as much as the Kaiser as he is.

I talked to certain men whose names carry great weight in Unionist circles, and who were closely associated with Carson in his

gun-running campaign in Ulster, although in Canada one never heard their names linked with his. I asked these men what they thought of the way the war was being run. They had only one answer. It was succinct at least. I asked what the trouble was. They replied with smiling irony that Mr. Asquith refused ever to do more than half a day's work and that the pains in his Little Mary were forever getting in the way of public business. I asked these gentlemen to suggest a proper leader for the country at the present juncture. They said "Carson or Milner."

"But what sort of a man is he really? Could he run a gun-smuggling affair as large as the present one?"

"We think so. We think so," drawled his chief and most famous ally. "In fact, those of us who were close to him in the Ulster troubles consider him rather a fine sort of man." Mark the British under-statement in that expression. Carson faced in those days countless difficult decisions. He



was continually having to decide to do this or not to do it, and to decide quickly and cheerfully, and carry out his plans with energy and determination. He never failed. In short, the courage to make grave decisions quickly and, so far as we have seen, wisely, is the chief quality that at present recommends this man to people's attention. In addition to decision he has determination and tenacity. He is not the sort of man who would lose the Balkans by waiting too long to make a decision. He would not have temporized and sent a first expedition of six thousand troops to help Serbia when three hundred thousand were little enough. He would not have left the Straits of Gibraltar an open door for German submarines. In short, he would have been more likely to set the pace for the Germans to follow, than to allow the Germans to set paces for us.

"And yet he is a modest man and one who shuns from having to do the kind of thing he had to do, for example, in Ulster. He is not a seeker after power or position. He shuns public responsibility until he finds he is needed, then he takes it in hand with a will.

He does not like publicity. He is not a self-seeker and advertiser. He is not, as those who know nothing about him would have imagined, a reckless man."

So they praise Carson. The Liberals have little to say against such panegyrics except to reiterate the fact that Carson was once a rebel. The Liberals are a trifle inclined toward stiffly defensive tactics, and there is a hint of sullenness in certain quarters. Perhaps the sullenness is only philosophic dignity. At all events the Liberals are the party of the *statu quo*. The Conservatives are for the moment the radicals.

ONE other man stands high in the estimation of the Conservatives in the present emergency, Lord Milner. This tall, lean, aristocrat figure of a man, with what you might call the brows of a statesman, the eyes of a poet — a thoughtful poet, not a mere dreamer — the mouth of a well-bred gentleman and the maxilla of a fighting man,



stands in the background of public life, a figure from which the public cannot completely turn its attention. Lord Milner's is a controversial name. There are those who still hold bitterly against him and those others who admire him greatly. But in his record, as in the record of Sir Edward Carson, are signs of the qualities which the section of the public to which this article refers, seems to think are needed. Carson defied the Asquith Government successfully. Milner completed the work of Rhodes and Jameson in South Africa. He was an Empire builder.

Of all the names mentioned, that of Viscount Milner is the most important. He is a more substantial type than Lloyd

George. He is older and more experienced than Carson. He is shrewd. He is even-tempered. He could be relied upon for caution when caution was necessary and for boldness when boldness was called for. One needs only to read his speeches and to watch the face of this undeniably strong man, to feel that here is indeed more than a mere personality, a power. In other times one might question the rightness of some of the plans for Empire which this distinguished man has seemed to support. But now one might, for the sake of clearing the ground, even agree with those who criticized his action in South Africa, and still be able to say that for a "dictatorship," if such is needed, he is admirably fitted. The qualities that made him successful in South Africa are the qualities named by the Dictator-seekers. The very pertinacity and shrewdness which have marked his later activities as a sort of Imperialist missionary, are, they say, the sort now required. Milner, they say, and I can believe it to be true, loves Britain with a love that would count no price too high to pay for the safety of Britain. No pleasant sophistries would ever divert him from his purpose. From his enemies comes the assurance that he has a quality particularly required by the "Dictator party" just now — ruthlessness. His friends would not admit the word. I doubt its rightness. But one cannot doubt that in this man is the will to win, the heart to win and the brains —I think with many —to win.

He lives a quiet life in a back-water of London, not far from the towers of the House of Parliament. There with the simplest of surroundings he observes the pageant of each day's events. Occasionally he speaks in the House of Lords. From time to time his name is mentioned in the newspapers.

WILL there be some rearrangement of the Government in England? Will some stronger personality be chosen to lead? Will it be Carson? Or Lloyd George? Or Milner? Or will the present Government *Continued on page 88*

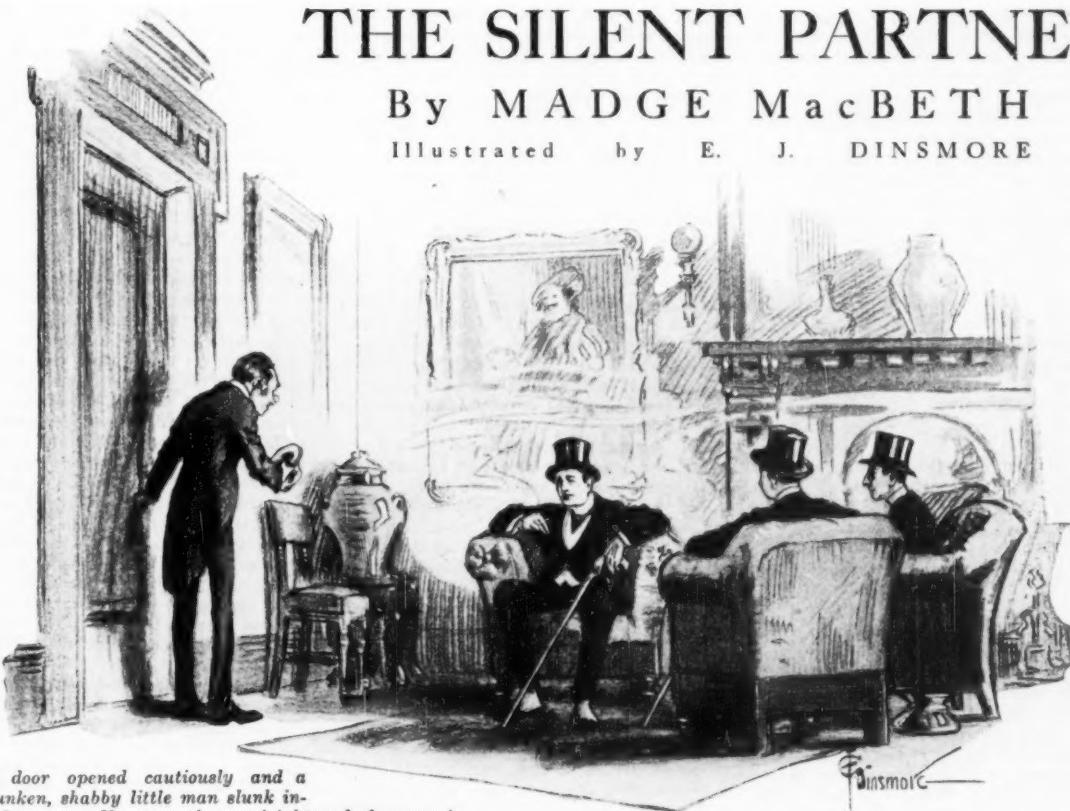


Carson smuggled guns into Ulster. Could he run a gun-smuggling affair as large as the present one?

# THE SILENT PARTNER

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE



*The door opened cautiously and a shrunken, shabby little man slunk into the room. He gave them a frightened glance as he scuttled away for all the world like a rusty old cricket.*

EVEN Steadman's anteroom exuded an atmosphere of unctuous prosperity with its massive mahogany, its richly odorous morocco and its softly rubicund glow. It was an appropriate setting for the fatly complacent gentlemen—minions of Midas—who dribbled in to wait upon the great financier and to garner, with his assistance, another million or so. A small speculator would have been as grotesquely out of place in Steadman's suite as diamond earrings in a pig's ear.

Three ineffable young men sprawled in three of the deepest chairs and thought pleasantly upon their prospects. They had money and were ambitious, as youths of their class go. That is, they were perfectly willing to experiment with their father's fortunes and invest in real estate, railroads or stocks. The fathers, a little less willing, perhaps, had recently paid a stack of college and post-college bills (which, rent in small pieces, would have made material for an ideal stage blizzard), given them a hundred thousand dollars and told them to go forth and make a success of themselves.

They had met in a select caravanserie to discuss the financial outlook, they had drunk the Old Man's health from a soothing ice-filled pail and had reeled home serene in the consciousness that they had forgotten more of business than their parents ever knew. And now they had come to Steadman.

"I wonder if it hurts to form a limited company," mused Gregory. "I'm for buying a suburb and naming it after one of ourselves. How does Greville strike you?"

"Grogville would draw more people," returned Bland. The jest sounded hollow. They looked uncomfortable.

"No," continued Bland, regaining his voice, "the apartment house or business block listens better to me, boys. Nothing much for us to do but keep our tenants happy, and all that. I stick to the idea of the Hampton Block."

"We'll stick here without anything, if we don't get in," Rickner nodded irritably at the massive door. "He must have a whale of a deal on, to keep us waiting like this. Hate to be kept waiting. Reminds me of the dentist's. I've got a mind—"

THE others had not time to contradict him, for the door opened cautiously, and a shrunken, shabby little man slunk into the room. He gave them a frightened glance as he scuttled away, for all the world like a rusty old cricket.

"A charity patient, by heck," muttered Gregory. "Poor relation. And that is what we have been waiting for!"

"I've got a mind—" began Rickner again, when Steadman himself interrupted.

"Sorry to have kept you gentlemen

waiting," he said. "Had your appointment been a little more definite—"

Bland acted as spokesman.

"We said Thursday morning."

The great financier smiled.

"But my Thursday morning has three hours in it, and the—er—friend who has just gone out, begins his day at seven."

"Exactly!" said Gregory, with a disapproving sweep of his well-manicured hand. "He's probably obliged to—poor devil. We are not—and never want to face that necessity. That's why we're here. Fire away, Bland."

Mr. Steadman listened with flattering attention, venturing to speak only when the other had finished.

"And the idea is to form a company composed of three equal partnerships, and buy the Hampton Block?"

"Rents, you know," said Bland, succinctly. "Large, regular rents. Something that'll keep us going without bothering our governors."

"We'd manage the thing ourselves," supplemented Gregory. "Seeing our tenants, and all that. Doesn't need much experience to let a shop to a man, I suppose."

"Just keenness of judgment in picking the sort who are good for the rent from those who aren't," Rickner chimed in. "And I don't mind saying, sir, that we've had some experience in dealing with people. Picking the rotters in the matter of Glee Clubs and fraternities and the

like. Can't explain it—it's just a sixth sense. Why, in a couple of weeks, I'll wager we can smell a man's bank account by the time he steps in the elevator. And if it hasn't a good telling odor like an onion, then there's no time or office room to be wasted, eh, boys?"

Bland waited a moment for two confirmatory nods, then said:

"It'll likely be a long time before we can afford to spend an hour with—with—well, with a rank outsider, like poor old Penny Grubber who just left you. Hard, I know, but you probably felt just the same when you were starting, didn't you, sir? Can't run a charity social along with your business—even I know that."

Steadman placed the tips of his fingers together and regarded the three with eyes which in reality did not see them. Suddenly his grave face broke into a jolly smile.

"Do you want to hear a story, boys?" he asked. "Just how I felt when I was starting and how I succeeded in separating the cheap from the groats, as we called them?"

"Ra-ther!" chorused the three.

\* \* \*

A THIN blue haze from four fifty-cent cigars twisted indefinitely about the room as Steadman began:

I was raised on a farm, you know, and I could tell the difference between corn and husks, song-sparrows and crows, sheep and goats dead easily in the country. But the atmosphere of the city seemed to reverse everything. What I thought good clover pasturage turned out to be thistles or hog; an oriole could lay off its plumage and become a hawk; a harmless looking moth had the power to suck your life's blood like a vampire. I was always running up against my poor judgment in the real estate office from which I drew nine dollars every week.

My home was a boarding house, the like of which you have never seen. I had a small compartment with room for a cot, wash stand and my other suit of clothes, and paid five dollars every Friday for the use of it. Two meals were thrown in.

Several other people contributed to the up-keep of the establishment—Hodson, also in real estate with a rival firm; Scruggs, a sour old man who kept a tobacco shop somewhere, and Leroy, who was a regular pest with his insurance policies. I think if he had ever sold one he would have gone mad with sheer joy.

I musn't forget the girls. There was Esmeralda. She was a manicurist—willowy type who slithered—you know the sort. Wore a pyramid of step-hair which never did become really one of the family, so to speak. Heigh-ho! I remember the time I used to think the gates of Heaven would creak themselves ajar, if I could sit opposite her at a two-sy little table, have her hold my hands and souse my finger-tips in a basin of lemon-verbena-scented water!

But Esmeralda was keen in her judgment. She didn't waste smiles or office room on any chap who couldn't take her to the theatre in a hansom and out to

supper afterward. She kept her wide blue eye on the Main Chance, as did the two fat little girls we called Rip and Smock, because they sewed in a tailoring establishment and were always receiving flattering offers of marriage from no one of less importance than a designer. One of 'em married an embalmer, I think; but that is by the way. They were really on the lookout for some nice invalidish old gentleman who had plenty of money and not long to live; and they judged people by the size of their diamonds.

And there was Jane.

Jane didn't cut much ice in the house. Indeed, like the Bon Ami chicken, she didn't even scratch. Rip, Smock and Esmeralda used to take the trouble to be disagreeable to one another, which proved that they were not totally indifferent; Hodson, Leroy and I used to relieve Gabriel of his trumpeting duties and blow about our prospects and our successes. Even our landlady, whom we libellously called Ma, and old Scruggs, ran a tuneful trill, now and again. But not so Jane! She sat behind her heavily-ground spectacles which made her eyes look small and very far away, without adding much to the Ananias Club, and we knew very little about her business. She was employed in the office of one of those Christian young men whose room was always crowded with small speculators. He believed in giving time and attention to all of them. Of course, in consequence no big business travelled his way; a man with a hundred thousand dollars to spend wants to flash it in the office of some fellow who's used to handling such sums—not the kind to whom a five hundred dollar deal looks as big as the map of Russia. Hodson, Leroy and I studied the Sunday papers and got to know the millionaires by sight; if a man didn't wear clean linen and have his boots shined, we turned him over to the office boy. If, on the other hand, he bore no resemblance to a Hand-Me-Down or Mid-Winter Sale, if he spoke to us in a tone slightly louder than necessary and looked frequently at a monogrammed watch, why, bless my soul, we would have traded him our best girls for ten cents' worth of taffy, if he'd asked us!

AND we never tired of boasting about the business we brought in to our respective firms.

"I nearly landed a fish to-day," said Leroy at the table one night. "A whale that'll make the ordinary policy look like a minnow that has been left on the end of a hook over-night. Just about got him. . . . You wait till I come home to-morrow night!"

"Please pass the pru-ins," said Esmeralda, wearily. The rest of us kept on eating. We had heard this same speech so often!

"I s'pose I oughtn'ta et them onions," she continued, "an' me goin' to the theatre to-night with a gent'mun friend. But what's a girl to do when she ain't given nothing else to eat? I didn't have a bite of lunch to-day and I was that hungry, it was a sin. Mrs. Rittendorf come in just as I was goin' out, and do you think she's have anyone else to do

her? Not much. She's just stuck on havin' me come down to their summer place at the same figure I'm drawing now—and keep her hands proper while she's away. I didn't make her no promise, 'for,' I sez, 'there's other temptin' offers on the boards, an' I must have time to consider them.' She sees that, all right, an' she sez no more except to remind me that I'd be one of the family, exactly, an' that the good milk an' cream I'd get would build me up something wonderful."

Ma took umbrage at this delicate insinuation, driving home her remarks with wide sweeps of the butter-knife.

"Any that ain't perfectly satisfied with this here table, knows what they can do," she said. "I ain't mentionin' no names, but this I do say—I give you the best there is—fer five a week, an' it's many the time that I could rent my rooms twict over at bigger money, too; only I don't feel justified in turnin' any of yours out. To-day—to-day—" a small blob of butter flew off and settled on Mr. Scruggs collar—"a couple comes here lookin' for board. Swells they wuz, you can take it from me, an' they wuz bound to have my first floor front. 'No,' I sez, 'a lady has that room paid in advance, by the month. I can't leave yous have it, unless'"—Ma tapped speculatively on the butter dish—"unless she—'"

A crisis was not reached just then, for the doorbell rang. Ma seared us with a triumphant look, and we had visions of a violent ejection of Esmeralda followed by an instalment of the swell couple who would not be denied that first floor front.

"Don't worry," soothed Hodson, as soon as Ma was out of ear-shot. "Maybe it's not the couple at all, but Mrs. Rittendorf come to fetch you, Esmeralda."

"More likely your chief with an offer of partnership," she retorted, giving a pat to her hair.

Scruggs helped himself to the milk, and squinted at it through his glass.

"Water's cloudy to-night," he muttered as he drank it.

Ma flapped down the oilcloth-covered stairs (we ate in a subterranean cave more fitted to the habits of a troglodyte than a lot of human beings) and cleared a place at the end of the table next Jane. She dumped a couple of pickles into the empty gravy dish, breathed heavily into a tumbler they had occupied and wiped it on her apron.

"Gent'mun for third floor hall," she explained as she flapped herself into the kitchen.

SHE had hardly returned with the mangled remains of our joint dinners on a plate, when the new boarder crept timidly downstairs and halted on the threshold of the dining-room.

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?" asked Hodson, as though continuing a previous conversation.

Rip and Smock giggled and the interest died out of Esmeralda's face. Leroy and Scruggs made an inclusive survey, then focused their attention on the cheese. Ma hustled forward wiping her hands on her apron.

"Mr. Cady," she said, "let me make you acquainted with the ladies and gent'mun. Mr. Cady, all. Be pleased to set here."

Whether he was pleased or not, he did it nervously, fingering his cheap watch chain and giving us frightened glances like a bird. He did not ask for anything, and took what we remembered to pass him with touching gratitude.

He was something like Jane; slipped into our domestic pool without making a single eddy, and presently we quite forgot him.

Scraggs was the first to remember.

"Smoke?" he asked, as we went upstairs.

Scraggs was not above tooting a little and drumming up customers.

"I used to," returned the other with an embarrassed cough. "But now—." He implied that poverty had deprived him of his youthful extravagance. Scraggs lost further interest in him, and we all separated — no one staying at home in the evening unless they had not the price to go out. Jane usually stayed, and now she had someone to keep her company. With many winks and clownish gestures Hodson blessed them, behind old Cady's back, and went snigging down the steps.

On the following night, conversation having languished as Ma cleared the table, Hodson asked in his most professional manner:

"What's your particular line of business, Mr. Cady?"

The old chap hesitated a second before answering:

"I don't believe I have any."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing."

"But what did you do when you did it?" persisted Leroy, rudely.

"Well, I—er—am interested in real estate—."

I didn't let him finish.

"You ought to take your proposition to Halliday." He was Jane's boss. "Hodson and I are interested in real estate, fed up on it, as a matter of fact. I feel as though I couldn't stand any more."

He subsided, and we heard nothing further on that subject, but one night he tackled Leroy.

"I believe I could interest you in insurance," he said, timidly. "If you are

*There, coming down the stairs, was Jane—. Jane in a soft white evening dress, all ruffles and tiny pearls with hint of blue somewhere. We reeled back against the wall.*



going to be at home this evening—"

Leroy made the motion of a man sinking in the third time.

"My dear sir," he said, with enforced calm, "I couldn't handle any more insurance if you were to marry me to the Sultan's prettiest wife as a reward. I am stuffed with policies now, which I have nearly written. Kind of you to think of me, but I am not a good risk anyway. Doctor says so. Weak heart and romantic disposition."

"But—"

"Say no more, I beg." Leroy's tone was final. "As soon as I feel Spartan courage singing in my veins, I will consult you, take out an accident policy, and fling myself under a gently oncoming motor. Until then, my dear sir—"

WE all felt sorry for him; singly we might have listened when he wanted to interest us in an orange grove, a coffee plantation, a cattle ranch, mining stock and Western real estate. But collectively we couldn't afford to let the others see that we were weakening toward a man who didn't count. Hard, of

course, but good business. We sold on commission, too, and sympathized with him, but we had no time to waste on him, nor did we generously even lend him an ear.

Ma liked the old simp: she said so. But you couldn't miss Thursday in that house any more than Sunday; for promptly at six o'clock, while the potatoes were scorching, up she'd climb to his room and demand five bones in such a way that even Hodson couldn't have refused her. And I believe she'd as soon have thought of mending his clothes as giving him a dinner or lodging that wasn't fully paid for. Once, I remember his laundry came home and he didn't have the thirty-seven cents. Pale and red by turns, he appealed to us at the table.

"If someone would be so kind as to lend me that amount," he said, "I will repay it in the morning."

You know it was the strangest thing how none of us had a cent of change that night. That is, no one except Jane. She dug it up from the Lisle Thread Bank, and Esmeralda looked upon her with even more pitying contempt than ever.

We had a sneaking suspicion that Jane mended his clothes, too, although we never actually caught her at it. In fact, as the winter wore on, each one of us grew increasingly absorbed in our own affairs and paid less attention to the others in the house. Hodson and I, echoing the desire of our respective chiefs, were trying desperately to get our hands on some ready money. Nor were ours the only firms feeling the pinch of a deucedly tight winter . . . a memorable season which just preceded the panic of 1890. We were loaded up with property no one seemed to want; banks shut down on credit; there was no borrowing except at usurious interest.

THE most tempting thing I had to offer was a building known as the Morton Chambers—not unlike the Hampton Block on a smaller scale. Its price fell off a thousand at a time and still nobody dared to load themselves with any more real estate than they already carried. In the devious ways known to agents and snooping young men, I discovered

*Continued on page 89*

# A TASK AHEAD OF CANADA

Restoring Her  
Wounded

By ROBSON  
BLACK



*A view in the grounds of an English estate now used as a hospital. To the left: a German soldier who has lost both hands, at work. Below: A wounded Canadian soldier.*

THE fighting men are coming home. Broken and chipped men, empty-sleeved men, unbrained and sightless men. It is our procession of glorious wreckage, the price we pay for the thing we are bound we'll do. One hundred and fifty of them come down the gangways at Quebec of an average week. Behind them in Flanders are the roaring guns and the snipers, loading up the further harvest of cripples. Here in our drill sheds and exhibition parks countless fresh battalions are right-about-turning and taking the harsh lesson of go-and-he-goeth, in order that to-morrow the westbound cripple at the Quebec docks may have his place taken by a hundred eastbound athletes. These are the tides of war, the going of the brave brigades under a banner of shouts and the chatter of petticoat tongues—the solemn pageant of the sick and damaged, filing up the dingy docks of Lower Town into a hospital that bears the tender name of "Distribution." Wars are things to be paid for, and these hundred-and-fifty-a-week discharging from the Atlantic liners at Halifax, St. John and Quebec are only the trifling earnest of our pledge to "see it through."

The hardest job of the war is not to get the civilian to take up soldiering, but

to get the damaged soldier to fit back into civil life. The thing is only at its start. Another six months and it will be straining the country's best brains and drawing powerfully upon its cash account. If you could stand on the docks at Quebec and see five, ten, thirty-five returned soldiers move up from the sheds through their clinging relatives and grin like school-boys at the grip of "home sweet home" (even if a leg or arm were left in Flanders), you would realize that the disabled man symbolizes an enigma for the solution of which the country has had absolutely no previous experience, and at the same time cannot imitate exactly what any other country in the war family has set itself to do. Weeks scurry by, quickly enough, goodness knows, and for every week there will come one or two hundred, perhaps many more, sick and crippled. Most of them are able to go to their homes. So far, so good. But the hundreds who can not or should not be dropped from the country's service because of illness or wounds, heap up a problem of enormous dimensions. The chauffeur with the "one

wing missing" cannot go back to his old job. The plowman with the crooked spine must seek some other occupation. The "gassed" lad who typed invoices for a Toronto brewer must forevermore work in the open air. They cannot all have soft Government positions, playing corridor guard in the West Block, or weeding geraniums on a public lawn. There's a limit to that sort of thing. The disabled soldier must be nursed through his wounds, treated with patience and gratitude; but public sentiment in all the allied nations has demanded something more. The healing of wounds, and the purchase of artificial limbs means only the discharge of a fraction of the debt due to the volunteer combatant. A pension may help further to compensate for suffering and toil undergone in an unselfish cause. But hospital treatment and pension give back to the family and state usually only half a citizen. The blinded or one-armed man, discharged from the army and turned adrift in a city of short memories and bitter industrial competition, is an object of pity. His pension will not pay his board bill, and the ambition of an active brain and eager bodily energy waste themselves in discontent and grow benumbed and irrecoverable.

**H**ERE, then, is the great problem of Canada's war—second only to mobilization—the re-absorption of the quarter-million or half-million who will return, in health or in wounds, the nursing of the severely injured, the tubercular, the blind, the anaemic, in convalescent homes, and finally the re-education of hundreds who by nature of their disabilities cannot resume former occupations and for their own and the country's good must be coached in new forms of effort.

Canada is not slumbering over this manifest duty of caring for her returned soldiers. Doubtless it came to many as a positive shock to hear some months ago that a Military Hospitals Commission had been appointed by the Dominion Government and had commenced to work—because commissions, as we have met them, wild and tame, are mostly a Government's method of laughing in its sleeve. A Secretary with mustard in his veins, Mr. E. H. Scammell, was given authority to build up the machinery of the Hospitals Commission and apply it quickly to the problem in hand. Long months back, the machine has been working smoothly at its Samaritan duties. Convalescent homes have been offered by friendly people in great numbers and have been officially established at Sydney, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Calgary and Esquimalt. The new immigration building at Quebec has been refitted as a Discharge Depot. Administrative offices with large staffs were organized in Ottawa, working in close co-operation with homes, hospitals, and military machinery in all parts of the country. There is enough red tape to ensure order and system, but not sufficient, I hope, to tangle the feet of any homecoming soldier. Further, the Government speeds up the commission with a blank cheque on the country's funds, rightly believing that the public will not tolerate a niggard purse in meeting the requirements of its invalided defenders.

The men who come back from the front must fall into one of the following classes:

1. Able-bodied men for whom the situations and positions they left have been kept open by patriotic employers.

2. Able-bodied men who were out of work at the time of enlistment, or who have been superseded in their absence; and invalided and wounded men similarly situated who will become able-bodied after a period of rest in a convalescent home.

3. Invalided and wounded men who are unable to follow their previous occupation by reason of their disability, but who will be capable, after proper training, to take up other work.

4. Men who are permanently disabled, and will be unable to earn their own living under any circumstances.

**C**LEARLY, the first class will take care of itself. Class two, however, offers a mighty perplexity and will be solved, so far as is now planned, by the co-operation of special provincial commissions

acting in turn through municipalities and other agencies that will promote employment of returned able-bodied soldiers. This matter of employment is correctly assigned to provincial hands, and the responsibility for results, except for pointing out the line of duty and co-ordinating efforts, cannot reasonably be shifted to the Federal authorities. Provincial governments, following a consultation at Ottawa, agreed to perform their share of the duties connected with re-employment, and have already in some instances set about organizing workable local bodies to survey the field and get a rough notion of the right procedure.

The third class, those who are so disabled that previous occupations no longer are possible, present the deepest and perhaps the most extended problem facing the Hospitals Commission and the whole country.

It is easy to say: "Pension them off," but the kind of pension budget generous enough to keep the wounded Canadian

—are to be brought back to vocational efficiency and not abandoned to a monthly pay cheque and the cheap pity of passers-by.

**T**HE fourth class refers to men who are permanently and badly disabled, and who will be unable under any circumstances to earn a living. Only a generous pension will compensate even slightly for their sacrifice to the national cause.

Looking over the table of pension rates which certain of the disabled shall receive, the reader will conclude, and reasonably, that no private or non-commisioned officer can live on their allotments alone. When one learns further that the Canadian rates are the highest in the world, our suspicion is but increased that all governments have recognized military service in the past more by monuments to the dead than by loaves and fishes to the living. Here are the Canadian revised rates, the amounts given representing annual payments:

| Rank held at time of injury or illness. | First Degree | Second Degree | Third Degree | Fourth Degree |
|---|--------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|
| Rank and file .....                     | \$ 264       | \$ 192        | \$ 132       | \$ 75         |
| Sergeant .....                          | 336          | 252           | 168          | 100           |
| Squad, Battery or Co. Sgt.-Major .....  |              |               |              |               |
| Squad, Battery or Co. Q.M. Sgt. ....    | 372          | 282           | 184          | 108           |
| Color-Sergeant .....                    |              |               |              |               |
| Staff Sergeant .....                    |              |               |              |               |
| Reg'l Sgt.-Major, not W.O. ....         | 432          | 324           | 216          | 132           |
| Master Gunner, not W.O. ....            |              |               |              |               |
| Reg'l Q.M. Sgt. ....                    | 480          | 360           | 240          | 144           |
| Warrant Officer .....                   |              |               |              |               |
| Lieutenant .....                        | 480          | 360           | 240          | 144           |
| Captain .....                           | 720          | 540           | 360          | 216           |
| Major .....                             | 960          | 720           | 480          | 288           |
| Lieut.-Colonel .....                    | 1,200        | 900           | 600          | 360           |
| Colonel .....                           | 1,440        | 1,080         | 720          | 456           |
| Brig.-General .....                     | 2,100        | 1,620         | 1,050        | 636           |

soldiers all their lives would pile up an annual public charge of probably \$150,000,000, and the expenditure of that vast sum (20 dollars per head of population) would only buy a discontented, unproductive army of idlers. No country in the world now accepts pensions as more than the beginning of the national obligation towards disabled warriors. The loss of a pair of eyes, an arm or both arms, superb sacrifice as such wounds may be, does not spell death to all future occupation or productivity. Rather does it mean that the State for whose safety these grievous wounds were assumed, shall undertake the work of re-educating, retraining the one-armed or lame man to enter the labor market again in some new department with such acquired skill as shall emancipate him from charity and make him self-reliant and happy. This is no war-time fantasy. It is being done in France — this re-educating of disabled soldiers—and we are going to do the same thing to-morrow. The results, as will be seen later on in this article, are astounding. They are so conclusive indeed that one's whole persuasion as to the part played by pensions in the reward of our soldiers undergoes revision, and attention henceforth centres upon the *re-alignment* of the wounded man's mental and physical equipment.

The third class, therefore—those who have undergone a serious impairment of bodily powers, such as a major amputation or complete blindness

—The first, second, third and fourth grades represent, roughly, degrees of risk assumed by the soldier, whether on active service in the presence of the enemy, or on military duty elsewhere, whether totally, or materially, or slightly incapacitated from earning a livelihood. Very justly these considerations govern the amount of annual allowance. No pension is awarded for more than one year, at the end of which time the pensioner must appear before a medical examiner to establish his further claim for aid. This last is a creditable device and may save the land from the grimly ludicrous burdens shouldered upon Uncle Sam ever since the Civil War.

**W**ITHOUT including the numerous detailed clauses of the Canadian pension laws relating to the wives or widowed mothers of totally disabled soldiers, or other contingencies which are honestly recognized, there may be set down the table of pensions payable to the widows and children of those who have given their lives in military service.

Irreparable as is the suffering associated with the need for pensions for widows and children, the problem presented to the country is mainly financial. Money will supply to those left behind about all the consolation that is officially possible. But with the thousands of returning men, permanently or for a time disabled by their active service, or merely

out of touch with the ways of civil life, the difficulties will be enormously more than a cash payment from the public treasury or a month's free treatment in a sanitarium. That is one of the reasons why the business of the National Hospitals Commission should have wholesale publicity, because its functions and its pos-

the man who served his land and became disastrously hurt as a good article to be thrown away. Let him contract consumption on active service and he could pack off to the poorhouse or sit begging on a street corner. The "Service" would have none of him. Let him suffer insanity in the hell of trench life

It is very plain that the British Committee in suggesting the formation of a Central Committee with a network of subsidiary bodies to search out jobs, open up schools for technical training, arrange for emigration and settlement on land in the colonies, it had in view an entirely new national undertaking which could not cease its service until the last disabled soldier was in his grave.

**SIMILARLY**, the Canadian Government, as represented in its National Hospitals Commission, takes the view that the State on this side of the Atlantic as well must conserve—conserve and develop to the maximum—the capabilities of the military invalids, increasing his own and his country's happiness and lowering greatly the after-burden of the war. When, therefore, the man-on-the-street who sees all governments as muddled as himself, announces ironically that Canada will reward her "broken heroes" with three dollars a week, break the news to him that Canada has pledged her word not only to the highest pension plan in the world, but has undertaken to relieve nine-tenths of the broken soldiers from the misery of idleness by re-casting their talents to fit new occupations.

As was emphasized a moment ago, Canada is going at this business without any precedents of her own and limited to an adaptation of what France has done during the past twelve or fifteen months. Further than that, the federal authorities rely very largely in the re-educational scheme upon the intelligence and goodwill and executive energy of the provincial governments, because *education*, even of disabled soldiers, is a provincial function and can be undertaken from no other quarter. Let us hope that these righteous determinations to do a full duty by the country's defenders lose none of their starch in the day of peace.

One of the first matters for attention by the provincial commissions is the establishment of employment bureaus in numerous centres to keep track of positions falling vacant and promote in any and all ways the interests of the soldier with employers. Manufacturers will be asked to provide openings where possible for returning soldiers, and to assist the commission in giving them special training by placing workshops by day or evening at the disposal of technical experts engaged for the purpose for the Government authorities.

Those who wish to work on the land will be facilitated by expert training, free or partly free acreage, possibly an easy credit system. It goes without saying that hundreds of disabled men will find employment with governments and banks and other great institutions at messenger work, elevator running, gardening, etc. In fact, no civilian capable of more strenuous labor should esteem himself well employed if a one-armed or lamed soldier could fulfill his duties with equal satisfaction. It may be mentioned in passing, that the easily-expressed panacea of "back to the

*Continued on page 85*

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Rank held by husband, son or father at time of death: |   |
| Rank and file   | \$22 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Sergeant  | \$28 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Squad, Battery or Co. Sgt.-Major                      | \$30 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Squad, Battery or A.M. Sgt.                           | \$30 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Cpl. or Sergt.  | \$30 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Staff-Sergt.  | \$30 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Reg'tl. Sgt. Major, not W.O.                          | \$30 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Master Gunner, not W.O.                               | \$32 a month for widow and \$5.00 a month for each child.   |
| Reg'tl. Q.-M. Sgt.                                    | \$37 a month for widow and \$6.00 a month for each child.   |
| Warrant Officer                                       | \$45 a month for widow and \$7.00 a month for each child.   |
| 1st Lieutenant  | \$50 a month for widow and \$8.00 a month for each child.   |
| Captain   | \$50 a month for widow and \$10.00 a month for each child.  |
| Major   | \$50 a month for widow and \$10.00 a month for each child.  |
| Lieut.-Colonel  | \$60 a month for widow and \$10.00 a month for each child.  |
| Colonel   | \$75 a month for widow and \$10.00 a month for each child.  |
| Brig.-General   | \$100 a month for widow and \$10.00 a month for each child. |

sibilities reflect pretty exactly the sense and sentiment of the country.

When the invalid soldier reaches Quebec—I am writing at a time when St. Lawrence navigation is still open—he is taken to the Discharge Depot and examined by a medical board. There it is decided whether he requires further medical and surgical treatment in hospital or convalescent home, and whether he appears to have a claim for pension. The great majority of the invalidated are quite able to walk off the ship by themselves, having already experienced in England or France most of the curative processes applicable to their cases. The one-armed man, for instance, has fully completed his hospital regime before he sails for home. Once here he is eager to get his discharge, prove his claim for pension, secure transportation and hurry west. Subsequent pay and subsistence allowance are issued monthly from Ottawa until the claim for pension is disposed of.

Those requiring medical treatment are sent to a hospital or home for such time as may benefit them or until pension arrangements are carried out; meantime they receive full military pay and separation allowance. So far as the writer could find, the machinery for dealing with returned soldiers is sufficiently comprehensive and sensibly operated as to cast doubt on most of the newspaper "sob stories" of penniless and friendless invalids asking a night's lodging at a Montreal or Regina police station.

**T**HE principle upon which the National Hospital Commission is working is absolutely new, although paralleled to-day by Great Britain and France. Hitherto, the laws of Great Britain and this country regarded

and to-morrow he was rushed to an asylum to be confirmed in his malady.

Twelve months ago, Mr. Herbert Samuel of the British Cabinet appointed a "committee to consider and report upon the methods to be adopted for providing employment for soldiers and sailors disabled in the war." In May last the report was made public and opened with these very sensible assertions:

That the care of the disabled sailors and soldiers is a liability on the State.

That the liability cannot be discharged by a mere pension.

That the duty of the State is to get the men restored to health if possible.

That the duty of the state is also to find the men occupations suited to their circumstances and physical condition.



A soldier, who has lost both legs, running a small lathe.



# Who, How and Why

By H. F. GADSBY

Illustrated by LOU SKUCE

## The Little Brother of the Mace

**D**R. ALBERT SEVIGNY—*honoris causa Laval*—aged thirty-four, is the newly elected Speaker of the House of Commons, the youngest man to occupy that proud office since Confederation. To have entered Parliament unknown, as it were, and unsung, to have caught the eye of the Government with his first speech, to have acquired merit by each of his subsequent performances and to have become the First Commoner in the land all in four years—this is progress even in a country of breathless advancement such as Canada.

Various persons ascribe his rapid career to various causes—his personal charm, his skill in debate, his Nationalist antecedents. Perhaps it is a little of all three and a little more of the last, the idea being that no honor is too great at this moment that will keep Quebec sweet. Such speculations are beside the mark. The main point is that this brilliant young lawyer and statesman has arrived and, having arrived, will stay only as long as need be before taking the next step higher up. Young Dr. Sevigny is a politician to be reckoned with. If he keeps his health, if Dorchester County keeps him as member, if the Borden Government keeps its present job—there is, as Mr. Shakespeare justly remarks, much virtue in an “if”—if all these “ifs” conspire together, young Dr. Sevigny is bound to fill the eye of fame to an even greater extent than he does now.

**M**EANWHILE the Speakership of the House of Commons is no mean heritage. The salary is considerably better than comfortable, and the setting is one of extreme splendor. Also the prospects are of the brightest. The Speaker's apartments command a glorious view of the Laurentian Mountains, while the Speakership itself commands an equally glorious view of cabinet portfolios not too distant.

It is only partly true that a man is known by his surroundings. So far as a new Speaker is concerned, he is the victim of all the Speakers who have preceded him. The new Speaker brings nothing with him in the way of furniture and he is supposed to take nothing out—though that is a matter of individual taste—but it rests with him to change things around and make the Speaker's apartments a home-like reflex of his own mind. What the Dominion gives him is a red and gold hallway, a white and gold drawing-room, a green and gold dining-room and smaller rooms to match. With these as a background he is supposed to go ahead and do his worst. The fundamentals, that is to say, the heavy furniture, the carpets, the table linen, the cutlery and the silver remain the same.

Dr. Sevigny is not likely to be oppressed by these trappings of state. Being a Canadian, he makes a good fit almost anywhere. The carpets, thick and mossy to the feet, the chairs heavily carved, the long windows with their curtains of costly silk—our admirable young doctor of laws will live up to them without a struggle. The ceilings may be high, but they are not higher than his ambition.

Yes, they certainly give the Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons a fine frame. The window cornices, lavishly gilded, shine like a gold-front tooth. The lights in crystal electroliers wink at themselves in long pier-glasses. They wink because the joke is on the people of Canada who pay for it all. Of course, there is an ormolu clock—no expensive interior is without one. Also there is a grandfather's clock and one or two other clocks, just to show that time is no object to one who gets house, light, heat, food and entertainment for nothing. Little trifles of dignity and virtue are scattered about, but everything is in keeping—there is nothing in the apartment that could possibly cost less than twenty-five dollars. Some of the furniture is Louis Seize and some of it Grand Rapids, Michigan, but it is all dear. Evidently some firm of housefurnishers have been given *carte blanche* and have done their *carte blanche*. The walls are decorated with pictures in oil, standard oil, and other varieties, of dead and gone statesmen, a sort of over-flow meeting, so that Speaker Sevigny will never lack inspiring company.

**A** GRAND piano of expensive make is a concession to the soft art of music and, as Speaker Sevigny sings in a light though plaintive tenor, this instrument is liable to get more work than it did from Speaker Sproule, who was not addicted to song or any of

the other pleasant vices. The phonograph is one of the latest of its kind, a self-starter and an automatic repeater. The taste of all its previous owners is reflected in the records they have left behind—not their Bertillon records, by no means; their phonograph records, I mean. That is perhaps the safest place a statesman can leave a record—on the phonograph. It has the additional advantage of not being his own record, but some other fellow's. At any rate, so many Speakers, so many phonograph records—some sentimental, some operatic, some comic.

One Speaker, with an eye for thrift as well as an ear for melodious confusion, collected all the eight-dollar septettes, quintettes and quartettes he could find, his idea being to get as much noise for the people of Canada's money as he conveniently could. Another Speaker specialized on Caruso and the grand opera skylarks, but Dr. Sproule's taste was simpler. Bringing with him, as he did, the unsophisticated Markdale ear for tunes, he has confined himself to the more familiar ditties like “Rule Britannia,” “The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls,” and “The Protestant Boys.” For comic relief Dr. Sproule had recourse to “Cohen on the Telephone” and, when he wanted a touch of something really high class, he slapped on one of those shrapnel shells by John Philip Sousa, “Washington Post” or something like that. Speaker Sevigny found little to criticize in Dr. Sproule's selections for the phonograph but, as Dorchester County does not feel the same fine careless rapture for “The Protestant Boys” as Markdale does, one of the

*Sturdy old Diogenes was gone and in his place had come a slim Alcibiades with polished manners and youthful charm.*



first acts of his official career was to drop that debatable air in the ash barrel and substitute therefore "The Marseillaise," "Le Drapeau de Carillon," "Malbrouck S'en va t'en Guerre," and a few other Quebec favorites.

**H**AVING edited the phonograph, the next thing Speaker Sevigny had to get used to was the two servants wished on him by the Dominion of Canada. Out of session these two servants are citizens, ratepayers, voters. In session they are office holders, and servitors. They have a good job. They cannot be fired for anything except offensive partisanship. Their duty is to open doors, announce names, and add general distinction to the proceedings. These servitors wear long, blue, swallow-tail coats with big brass buttons; short, red, open-front waistcoats with little brass buttons; white shirts with bow ties, blue supplements and patent leather shoes. An ordinary person would feel as much at home with them as with two trained rainbows, but such is Speaker Sevigny's force of character that he can already pretend they are not there and can speak to them when he needs them with an adequate air of detachment.

Harder than the two gorgeous footmen to live up to is the butler, who is another appanage of the Speaker's position. This butler is the best butler in Ottawa. Indeed, no better butler butles between Baffin's Bay and Buffalo. I doubt if there is a better butler in the whole world. He is a butler who is in love with butling and, though the Canadian Government has seen fit to reward his exquisite art with various jobs that will pay him well when he is not butling, it is tacitly agreed that butling has the first call on his time when a Cabinet Minister gives a dinner or the Speaker has a party. I have never asked this butler his name, although I have seen him behind the table at most of the prominent Ottawa citizens' houses. It is not for him to answer prying questions. He is the official butler of the Dominion of Canada, and when the Government is not using him, he is at liberty to butle for the aristocracy of Ottawa at large, the fees of service being his own perquisite.

For the last twenty years I have admired his magnificent black whiskers, now, alas, showing the whitening touch of time, particularly at the far ends. The possession of these whiskers no doubt determined his career as a butler. They led him from Ireland to Canada some forty years ago, and nothing but success has been his portion ever since. Whether his whiskers remained where Nature put them, or whether they got into your soup, they always commanded respect and esteem. This great man belongs first to the Speaker, after that to the Cabinet, after that to society in general, and after that to history. He is the chief heirloom and treasure of the Speaker's office. Speaker Sproule was always a little bit afraid of him, but Speaker Sevigny, I have no doubt, will face him with courage.

Speaker Sevigny is young, blithe, replete of Gallic grace and affability. He is seconded by a Deputy Speaker, Edgar R. Rhodes, also young and blithe; and the parliamentarians are wagering that good cheer will revive again in the Speaker's apartments. Speaker Sproule was a quiet man with high sense of duty, which appeared in his official hospitality. Such pleasure as he had in it he took sadly. As the President of Hayti remarked on his first sight of a cold storage plant, the atmosphere was austere. It is a safe bet that Speaker Sevigny will change the at-

were contemptuous and treated it as a bauble; others looked on it as a sort of gilded Indian club and adapted for exercise; while others, again, bullied it or chortled with glee when the Sergeant-at-Arms disturbed its stately repose by putting it under the table. Speaker Sevigny avoids all these extremes. So far as I can see, he has decided to bear himself as Little Brother to the Mace, with a proper mixture of familiarity and affection. It may have been imagination, but it seemed to the Press Gallery that the mace was looking brighter already under his treatment.

Speaker Sevigny succeeded Jean Baptiste Morin deceased, as member for Dorchester, in the political earthquake of 1911. Jean Baptiste Morin was one of the characters of the House—he and his family umbrella with the corn-cob handle which he carried in all weather—in the sun to ward off sunstroke from which he had once suffered, in the rain to keep off the wet, and in winter as a cosy igloo. This quaint old money-master, with his shrewd habitant philosophy and homely sayings was so long a figure on Parliament Hill that young Dr. Albert Sevigny, when he first impinged on the public gaze, was a genuine surprise. Sturdy old Diogenes was gone and in his place had come a slim Alcibiades with polished manners and youthful charm. Sevigny's urbanity has helped him a great deal. He is a delightful talker with a gift of genial good comradeship which makes him troops of friends. There is a touch of the eighteenth century in his conversation. He reminds me of nothing more than one of those elegant Abbés of the pre-revolution period who dallied with Diderot and the Encyclopedists, and thus started a certain amount of trouble.

It follows that one who has gone so far in such a short space of time must have begun early. Consequently it is no surprise to learn that Speaker Sevigny's passion for politics dates back to 1902, when, as a youth of twenty and a student at Valleyfield College, he defied rules and broke bounds to take part in one of J. H. Bergeron's political meetings. Bergeron, who is known to fame as the Beauharnois Boy, was the Conservative nominee for Beauharnois County, and young Mr. Sevigny was his staunch supporter, which he proceeded to demonstrate by making a speech on his behalf. This speech made a great hit with the audience, a greater hit than it did with the college authorities, whose reception of the truant on his return was much less agreeable than that accorded him by the Bergeron committee. This incident is interesting as proving that Speaker Sevigny began as a Conservative, graduated as a Nationalist, and post-graduated as a Conservative again—which in turn shows that the longest way round is the shortest way home.

Mr. Sevigny's taste for politics grew with what it fed on, and in 1904, when he was a student at Laval, he stumped Montmagny County against the Liberal

*Continued on page 88*



mosphere as soon as possible with the view to making the Speaker's little dinners more like dinners and less like post mortems than they used to be.

**S**PEAKER SEVIGNY is by way of being a direct contrast to his immediate predecessors in appearance, temperament and outlook on life. My experience of Speakers is that their attitude toward the mace reveals character. Some Speakers I Have Known were afraid of this symbol of awe and majesty; others

# THE FROST GIRL: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

## THE STORY—UP TO THE PRESENT

Allan Baird, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new railroad to Hudson's Bay, meets Hertha MacLure, a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl. He learns from his chief assistant, Hughay Munro, that the girl runs a trading post which was formerly managed by her father, and that she is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl," on account of her coldness to all the men who visit the post. Baird completes his survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto, where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line from his chief, McGregor, a big railway magnate, who warns Baird that an opposition syndicate will attempt to prevent him from completing his survey, as they have, by wire-pulling at Ottawa, had a limit fixed on the time for filing the plans. Baird must complete his work and file his plans at Ottawa by April 1. Meanwhile a missionary named Alfred Hurdisty visits the trading post of the Frost Girl and expresses his intention of working among the Indians. Baird returns to the north. Four days out from Sabawe, his base of supplies, nine of his dogs are poisoned over night. Baird goes to the post of the Frost Girl to secure supplies. She refuses absolutely to sell him anything. Baird then hurries back to get supplies up from Sabawe, and, after a long delay, gets back to camp to find that his hungry men have gone to secure supplies by force from the Frost Girl. He protects the Post from his men and sends them back to camp. By this time Baird realizes that he is in love with the girl. He starts out himself to discover who poisoned the dogs and at a camping place where the teams have been accustomed to stop he finds a man hiding pieces of frozen meat in the snow around the camp where the dogs would find it the next time they stopped there. He endeavors to overpower the stranger and a fierce struggle ensues, from which Baird issues victor, his opponent sustaining a broken arm. The poisoner gets away, however, in striking across the ice, Baird breaks through and is nearly drowned. Fighting his way back to camp in freezing condition, he nearly succumbs but is found and rescued by the Frost Girl.

## FIFTH INSTALMENT

### CHAPTER XI

#### The Blizzard

FOR two nights and a day Allan lay in the Frost Girl's cabin in a delirium. Several times he fought over again the silent battle with his unknown foe in the forest. Continuously he was plodding through the blizzard, struggling to loosen his snowshoes, to roll out onto the ice.

Most of the time Hertha sat beside him. The blizzard still raged and no one came to trade. Except to get food and water, for she was alone, nothing took her from the engineer's side.

When she had opened the door that night to see him toppling over into the snow, the dogs in a circle about him, she had run out and dragged him in. Born in the wilderness, trained in wilderness methods, never having learned what it meant to have medical aid, she did not hesitate when she saw what had to be done. Quickly she cut the frozen clothing from his body and began to rub the chalk-like flesh.

She worked swiftly, desperately, for she knew the need. There was no panic in her mind, no loss of movement with her strong, gentle hands. The fact that her's was the opportunity to save a life brought calmness, resourcefulness. A trained nurse or a skilled surgeon could not have done better.

When the ghastly whiteness had gone from his feet and hands she smiled and worked the harder. At least she had saved them. She rubbed his body with rough, warm cloths and at last paused long enough to force whisky between his lips.

Then, with little difficulty, she lifted him to a couch and wrapped warm blankets about him. When his pulse and breathing were regular she rested. Her hair, never wholly confined, rippled in thick masses about her shoulders. As she looked at the unconscious man her eyes were as he had seen them when she cared for the Indian child. Her lips, full and curved, were slightly parted as a result of her exertions.

WHEN Allan opened his eyes at the beginning of the second day, Hertha was sitting by a window watching the dying storm. He did not speak; and for a while he looked at her, studied the fair profile against the gray light outside, wondered how it could be possible that a girl so beautiful, apparently so gentle, would consent to be the agent of a crowd of unscrupulous men who sought by any means to prevent the work in which he was engaged.

And, as he watched her, he began to doubt what he knew, what he had seen,

what he believed to be true. She could not be connected with the poisoning of his dogs, with the effort to starve his men, with the endeavor to drive him, beaten, back to civilization. That was a task for a strong man, not for a girl and, though he recognized her competence to care for herself in the wilderness, he could not believe she would attempt to match her strength against his.

Drowsily, languidly, he turned these things over in his mind, watching the girl through half-closed eyes. At last she felt his gaze and turned suddenly with a quick, friendly smile.

It was enough. Allan knew his viewpoint was wrong. This girl could not be fighting him. In his elation he strove to rise to one elbow.

"Lie still," she commanded, crossing quickly to him and pushing him back to the couch. "You are very weak but there is nothing serious the matter."

"Did I see you?" he whispered. "Just before I fell?"

"See me," she repeated, a little catch in her voice. And then she laughed to hide her embarrassment. "Of course not. You were down in the snow when I opened the door. The dogs would have torn you to pieces in another minute."

"But," he protested wonderingly, "I saw your face against the light, saw the light glisten in your hair, and I heard you speak."

"You imagined that," and for the first time Allan saw a flush creep up beneath the tan. "You were unconscious when I reached you and have been ever since. But you must not talk now. Lie still and I'll get some broth for you."

HE went into the kitchen and returned soon with a bowl of caribou soup, which she fed to him with a spoon. Allan knew that he could help himself, but he lay back and permitted her to wait upon him because it brought her close.

"That was a bad storm last night," he said when the soup was gone.

Then she laughed, and for the first time Allan knew that she could laugh. He resolved at once that he would make her laugh again.

"You have been here two nights and a day," she continued. "But you must not talk any more. You are too weak. Go to sleep and I'll waken you in a couple of hours and let you have more broth."

"Do you mean that I have been here all that time and that you have been caring for me?" demanded Allan, ignoring her command.

"Yes, I am alone now."

"Has no one come to search for me? Have any dog teams passed?"

"No one would travel in the blizzard."

It snowed more than two feet and was very cold."

Allan lay back on his pillow, his mind again on his work. Two days gone and nothing accomplished. Anything could have happened in that time!

"Is there someone who can take a message for me to the camp?" he asked.

"There is no one here except myself. Me-mi-je-is, who works for me, has gone to visit his father, who is ill."

"If the teams go by will you stop them?"

"Of course. But you must not worry. You are too weak. Go to sleep for a while."

Unconsciously, as if she were caring for the Indian child, Hertha laid her strong, brown hand on his forehead and pushed back his hair.

"You haven't any fever," she whispered, gently. "You will be all right, but you must rest."

Quickly, with the spell of her touch upon him, he dropped off to sleep to be wakened two hours later by the odor of more caribou soup. He opened his eyes to find Hertha smiling down upon him and he was sure he felt the lingering sweep of a golden strand across his face.

"I'm an awful nuisance," he said after the first spoonful. "Here you've done nothing for two days except care for me. I'm never going to be able to repay you."

"Repay me!" she exclaimed. "There's nothing to repay!"

"But you saved my life. That's something."

**H**ERTHA looked at him wonderingly. Such things were not spoken of in her world. Unquestioningly, disinterestedly, freely, you offered a helping hand when it was needed. You might need aid yourself some day. Besides, there was no one else to help. Where there are only a few against the wilderness, charity and sacrifice are necessities—commonplaces, not virtues.

"Anyhow, I want you to know that I appreciate it, and that I won't forget it," continued Allan, when Hertha did not speak. "If I were at home I might know what to do. Up here everything is different. I might as well try to loan money to a banker as try to help you. You can do everything for yourself, and so much better than I can."

Again Hertha looked at him with wonder and perplexity in her eyes. At first her gaze was steady, but her eyes soon became vacant, and Allan knew she was not thinking of him.

"Am I different?" she asked suddenly. The young engineer lay back on his pillow and laughed.

"Different!" he cried. "Honestly, you can't know how different you are. Why, I don't know a girl who could even imagine what you are like."

"How am I different?" asked Hertha, her unsmiling, questioning eyes still upon him.

"Why," he faltered, "in every way."

"Do you mean that I am not like the women you know?"

"You are not, Hertha," he answered, now sober and earnest and as unconscious

of his use of her first name as she was of his having spoken it. Then, though his face was still red from the after-effects of the frost, the blood showed through the skin, and he added softly: "I never saw anyone like you."

"I have often wondered," she said thoughtfully, "as I have read through the long winter evenings, if there were real people like those in the books."

"I couldn't tell you that. The people you read about have been dead a hundred, or a thousand years. I never knew them."

"But the books that are written these days? Don't they tell of people as they are now?"

"Lord, no!" exclaimed Allan. "Books aren't written for that. People don't want to read about themselves. They want to read about themselves as they would like to be, and the crazier they are the better they like it. They used to like to read of themselves as being good. Then they liked themselves doing brave, reckless things. Now they like those stories that show them being as bad as possible. No telling what they'll want next, but they won't want stories about themselves just as they are."

"Then, if I got some books, from the outside, they wouldn't tell me what people are really like?"

"They would and they wouldn't," said Allan, surprising himself with his discussion of a subject to which he had given only passing interest. "They'll tell you how some of them eat and what some of them wear, but that's all. You wouldn't care to read a story about a girl who ran a trading post all alone. You know all about that, know more than anyone could write. You want to read about someone different than you, whether it's true or not. Everybody else is the same way."

"I have never thought about it until recently," she continued without reference to what he had said, "but, since I saw you that day on the portage, I have been wondering just what sort of people live in the great world outside. I have heard some of it, but none of it pleased me. Then you came and I saw—"

**S**HE stopped suddenly in confusion, a confusion as startling to her as to Allan.

"Saw what?" he asked.

"I saw that you were different from the men I had heard lived in towns. You appeared to be honest, and I didn't see anything bad in you. Then Mr. Hardisty, the missionary, came and he was different too. But he had spent much time in the north country."

"Do you mean," asked Allan in open wonder, "that you believed all men who live outside of your little world are crooks?"

"I have been taught to believe that?" she answered firmly, "and what I have seen made me believe it the more."

"Who taught you that?"

"My father always taught me to beware of people from the outside. He did not believe in them, never trusted them, and he had good cause. The few I have seen up here have been the same way."

Allan looked at her, ready to defend his kind, but his lips did not move. Instead,

a realization of what this girl's life must have been suddenly came to him. Hughey had said that her father had been called a fanatic. Her mother had been dead for many years. She had lived alone, alone except for the sick Indians she visited and the old, old books that she had read and read again. White men were few in her life, and they were of an unnatural sort, rugged, primitive, woman-hungry men, roughened by isolation and lack of contact with the finer things. They were the sort of men, Allan thought, who would find a rose in the desert and think of it only as a flower.

**A**LLAN saw the distortion with which she must view things. At the same time he marveled at her sanity, at her clearness of vision where her strange training did not obstruct. And, as he marveled at what she had made of herself, he realized what the world was missing in her presence here. She would be wonderful, outside, he knew. He felt a sudden desire to take her there, to show her to his friends. He had not thought of that phase of his love for her before, but now he knew what his life's happiness demanded.

"Hertha," he said quietly, "would you believe me if I were to tell you what the great world outside really is like, tell you the sort of people who live in it and what they do and think?"

"Yes," she answered simply, "I would believe what you tell me."

Another doubt came to Allan. Would she care to know? Wasn't she satisfied with what she had? His task was the answer. He must make her care, must make her long to see the things he could show her. Further, he must make her long to be of the other world, for he felt that only by making her care for it would she come to care for him.

And so, in that lonely, storm-bound cabin far up in the northern wilderness, isolated by the cold and the blizzard, drawn together by the very solitude, these two spent the days that followed. The girl, open eyed, listened and questioned. The man, given by the desire that was in him an eloquence and a power of description he had never suspected he possessed, pleaded his heart's cause by reciting the commonplaces of our own lives.

To him they became more than commonplace. To her they became fairy tales. And, as the child believes the stories of the nursery, this child of the wilderness believed what he told her and, believing, her heart of a woman yearned for that which was its due.

## CHAPTER XII

### The Transformation

**A**LL the world loves a lover, but there is no reciprocation. Even the cave man didn't want a gallery when he dragged his bride home. All real men welcome obstacles between them and the wishes of their heads. With their heart's desire they want a clear field. True, most races to the altar are over the jumps, but the wooer is by nature partial to the flat course.



Allan assisted by sitting on a pile of wood behind the stove and holding his nose over the oven door whenever it was opened. "It will be the first meal I've had in weeks," he said.

Allan Baird recognized something of this when, at the end of his first day of consciousness in Hertha's home, a second blizzard swept down in the wake of the first and, for three days, he and the girl were held prisoner. At first he was anxious to get back to his work, but, when the inexorable northland denied it, he abandoned himself to the moment. The man doesn't live who would lament neglected duty in such a case.

At the end of the first day Allan knew that, whether he won or lost, the joy of it would always remain with him. Unwittingly at first he had probed the soul of the girl. He delighted in her little exclamations of wonder and surprise, in her sudden, sharp, comprehending questions, in her fresh, simple, unobstructed viewpoint. He saw, too, that she had a quick, keen, analytical mind. More than once she confused him with her queries, her comments.

He had begun with the physical elements of civilization, with the luxurious transcontinental trains, autos, street cars, elevators, flying machines, electricity and its infinite uses, the great steamships, fast motor boats, the activities of large cities. But these, while they held her interest, did not strike deeply. They meant little to a girl who had known only the canoe and the dog team, the log cabin and the wood fire.

Music and the drama were more appealing. She could comprehend. The great libraries opened her eyes in wonder and eagerness. The Universities with their varied courses, their lectures, had a like attraction; and she told of her father's diploma from the University of Edinburgh.

But it was when Allan spoke of his home, of his mother and his sisters, of their joy and comradeship, that he knew he had struck deepest. His love for his family was great, and his heart was in his description of it. He lay back on his couch and, with eyes half closed, told of each of his sisters, his mother, his father. Once, when he glanced up at Hertha, he found her leaning forward tensely, her eyes wistful.

He went on more deeply into the family life, drew half-forgotten, intimate little things from his memory, and, by suggestion rather than description, held them up for her to see. For a time he lost himself in a half-whispered reverie of his childhood and early youth, of the companionship of brother and sisters, of the mother's quiet, ceaseless efforts to build up family ties that never would be broken.

**S**UDDENLY he stopped to look up at Hertha. She seemed to have forgotten him as she sat leaning back in her chair, her eyes toward the window but not seeing the storm that raged without. And Allan, as he looked at the sad eyes, the yearning face, the drooping shoulders, knew that he had accomplished a miracle. And before it he was silent. A new, humble joy possessed him; and, unconsciously, he reached out a hand to the quiet figure beside the window.

For Allan knew he had pierced the

hardened shell of an unnatural life, that he had reached down through the successive layers of distorted precept and purely masculine activities and had brought forth the soul of a woman, that he had exposed this girl to herself as she might be, as she really was.

He felt strangely subdued in the presence of this event that had something of the supernatural in it, as birth has. To have freed a soul! To have brought light where there had been only darkness! Allan, awed by the wonder of it, lay back in silent reverence.

At last, quietly, yet unconsciously, his hand reached out toward her.

"Hertha," he whispered.

The girl turned slowly, her eyes still veiled by the vision she had seen, but with a faint, sweet smile, and laid her hand in his.

**A**ND thus, in the gathering dusk of the early night, with the storm tearing at the low eaves of the cabin, with the snow piling higher and higher against the window pane, the two remained without moving. Thoughts flowed in and out, quickly, quietly. Dreams, strange, new, happy dreams, flitted through the air about them. Each was in a new world.

To Allan there came no thought of pressing the advantage which seemed to be his. He felt humility rather than exultation. He had tamed a wild creature so that it suffered the touch of his hand.

Suddenly Hertha shivered and straightened in her chair. She withdrew her hand quickly and looked at the stove behind her.

"I've forgotten the fire," she cried. "We'll freeze."

She raked the few remaining coals to the front of the great box-stove, piled in more wood and then, as the flames roared through the pipe, turned to Allan.

"You can sit up for supper to-night," she announced gaily. "What would you like to eat?"

"I'd like an English mutton chop, a head lettuce salad with Rochefort cheese dressing, and —."

"You're making fun of me," interrupted Hertha, laughing. "You'll have roast caribou, baked beans and blueberry pie."

"Why, that's a feast!" he exclaimed. "Can't I help?"

They went into the kitchen together. Allan assisted by sitting on a pile of wood behind the stove and holding his nose over the oven door whenever it was opened.

"It will be the first real meal I've had in weeks," he said, when Hertha finally removed the roast. "We've got a good cook in camp, but—well, it's camp cooking."

Hertha did not comment. Allan thought he saw a cloud flit across her face. But the next instant she turned to him with a smile.

"You carry these things in while I feed the dogs," she commanded.

**I**T was a gay meal and the two sat there beside the stove while the blizzard increased in fury outside. And afterwards, as Allan smoked, they sat with elbows on the table, talking as young people talk, baring hidden thoughts, telling secret hopes, showing surprises that views coin-

cided, marvelling at the similarity of ideas. Love makes all things concur.

Allan did not attempt to bring back the spell he had cast in the afternoon. A miracle happens only once. Instead, he listened now while Hertha talked. The girl's lips seemed suddenly to have been opened, the doors of her mind to have swung outward for the first time.

They were strange, queerly-mingled things of which she spoke. Quite frankly, because to her they did not seem uncommon, she told of her father and his opinions on various things. Hesitatingly she hinted at some of the dreams that had come to her despite her strange, restricted life, dreams answered in part by what Allan had told her. Incidentally, disinterestedly, she recited adventures that had befallen her in the wilderness, things that usually happen only to strong, far-roaming men. Shyly she confessed ambitions to know other women, other girls, to talk with them, to be of them.

Sometimes aimlessly, always happily, she went on and on, and Allan, his pipe cold between his fingers, sat without moving. And that night when Hertha had gone to her room and he lay in the darkness, he found he was able to piece together the girl's life, to deduct its influences, to understand those things which had molded her thoughts and actions.

Her father evidently had left Scotland "with a grudge," as he expressed it to himself. He was well educated, cultured, a man of high but strange ideals. Once in the wilderness he had devoted himself to his trading post and to the Indians who brought him their fur and took his flour and pork and tea in exchange. But through it all he had retained many things of his former life, and he had made certain that his daughter, despite her isolation, had all the advantages he was capable of supplying.

Allan did not understand it all, but he knew the man must have had fanatical ideas about some things, ideas he had firmly planted in the girl and which, because she had no other guide, she accepted without question.

The young engineer saw the influences of her extensive but unusual reading in the little expressions she let slip. He saw the effects of a knowledge of life gained only from the printed page, queer little notions, sometimes absurd, sometimes pitiful; always, at least, original.

But the thing that was most firmly impressed upon Allan was the loyalty of the girl's heart, the strength and forcefulness of her character. She spoke of her father with just touch of reverence, and of what he had done with firm, simple faith. To her he was the only man who had ever lived.

And Allan saw, too, how the girl, unconscious of her beauty, ignorant of the spell she must cast upon men, had earned the undeserved name by which she was known. Alone in an environment that was harsh if not actually hostile, this assumption of cold, impersonal aloofness had been her only defense, her only safeguard. It had successfully shut out those of her race who passed the lonely trading post, but it had with

*Continued on page 81*

# Making the Employee Comfortable

By HUGH S. EAYRS

THE door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed."

It is a far cry from the days of Ebenezer Scrooge and Bob Cratchit and that tumble-down office in old London to this year of grace 1916, and the enterprising business houses of Canada. The world has rolled on. Changes, sweeping changes, in business life and commercial conduct have succeeded one another. And just as Bob Cratchit, were he alive and working in Canada to-day, would not be copying letters into a book but taking a carbon copy of the same as he pounded a typewriter, so Scrooge, if he were the type of wise and long-headed employer that we know, would not be keeping his clerk with a single coal for warmth, but rather providing for his comfort in every possible way. For, of many trends and many developments in the realm of business, none is more significant than the attempt on the part of an ever-growing number of employers, toward making their employees comfortable.

It is simply a child, a product of efficiency. Efficiency infers many things. It means system, order, method. It implies, too, infinite capacity for taking pains, which is another way of saying that in these later days genius is nothing more or less than efficiency. It means adequate, full preparation and equipment for tasks. And in this last, since it is axiomatic that the human element is at once the most elastic, the most capable and the least dependable, efficiency demands that the human element be backed up and supported by every possible prop.

One of these props is a maximum of comfort in working conditions.

THERE never was a time when employees, no matter in what way they earn their living, had so much demanded of them. The race is to the speedy. In this hemisphere, enterprise, subdivide it into as many parts as you like, does not content itself with a jog-trot and an occasional spurt, as is the case in some of the older countries of the world. Enterprise, particularly of the business variety, rushes on and on with never a pause. We live more quickly and we crowd more into our days than we did in the days of each successive year we leave behind. More, therefore, is demanded by the directors of business from those who actually do the work. In order that the demand shall be made good, everything is done to help the human element to make it good. Device after device is produced and adopted to this end. The employee must have good working conditions in order that he or she may produce the most and the best for the employer in the least time, at the least expense.

This trend divides itself into two parts: one is comfort during actual hours of work; the other, comfort during hours of leisure, before and after hours of work.

Take the first. Consider the office em-

ployee of 1916 in America.

I reiterate the fact of location because what I am going to say does not apply to anything like the same extent in England, or to most of the countries of the older world. From the head of the department to the office boy the office employee is given the maximum of comfort. Here is an illustration:

The accountant in a certain office hired a stenographer. She presented herself at his desk on Monday morning.

"What typewriter do you operate?" he asked.

"I use a Y—."

"Very good. Most of the girls use a Z—, but I'll have a Y—sent up for you. Do you wish to have it on the desk you will work at, or do you prefer a swivel table?"

"I've found the swivel table useful," said the girl, "because I can swing my machine away when I want to use the table."

"All right," said the accountant, making a note. "What kind of chair?"

The girl hesitated: "Oh, any one will do."

"But what kind do you prefer—a swivel or a straight one?"

"A swivel."

"Cane-bottomed or leather?"

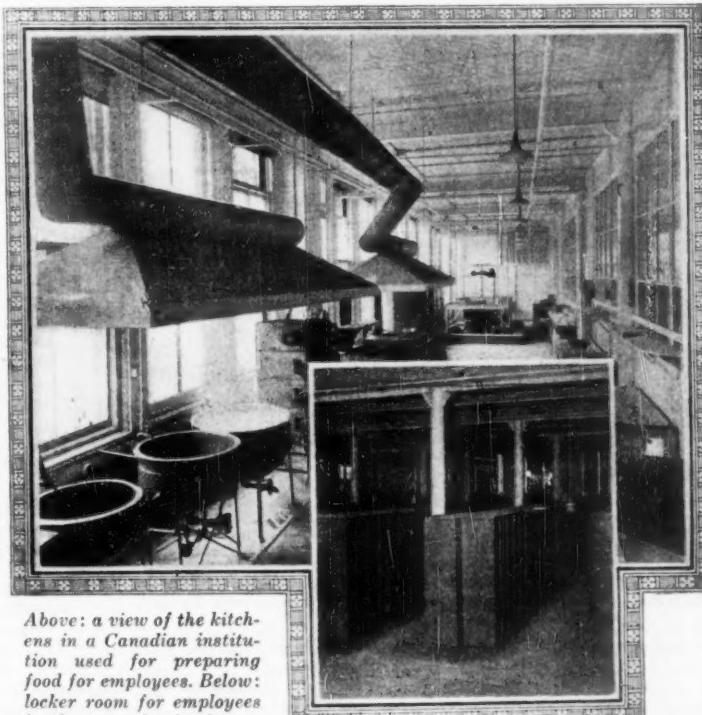
"Cane-bottomed," answered the girl.

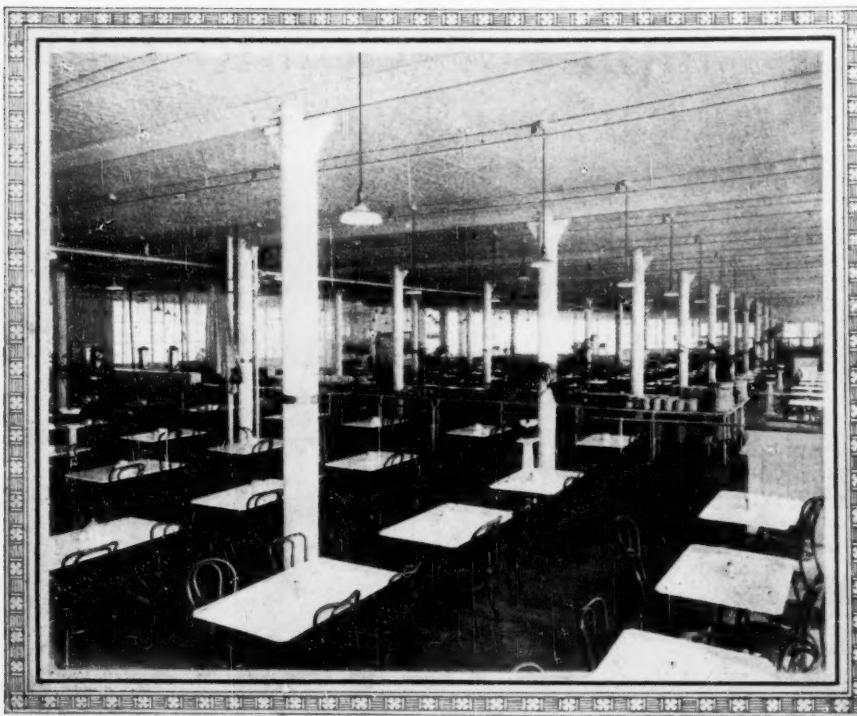
The accountant made another note, and dismissed the girl. A few hours later he came over to her and took her across the floor. "This will be your place," he said. "Here's your Y—machine, a swivel table to put it on, a flat table for any other work you may have, and a swivel chair with cane bottom."

The girl beheld the equipment, new and comfortable.

"Now, Miss X—," said the accountant, "we have got these things for you. We have got what you want. Anything else you require, ask me for. We have done our part in making you comfortable and we have given you full equipment. See that you do yours in turning out the work promptly and well."

The inference is clear. The employers of that girl wanted all the labor they could get from her. To get it they gave her the best possible equipment. They





*Dining-room exclusively for use of employees in a large Canadian department store. Here good meals are obtainable at a figure that barely covers the cost.*

made her comfortable. The rest was up to her.

**O**R take another illustration. A sales manager left one concern and went to another. When he arrived on the first morning of his employment by the new house, the president took him out to the side-walk. A new car was standing there.

"See that car, Mr. F—" said the president. "That's your car as long as you're here."

The sales manager thanked him, surprised.

"That's to help you to turn in every possible order for this concern," said the president laconically.

Isn't it reasonable to suppose that the new sales manager, sensible of the fact that his employers were doing all they possibly could to assist him, would unhesitatingly resolve to "deliver the goods?"

An increasing number of go-ahead concerns demonstrates faith in this creed of "Comfort and Convenience for Workers." The president of a certain business which had a large office staff spoke to a bookkeeper one day.

"Isn't that stool you sit on uncomfortable, without a rest for your back?"

The bookkeeper said it was. The president walked over to the office manager. "Have all those stools taken away and get some chairs for those boys," he said.

The office manager made a note on his pad; then he thought a moment: "but

those stools are used because we have one or two high desks," said he.

"Then sell 'em," said the president, shortly. "Sell 'em and buy new ones. These fellows must be comfortable. You and I are." And he walked away.

**N**O wonder many offices in Canada or America are a revelation to the man from the Old World. It is something new to him to see a systematic, continuous campaign for making the employee comfortable. He finds work, say, in a Canadian business house and he sees good, comfortable desks and chairs for the workers. He sees jars of purified water provided fresh every day in the summer. He sees devices for this and that installed from time to time, all of which are adopted simply to make the clerk and the stenographer more at ease, to save their time, to conserve their energies, to take from them little details in order that they can concentrate on more material affairs.

That same is the reason for the added comfort for employees in factories. Legislation has worked that way, it is true. We have our Factory Acts now, designed alike to look after the employee and to assure, as an indirect result, at any rate, the added worth of the employee to the employer. So it comes about that the Provinces have inspectors traveling up and down, from city to city, from factory to factory, all the year round, looking into conditions. In the main, however, as a Factory Inspector said to me, it is necessary to do but little correcting. The average employer of labor recognizes

the pre-requisite of his work-folk—the very best available conditions—and caters to it. Electric fans are stirring up the air in hot work-rooms all day long. In many factories purified and distilled water is supplied. Time was, and not so very long ago at that, that sanitary conveniences were painfully inadequate. This state of affairs, generally speaking, does not exist to-day. The State has done its share to obviate it, but the employer has worked hand in hand. Ample and comfortable seating provision in workshops is now the rule; twenty-five years ago it was another story. Completest precautions are taken against danger where the worker is continually running the gauntlet of accident, disablement and disease. Waterproof aprons are provided by employers, for instance, in canning and evaporating factories. Goggles are dispensed to men who without them would be exposed to splinters of steel, glass and the like. Ventilation has been reduced to the most scientific of sciences; some factories have their own chemists who, ever

and anon, take a test of the air and if it is impure, work towards its surer purification. The conduct of an elevator, that most universal of transportation facilities, is hedged about with full and minute safeguards for protection, as well as for comforts. Light, bright rooms; comfortable seats; best possible hours—in short, anything and everything which will make for the real well-being of the worker while he or she works, are now the features of a vast number of factories

**N**OR are the stores behind-hand in revelation of the same trend. Those persons who persist in representing the average store as a heartless monster intent, for three hundred and thirteen days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, on getting blood out of their employees, are belied by the typical store they so malign. If we were to put it on no other ground than that of business folly, wretched environments for the store-worker would be found to be in the minority. Take the progressive store. I was in one the other day. The men and women serving customers were not only quick and efficient; they were bright and seemingly happy. And where they were rot, it was not the fault of the employer so much as that of the shopper, you and I and the fellow in the next flat! In big stores, the safety and comfort of the worker is protected and ensured by every possible means. Iron staircases, complete fire equipment and capable men to direct it, time-saving devices, a locker where every man and woman can keep coat and

hat, parcel and what-not; a place to sit down for a moment when business does not press; suitable and adequate time for the mid-day meal; generous pay for overtime attendance—these were what I found. In many smaller stores, the same principles are put into practice; necessarily, of course, in a smaller way, but nevertheless indubitably.

"You'll be open to-morrow?" I said one Christmas day to a retailer who employed from fifteen to twenty salespeople.

"Well," said he, "I shall. But the clerks have been working unusually hard for a couple of weeks, and I told them all to take an extra day." (This was in a city of thirty thousand population.)

I was somewhat surprised.

"I shall lose to-morrow's receipts, for the time being," he went on, "but they'll feel better and work better. And, besides, they need it."

**S**O much for comfort during hours of labor. We may now turn to those hours before and after and interwoven with the working day and see the same tendency displayed there. Take the office again. Probably the most universal instance is the establishment of a lunchroom. This is usually conducted in such a way that a good lunch is obtainable at a low figure, in a suitable and comfortable room, and on a merely paying basis, with no suggestion of profits. Indeed, in many cases profits are out of the question. I was in one the other day, in the head office of a bank. This was a large, airy room, capable of seating, at a time, five or six hundred people. The tables were small ones: some would accommodate four people, some six. The food was exceptionally good. A lunch, sufficient and varied in choice, could be obtained for twenty cents. Some offices ran a lunch for nothing. An appropriation is made at the beginning of each year, cooks and servers are employed, and a good lunch is provided for those who wish to take advantage of it. Everything is clean: your fellow-diners are people whom you know and appreciate, and you are saved the necessity of trudging through snow and slush to a public restaurant. And—and this is an important detail—you know what you are getting!

"The idea," said the manager of an institution which has a lunch-room for its office people, "is that the clerks and stenographers can get a good lunch, get it quickly, under nice conditions, and more cheaply than if they went outside to eat. It pays us to look after our people in this way. We know, then, that they have had a satisfying meal, and they work all the better. Moreover, they have

had a breathing space between the tasks of morning and afternoon. They might have spent that time in walking to and from the cafe or wherever they eat, and they would not have had twenty minutes or half an hour in which to rest themselves, and recreate. The luncheon does not quite pay for itself in dollars and cents. But it is a service which contributes to the comfort of our employees, and it is worth while in that way."

Some other offices, usually banks, provide a place of abode for the clerks. Hence, up and down our bigger cities, where there are several branches, the clerks employed therein frequently live in rooms over the bank, the rent of which is free! That ensures that they are, at any rate, comfortably housed. It is not alone that they are there, as protection for the bank, should it be necessary. Rather does it mean that the banks take care of, look after, employees who are unmarried.

One concern, of which I know, gives work people, office and factory folk alike, half an hour in the middle of the morning in which to rest, to take a sharp walk, if the weather be propitious, or to read—to relax, mentally or bodily. The head of the firm considers it good business. The half hour's absence from tasks fits the employees the better to take them up again. The head of a big publishing house recently heartily concurred in a plan whereby the lawn at the side of the building might be used as a bowling green. The men got together and formed a club: imposed a nominal entrance fee, bought their own bowls, and utilized the re-

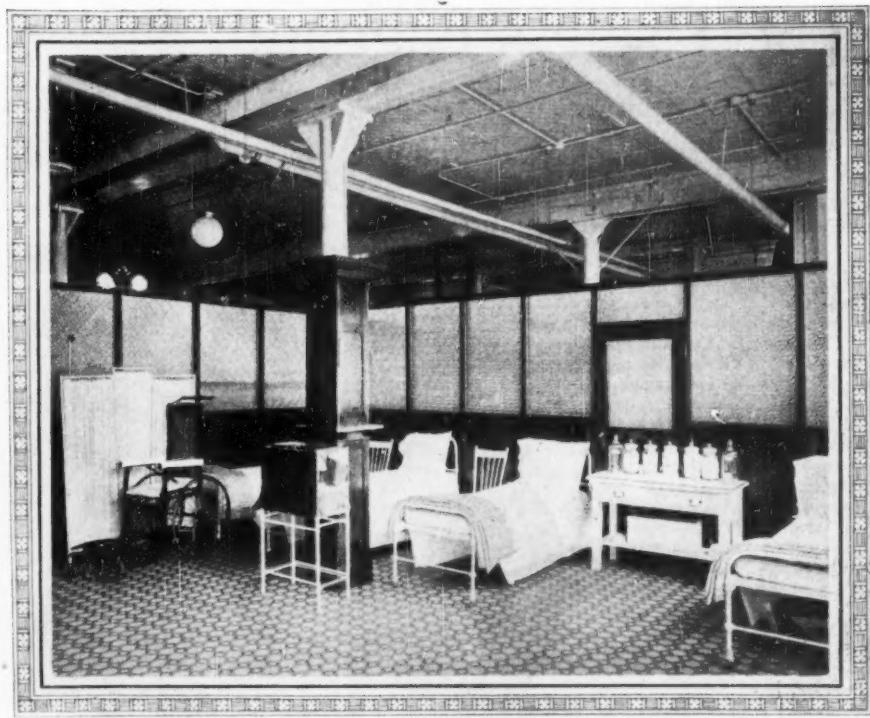
mainder of their lunch hour, after eating, in playing bowls. The same employer had a lunch room in the building. The lunch hour was thus divided into fifteen or twenty minutes for lunch, and forty minutes or so for bowls. The green was available for Saturday afternoon and evenings.

**O**THER offices, again, provide a rest room and a library. Books may be borrowed and read, in the lunch hour, or taken home. We have not yet, to any great extent, got the British habit of afternoon tea. Some of the American offices are going in for this now, however. In England many offices spend about twenty minutes during the afternoon in drinking a cup of tea. Usually "Petty Cash" provides the tea: the stenographers make it; the men-folk take it in turn to pay for the biscuits. I remember discussing this habit with an employer in England who had a large office staff.

"It isn't twenty minutes wasted," he said, "by any means. I think it is time well spent. It is, of course, an old custom, and if I were to abolish it, I think I should lose more than I would gain."

The factory employee shares in out-of-hours comforts. In his case, the provision may be said to come more especially under the name of welfare work, and it has been a study of employers for twenty-five or thirty years. For instance, one company I know of in Vancouver provides model houses for its workpeople,

*Continued on page 78*



Hospital for care of sick or injured employees in a Canadian departmental store. Trained nurses are retained on the staff to look after the patients.

# The Useless Baggage:

By MARY E. LOWREY  
Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

"Now, I need just one more man," said Mrs. Harris, biting her pen. "John, what about that friend of yours that keeps you up till morning, talking about the masses—Tom Maxwell?"

"If you imagine Tom Maxwell's going to stop rescuing the perishing long enough to go to a dinner party—" began her husband.

Mrs. Harris looked puzzled.

"But doesn't he ever go anywhere?" she asked. "What does he do all the time?"

"He's trying to remodel the universe with a pair of surgical scissors," answered her husband. "That keeps him pretty busy."

His wife drew her expensive note-paper toward her determinedly.

"I don't care," she declared. "I'm going to ask him anyway. I like his blue eyes and his nice big nose and chin."

THE owner of the blue eyes and the nice big nose and chin was sitting in his linoleum-lined office, talking to a girl with a complexion more wonderful than any complexion has a right to be, and an extraordinary hat a-slosh over one haughty eye. Under the intense light of the desk-lamp one could see that part, at least, of her bright color, was related to the hard dry cough she was trying unsuccessfully to suppress.

He handed her a folded slip.

"You might just as well swallow the paper as the prescription, if you won't follow instructions, Annie," he said. "Now if I could just persuade you not to run around nights, and to buy ugly woolen underwear instead of beautiful silk stockings—"

"A girl's got to get out and have a good time and meet her boy friends," protested Annie. "If you just seen my room, Doc!"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," said Maxwell quickly. "I've just telephoned the secretary of the Wakefield House, and she says you can have a comfortable room and good board there for just about what you are paying now."

"Huh! And have them puttin' you to bed at nine p.m.; and interferin' with your friends," answered Annie fiercely. "A lot of flossy old maids!"

Followed a half hour of stormy argument on Annie's part, and of patient insistence on Maxwell's. She departed finally, with a half promise to give the Wakefield House a trial, in spite of its interfering ways, and its personnel of flossy old maids; and Maxwell was left to himself.



Maxwell, regarding Dolly, decided he had never seen anything more frivolous in all his life.

he had given himself up to what Harris described as an "orgy of philanthropy;" and, except in brief moments of reaction, he found his choice altogether to his liking. So, as one of his periods of re-action was upon him now, his answer to Mrs. Harris' informal, pleasantly worded note was a prompt acceptance.

WHEN, on the appointed evening, he made his appearance, Mrs. Harris drew a little breath of relief. A medical man is a dubious dinner guest at best. She had feared, too, that a worker in the East Ward might regard evening clothes as worldly. So, when Maxwell appeared with his eyes as blue and his nose and chin as big as ever, and his evening suit as irreproachable as any present, she hailed him joyfully, and introduced him with pride to the half dozen guests assembled.

A girl who had been talking to a bald young man, turned suddenly to Mrs. Harris.

"Mr. Turner has such interesting theories, Ethel," she said. "He says that gargling is the only cure for depressed spirits, and that woolen underwear is the cause of half the misery in the world."

"This is my cousin, Miss Varcoe, Dr. Maxwell," said Mrs. Harris, laying an affectionate hand on the girl's arm. "And Dr. Maxwell will discuss that at dinner with you, Dolly. He is the greatest living authority on woolen underwear and misery."

He felt tired and a little disheartened. There were times, such as this when he grew rather discouraged over other people's troubles, mental, physical and rental; over the unscientific malady of starvation, and the dirty houses with their reckless numbers of unwashed children. It occurred to him for a moment that the least the perishing could do would be to show a mild interest in the rescuing.

This was the mood in which Mrs. Harris' dinner invitation found him. Maxwell had never been a society man. At college he had danced and even flirted a little, though he counted earnestly while he danced, and had the appearance at least of doing the same while he flirted. But since graduating and settling in the East Ward,

Maxwell, regarding Dolly, decided he had never seen anything more frivolous in his life. All her features tilted gayly upward, an effect which, far from being grotesque, was extraordinarily piquant. She wore a dress composed entirely of pink frills. It would have been a hectic looking garment on almost anyone else, he reflected, but it clothed Dolly as naturally as the petals clothe a gay little holly hock. There was a faint trace of talcum powder on her nose.

"Do you believe that woolen underwear is the cause of half the misery in the world?" she asked anxiously, turning to Maxwell.

"Well, happiness is supposed to be within oneself," he answered vaguely, a little puzzled. "So I suppose misery might be assumed to be outside oneself."

"I wonder if happiness is really within oneself," said his companion, reflectively.

"I think just now that happiness is entirely due to circumstances," answered Maxwell, very truthfully. It occurred to him that most hostesses would have sent him in to dinner with the young woman with the semi-circular profile, who was leading a discussion on vocational training. He was very grateful to Mrs. Harris.

They were at the table by this time and already enjoying themselves hilariously. The girl had a remarkable way of discussing serious things frivolously, and frivolous things seriously and Maxwell, whose mind and spirits had been stifled for months beneath the weight of other people's troubles, found her very refreshing. She was to him a being from another world, relatively vaguely, by the talcum powder on her delightful nose, to the feminine world of the East Ward, which went in lavishly for cosmetics, but having no connection whatever with the sober-minded young women whom he had encountered in his business of rescuing the perishing. It was characteristic of Maxwell that he never met any condition without investigating it thoroughly.

"What do you do with yourself all the time?" he asked, curiously. "I mean, do you go in for developing your ego, or reforming the masses or something of that sort?"

Dolly shook her head.

"No-o, not much," she answered, "I remember once asking our washwoman if she were happy, and she said she would be if her 'usband were dead. But I didn't feel that my interest in her justified my killing her 'usband."

She paused, regarding him plaintively.

"You think I'm an awfully useless baggage, don't you?" she inquired.

"I think you're a very ornamental baggage," answered Maxwell.

The girl smiled, and her smile was less a smile than a sort of glorified grin. It shut her eyes completely, and her mouth opened frankly to show her small white teeth.

"I'm a useless baggage," she repeated sadly. "I think there ought to be just two commandments—'Thou shalt not be poor,' and 'Thou shalt not be serious-minded.'"

So, with a wave of her spoon, she dismissed the Decalogue. Maxwell was a

little disturbed, for he had a deep respect for the Commandments.

"I wonder what you really do believe," he said, thoughtfully pursuing his investigations.

"About what?" inquired Dolly.

"Oh—about religion and society and vocational training and how to keep young girls off the street at night." Maxwell replied, and laughed at the absurdity of his question. One doesn't expect gay little hollyhocks to have ideas about religion and society and vocational training, and how to keep young girls off the street at night.

For the first time the girl did not echo his laugh.

"I—wonder," she said, in an odd little voice, and Maxwell, glancing at her quickly, caught the expression that matched her tone. There was real gravity in it, and a little softness, and not a little humor. It diminished unexpectedly the years he had assumed to lie between them. Up to that point, too, he had regarded her as a type, she having interested him biologically, as it were, rather than humanly. Now, for the first time, he realized that her eyes were brown velvet. "Brown velvet that twinkles," he reflected accurately.

THE expression passed over her face so quickly that he had only the sudden shifting of his interest from a scientific to a personal basis to assure him it had ever been there. She was as joyously young as ever now.

"What are you going to do when you grow up?" he asked curiously.

"Why, get married to someone," answered Dolly, as though no other course had ever entered her mind.

"Any particular kind of someone?" her companion inquired.

Dolly reflected.

"Oh, someone with a great deal of money and satisfactory grandparents," she decided largely.

Maxwell laughed.

"You think you would prefer the Norman blood to the simple faith?" he asked.

"I couldn't bear a simple, faithful husband," said the girl, emphatically. "An Old Dog Tray of a husband who was forever following you round with your rubbers in his mouth."

"My father was a plumber," said Maxwell irrelevantly, and as one conscious of the gulf that yawned between the son of a plumber and the daughter of a belted earl. Miss Varcoe had that air, somehow, in spite of her frivolity.

The girl giggled.

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son," she quoted.

Maxwell did not reply, because he was busy wondering how she had become acquainted with his Christian name; wondering too, at the way in which these expensive girls were ready to cast the responsibility for their existence around the neck of some unwitting male. "And a neck that has never carried anything more responsible than a clean collar," he reflected. He was roused by an apology at his elbow.

"I can't think how I could have been so inexplicably pert," the girl was saying, looking quite flushed and troubled.

MAXWELL, having located the remark that had called forth the apology, assured her that it had never occurred to him to be offended. And after that, of course, they got along better than ever. He told her about the talcum powder on her nose, and she went over the offending feature carefully with her absurd handkerchief. And she asked him about his work of rescuing the perishing, not with the air of impassioned interest which is sometimes employed to simulate social tact, but with a frank alert curiosity that inspired him to unparalleled lengths of explanation and detail. He discovered that she had heard of him for some time; discovered too, that his reputation as a Good Samaritan had extended beyond the limits of his practice. This had never occurred to him before, and it embarrassed him a great deal more than it pleased him, so that he instantly reverted to the subject he had previously side-tracked; viz., Is Happiness Within Oneself? and no amount of stratagem could persuade him back to the East Ward.

When they finally arose to go, Maxwell astonished himself a great deal more than he did Miss Varcoe, by asking her if he might call and see her. But then, Miss Varcoe was much accustomed to having young men request the privilege of calling and seeing her, and with Maxwell it was almost an initial performance. She hesitated, laughing out of her brown eyes.

"Do you think a person as useful as you are has any right to call on a person as ornamental as I am?" she asked.

"I'm willing to stop being useful, if you think you can stop being ornamental," answered Maxwell anxiously.

Miss Varcoe considered the proposition carefully.

"Oh—very well," she said, at length. "My address is 100 North street."

Maxwell followed the pink hollyhock dress out of the room, his brain really beginning to work for the first time that evening.

HE had to leave very soon after that. Being a conscientious physician, he had left his telephone number with his landlady, and now an Italian voice was pouring out an incoherent message from which he could elicit nothing but an address and an urgent "Seec, seec!" He arrived back in the drawing-room to find Miss Varcoe enthusiastically and permanently re-claimed by the bald young man. (He had her backed against the wall, and was talking very fast to hold her attention, like an importunate book agent.)

Maxwell bade his hostess good-night, paused, hesitated, and then asked suddenly:

"Mrs. Harris, why does Miss Varcoe live at the Wakefield House?"

Mrs. Harris looked puzzled.

"Why, Dolly's secretary of the Social Workers' Society," she answered. "Didn't she tell you?"

Maxwell shook his head.

"I don't remember her mentioning it," he said.

"She lives at the Wakefield House, and has charge of about two hundred girls—

has to see that they pay their board, and wear enough clothes and brush their teeth, and don't run round nights, and Heaven knows what else," she declared. "I think she's wonderful. She looks like a French doll, and she's as capable as a Prime Minister."

Then he had talked to her over the telephone not a week before, consulting her about a room and board for the difficult Annie! She was one of the possible "flossy old maids," whom Annie had so hotly resented. He glanced over to where a pink frill or two was still visible behind the bulk of the fluent Mr. Turner.

"She is," he agreed. "She's really wonderful."

**M**AXWELL called the next evening on the Secretary of the Social Workers' Club, and it is worthy of note that this time he did not leave his telephone number with his landlady. In the passage from the front door to the reception room, he encountered the two hundred residents of the Wakefield House, and concluded that the Secretary must have discovered some plan for keeping young girls off the street at night. A social worker departed in search of the secretary; and distant typewriting approached a climax and ceased.

Maxwell, though he recognized vaguely that typewriting is not carried on in a pink dinner gown, was quite unprepared for the brisk young woman who now appeared. Her costume had evidently been selected with an eye to its moral effect on the two hundred. Yet, in spite of the plain shirtwaist and skirt, and the substitution of glasses for talcum powder on her pretty nose, she was not a whit less ornamental than she had been the evening before. She was not altogether surprised at the sight of her visitor. Being an experienced young woman, she had given him two nights—or possibly three. Nevertheless, she turned a becoming and unbusinesslike pink.

"I have come," announced Maxwell nervously, "to find out what you think about religion, society, vocational training, and how to keep young girls off the street at night."

And with that they slipped back instantly into their former friendliness and now, unhampered by misunderstanding, it developed amazingly, while the annual report grew cold on the secretary's typewriter. Maxwell found himself in an en-

tirely unfamiliar mood. It was as though some indiscreet power had had possession of him, speaking with his lips, putting into words things he had scarcely shaped into thought before. He told her about the good he hoped for the East Ward and the evil he feared for it; about the sickening discouragement that sometimes attacked him, and about Annie, with her unmanageable habits. And she told him why she lived at the Wakefield House, and how sometimes the Wakefield House seemed to be inhabited by two hundred Annies, each chanting a fierce Mar-seillaise about her right to live without being "interfered with." And when

Maxwell confessed to periods of re-action, she laughed; for it seemed she had her periods of re-action too.

"Why yesterday?" she declared. "I told Ethel I didn't care what the man's hobby was that took me in to dinner—politics, or postage stamps, or bugs, or anything but Living for Others. That was why, when she sent me in with you, I said a great many things I didn't mean at all. That was why I made you believe I was a 'useless baggage.'"



*Her costume had evidently been selected with an eye to its moral effect on the two hundred.*

"Didn't you mean *any* of the things you said?" asked Maxwell, anxiously.

"I don't remember anything I said," answered the Secretary. "But I'm quite sure I didn't mean any of them. Why?"

The indiscreet power that had had charge of his conversation all evening must have been responsible for the remarkable explanation Maxwell now put forth. "I believe," he said, "that I'm the sort of man that makes a simple, faithful husband."

"I think that every issue of MacLean's is better than the one that went before," writes a well-known business man who reads MacLean's regularly. This is the opinion that comes to the MacLean office from all quarters; and the editors are striving to justify it with each issue that comes off the press. The April issue will be the "best yet" in every respect. It will be full of strong articles, bright stories and, in fact, the best reading to be obtained anywhere. It will contain contributions from the best known of Canadian writers and the best Canadian artists. We can promise you an issue to look forward to.

# TWELVE PILLARS OF SUCCESS

## Making Life a Masterpiece

NUMBER ELEVEN

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

**I**N an editorial on the death of a noted gambler a big city newspaper said: "If the man hadn't started in as a gambler so young, continued as one so long, and as one been so successful, one would be tempted to think that gambling was to him a mere avocation, and no essential part of his life."

This man was splendidly gifted by Nature with all the qualities and traits that would have enabled him to make his life a masterpiece, yet he died leaving only the sorry reputation of a successful gambler.

He played the gambling game on a big scale. He was honest, as honesty goes in professional gambling, kind-hearted, had a high degree of intelligence, good judgment, and a keen business instinct that would have made him successful in any calling. Withal he had a natural love of the beautiful, which he had carefully cultivated. His hobby was the collection of books, pictures, and porcelains, in which he showed excellent taste and judgment.

Here was a man who might have been a king among men had he so chosen. But, unfortunately, he chose early in life to be a gambler, and so at the very start ruined his godlike possibilities.

**W**ITHIN a week or two after the death of this man, the press of the whole country recorded the death of another man. And what a man! What a masterpiece he had made of his life! What a character he had builded; what a reputation he had won! What a legacy he had left to the world!

From the Atlantic to the Pacific newspapers not only gave an account of his splendid career, but each had editorials eulogizing his great work for humanity, and especially for his adopted country.

"Few Americans," said a great New York paper, "realize the debt that this country owes to John Muir. A scientist with the vision of a poet, a passionate lover of Nature, whose ideals were thoroughly practical, he taught a nation to respect its own property and to preserve from wanton destruction what man could never replace. To his earnest preaching and personal influence more than any other circumstance the United States owes its system of national parks and forest preserves. But for his persistent efforts the Yosemite to-day would probably be a barren waste, its mountains denuded and its watercourses arid. What was accomplished there was the starting point in a great national plan to save from ruin the forests and watersheds of both coasts."

Think what posterity for all times owes this man, who, despite the combined hostility of lumbermen, landgrabbers, and the great

modern god, Material Progress, accomplished his mighty purpose.

If he had done nothing else but save from destruction some of the most magnificent of Nature's works, the world could never repay the debt it owes him. But, though his real vocation was that of a naturalist, his achievement in any one of his avocations of geologist, explorer, philosopher, artist, author, and editor, would have made a success of any ordinary man.

John Muir, it is true, was not an ordinary man. Only the giants here and there can match his accomplishments. But none need die so poor as to have only the reputation of a successful gambler.

**T**HREE is in the career of every human being a possible magnificent masterpiece, or a wretched, distorted daub. Whichever it proves to be it will be hung in the gallery of Life. It will be exhibited to the world as the embodiment, the evidence of that for which each life has stood.

One's career is not only an exhibit to the world, a contribution to civilization, but it is also our exhibit to our Maker, our account of what we have done with the talent He gave us, how we invested it and the returns we have gotten out of it. It is our final report.

One of the most pitiable things in human history is the spectacle of a man who has gambled his possibilities and when near the end of life awakens to the fact that the larger part of his powers has never been utilized, that his almost finished career, which might have been a masterpiece, is only a smirched, unsightly daub.

The sort of man you will make of yourself, how you will be regarded by the world, whether people will admire and respect or despise you, whether you win the approval or the condemnation of your Maker—all this is in your own hands. No power on earth can keep you from making a man of yourself, a superb character, a masterpiece.

The size of your fortune may be more or less an accident, but the size of the man you will bring out of your career, rests absolutely with you. This will not have to run the gauntlet of fire, of flood, of panic, or disaster. It will not be subject to loss or utter ruin by change of location, by the shifting tide of population in other directions or any other adverse turn of fickle fortune.

There are possibilities of all sorts of disasters and misfortunes in the business world, in material conditions, which no human brain could forestall or prevent, but a man can make his life a masterpiece even amid the ruins of his business. He can stand out a superb figure even in the desolation of his property, when everything material has been swept away from him.

**H**OW many thousands of men in Belgium to-day who have lost everything they had on earth, their business, their property, their homes, their means of making a living, who have been stripped naked of everything by cruel war, yet are bigger, nobler, grander men than when fortune smiled on them. In many instances their wives and children have been lost, killed by stray shells, or have died from hunger and exposure. Yet these men still have that which lifts them above even such overwhelming misfortunes. They have that which bombs cannot kill, which siege guns cannot shatter, untarnished names, indestructible manhood.

The men whom we honor and look up to, those to whom the world erects monuments, accomplish something infinitely bigger, grander than scraping together dollars. The men who merely play the dollar game have stood pretty low down in the scale of human values. The world may sometimes seem hard and selfish, but it never honors greed and selfishness. In the ultimate reckoning it cherishes the memory of those who have illustrated in their lives the finer human values.

There is something in human nature which makes us instinctively despise selfishness, the grasping greed that is always seeking its own interest. And, as instinctively, we love the man who gives himself to his kind, who gives unselfish service. We know that he is of the salt of the earth, that his value as an uplifter of humanity is beyond computation.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was earning but a thousand dollars a year he was rendering a greater service to humanity than any rich man of his day. The little village of Concord, Massachusetts, has been made immortal by such souls as Emerson, Longfellow, Louisa A. Alcott and her father, Margaret Fuller, and other illustrious members of the famous New England coterie. This village has rendered a greater service to the world than has many a great city. Emerson's voice—like the shot which was fired at Lexington near by—has been heard around the world. The religion that started there is permeating all the creeds of the world.

**N**O one can make the most of himself until he looks upon his life as a magnificent possibility, the material for a great masterpiece to mar or spoil which would be a tragedy. Without such an ideal, without an ambition to live the life triumphant, the life worth while, that which will call out the largest, completest, superbest man or woman one is capable of being, there is no possibility of true success.

If we see in our day's work nothing but rent and food, clothing and shelter, taxes, a little pleasure and other inci-dentials, then we would better never have lived. This is only a sordid, superficial view of one's life work. This is merely the perishable side of it, that which passes away.

The opportunity to be a man, a woman, the chance to unfold what the Creator has infolded in one, this is what our work should mean to us. The salary we earn, the money we make out of our talent or talents will afford us a very petty and mean satisfaction compared with that yielded by the opportunity of making such a superb character as will raise one's manhood or womanhood to its highest possibility. As Emerson says, "The man is all—all things preach the indifference of circumstances."

The Creator could have provided our bread ready-made on trees; we could have been spared the drudgery of hard work so far as our living is concerned. But there was something indefinitely grander than the bread-and-butter side of life in the Creator's plan for us. We were sent here to school. Life is the great university for the unfolding of the mind, for developing character. In choosing our life work,

when we are free to choose we should remember this, and choose that which will call the biggest man or woman out of us and not that from which we can coin the most dollars.

It does not matter how we earn our living, provided it is honest. Self-training, self-discipline, self-improvement, the acquisition of personal power should be one's real aim.

**M**AKING life a masterpiece does not necessarily mean that one must engage in some high profession, some great special work or learned calling. All honest labor is dignified and ennobling. Many men have made masterpieces of their lives as cobblers and have lifted this occupation into dignity and respect. Multitudes of farmers are raising farming to the height of a grand profession, and are making masterpieces of their lives. When forging at the anvil in a blacksmith's shop Elihu Root was forging his life into a grand masterpiece.

What we do for a living does not matter so much as *how* we do it. It is the spirit in which we do our work that counts.

"I am determined to make my life count," said a poor young immigrant with whom I was talking not long ago. Now, there is a resolution that is worth while, because it is backed by a high ambition, the determined purpose to be a man, to make his life one of service to humanity.

This young fellow works hard during the day, studying in a night school, and improving himself in every possible way in his odds and ends of time.

Could any one have a nobler ambition than to make his life count! One cannot imagine its failure backed up by dead-in-earnest endeavor.

**O**NE of our greatest needs to-day is institutions for teaching people how to live, not merely how to make a living. As a matter of fact self-control, patience, consideration for others, how to face life the right way, how always to hold the right mental attitude, how to measure up to the ideals held up by the Christ—these things are of infinitely more importance than mere scholastic training.

Do not think I am belittling an education. Not at all. It is of supreme importance. Indeed, the boy or girl who is not willing to struggle for it, it makes sacrifices to get the best education possible, will never make a masterpiece of life. An education gives us mastery of the tools with which we may make a career, not necessarily a masterpiece. The man who lives for self alone, whose life is not of value to the whole community, no matter what his education or calling, is a colossal failure. His life is not a masterpiece, but an unsightly daub. No matter what his learning, his wealth, or his position, he has failed completely in the one great task his Creator set him—to make a man out of the material given him.

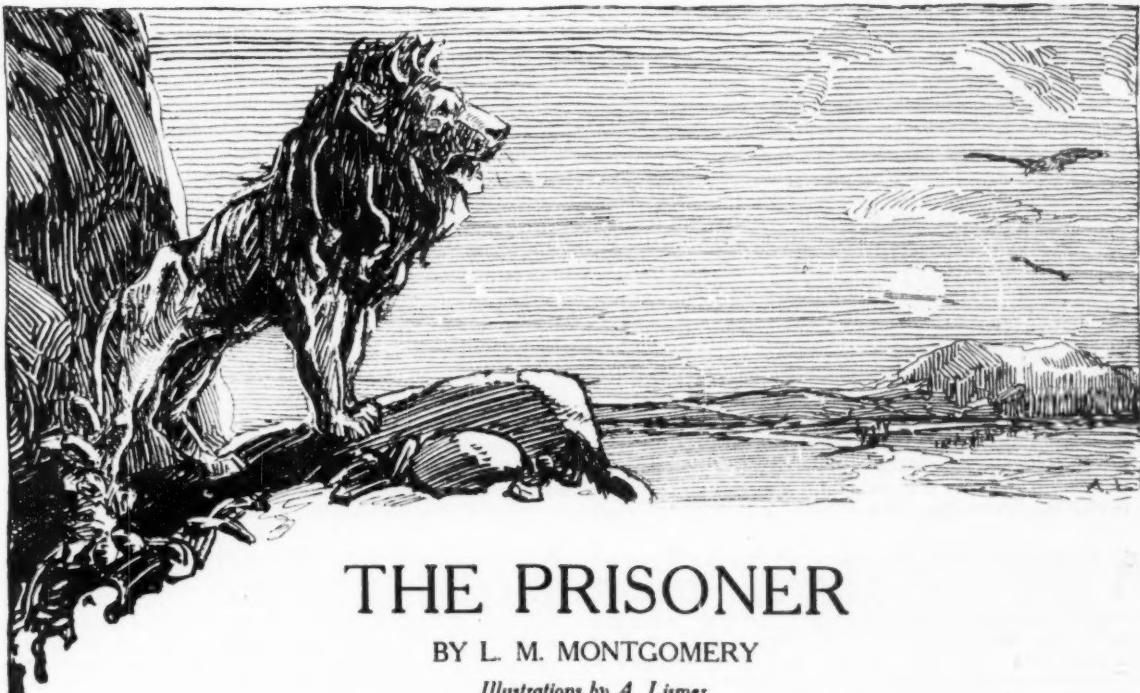
There is no text in that great Book of Life, the Bible, which we need to study quite so much as this one, "The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment."

There can be no greater mistake than to grind all of our energy and our heart's blood, our very selves into the meat and the raiment of life and to devote only the crumbs, the odds and ends of our material to man-making and woman-making.

Instead of spending ten, twelve, or fifteen hours a day chasing dollars without a thought of kindness or service for others, and so utterly exhausting our energies that there is practically nothing left at the end of the day for life building, home or family building, we ought to make these things the very foundation stones of our day's routine.

"Help thou thy brother's boat across, and lo! thine own has reached the shore," is an old Hindoo proverb. An unselfish service rendered another in the course of a busy day will glorify the commonest work. A smile or a word of cheer and uplift to a discouraged soul is the finest and most enduring sort of paint to put into one's life picture.

Everyone can be a life artist, a professional at living. No matter what a man's vocation, whether it be cobbling shoes or making laws he can make his life a masterpiece.



## THE PRISONER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

*Illustrations by A. Lismore*

I lash and writhe against my prison bars,  
And watch with sullen eyes the gaping crowd . . .  
Give me my freedom and the burning stars,  
The hollow sky, and crags of moonlit cloud!

Once I might range across the trackless plain,  
And roar with joy, until the desert air  
And wide horizons echoed it again:  
I feared no foe, for I was monarch there!

I saw my shadow on the parching sand,  
When the hot sand had kissed the mountain's rim;  
And when the moon rose o'er long wastes of land,  
I sought my prey by some still river's brim;

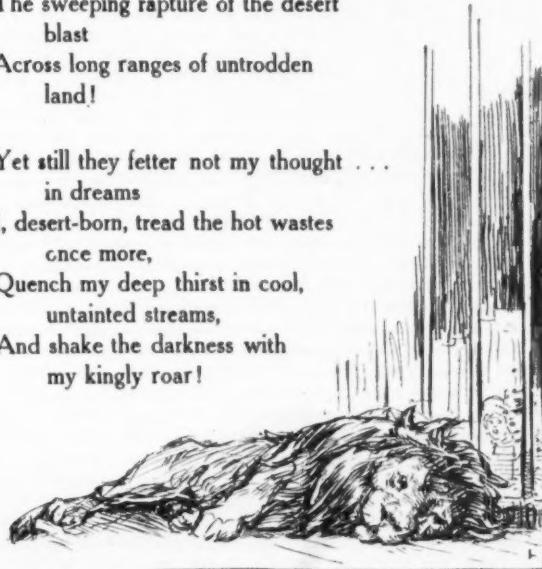
And with me my fierce love, my tawny mate,  
Meet mother of strong cubs, meet lion's bride . . .  
We made our lair in regions desolate,  
The solitude of wildernesses wide.

They slew her . . . and I watched the life-blood flow  
From her torn flank, and her proud eyes grow dim:  
I howled her dirge above her while the low,  
Red moon climb up the black horizon's rim.

Me, they entrapped . . . cowards! They did not dare  
To fight, as brave men do, without disguise,  
And face my unleashed rage! The hidden snare  
Was their device to win an untamed prize.

I am a captive . . . not for me the vast,  
White dome of sky above the blinding sand,  
The sweeping rapture of the desert  
blast  
Across long ranges of untrodden  
land!

Yet still they fetter not my thought . . .  
in dreams  
I, desert-born, tread the hot wastes  
once more,  
Quench my deep thirst in cool,  
untainted streams,  
And shake the darkness with  
my kingly roar!



# Gumshoeing the Secret Service

## The Inside Story of the Lusitania Intrigue

**NOTE**—In the last issue appeared the first instalment of a remarkable article dealing with German activities in the United States. The information on which this series is based was secured by a famous journalist after careful investigation. It is necessarily written in guarded terms but the details and actual names are known to the editors and in diplomatic circles. Reading between the lines the first instalment showed that a certain woman stole a mass of correspondence from a Washington embassy and that her husband, with a view to finding a market for the documents, approached a war broker who was in reality a United States secret service agent who tells the story and offered them for \$25,000. He showed photographs of the originals and the broker found that the first document was the original signed order for the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The correspondence showed that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was arranged by German agents in the United States, directed by one man who had been sent out on a special mission and who had directed the German plots with Huerta to stir up trouble for the United States in Mexico.

This man is now a prisoner in England under an assumed name. It is known that the Kaiser has been using desperate methods to get him out. It is said that special intercessions to members of the Royal family have been made on his behalf and that an appeal has even been made to Ottawa.

It is shown in this instalment how the stolen documents were disposed of and how another set of papers were then offered for sale, papers which threatened an exposure of a prominent politician. They were offered to the Allies who refused to have anything to do with them and were then, according to the story, sold to the Central powers for a large sum. The appearance of these papers, it is said, was responsible for Bryan's sudden withdrawal from the cabinet, though he personally was not concerned in the matter.

AND now, you women of America, who thank God you are not as other women are, puppets in the hand of kingcraft, serving a John the Baptist's head on a charger for the sake of a Herodias—just take a note—will you? What had happened in that interview of less than seven minutes? The man who had come to me with this remarkable proposition was the husband of Mrs. Thirty-Four-Scalps-In-Her-Belt; and one of those scalps belonged to Big Thunder all right. How did she get those documents which contained the whole story of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and which he was willing to sell to any buyer for the sum of \$25,000? Where had they come from? Why did he warn me an embassy could not be searched? What did he mean by saying if we had him shadowed he'd give the sign and have the originals destroyed; have them destroyed—mind you—he didn't say he'd destroy them himself! You don't see the Little White Hand tricking trumps in an international crime—do you? The documents had been stolen—that was plain enough; and it seemed equally plain how they had been stolen, by a woman's hand.

To take in the importance of these documents, just recall the wires crossed internationally all last summer. The *Lusitania* had been sunk and half a dozen other ships had been torpedoed. They had been torpedoed and the State Department knew they had been torpedoed. The State Department knew because the English Navy had caught and sunk the submarines that did it. In the case of the *Arabic*, of the *Hesperian*, of the *Lusitania*, this was true. The submarine that fired the deadly torpedoes in each case was caught and sunk. But feeling was at such white heat that everybody was guff-guffing internationally to let the angry blood cool down. English crews had the submarines that did it, but Mr. Ambassador-Plusht Breeches would indite a mile of explanations and whereas and whatabouts and whether it was a mine or a torpedo or a rock that had ripped her hull; and Mr. Ambassador Americanus would pass out some peace-at-any-price bluff and flub-dub about whether women and children should be set adrift eight miles from shore or only eighty. To set women adrift in an open boat on a sea might be merely an afternoon's pastime for eight miles, when it would be murder for eighty miles. That is what they told us about the *Ancona*. I hope you see the fine reel of international diplomacy winding and winding here! I've bet, on the sinking of every ship, what new bluff would be put out as an excuse not to act. Both sides were scared stiff to come to grapples with facts for fear of what they might find. And the Allies wanted a loan; and they didn't want the United States to go to War and withhold the loan; and most of the world was kow-towing on its knee bones for Uncle Sam's favor to his face and cussing him for an old fool to his back; and Woodrow had borrowed a Stand-

ard Oil axle grease tank to keep the State Department wheels going round without creaks. About that time, too, all the Secret Service boys got orders to go round in gum shoes with maxim silencers and motor mufflers. And when you keep all those sides of the situation in mind you'll realize what possibilities for trouble lay in the documents that had been offered to me. The *Lusitania* was sunk early in May. We were "too proud to fight" on June 7. Bryan jumped out of the State Department window so hard that he almost broke his neck on June 8, and Sayville wireless on which the message to sink the *Lusitania* had been sent was taken over by the U. S. Government on July 8.

YOU can guess what was in those stolen documents—can't you? For if you can't, I can't tell you, though it will all come out soon. Dumba incident? Rubbish—Dumba incident hadn't happened yet. Beside Dumba was a poor old fumble-fingered fat-head! Give me the nimble fingers of a Little White Hand if you want state affairs properly deviled and hashed into a well-seasoned hell-broth! What puzzled me was to know what to do with them; for Mr. Bryan was neither in nor out. It was the period when Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State, but for reasons which the world hasn't got yet, he wasn't handling State Department documents; and I want to say right here when the truth does come out, it won't be William Jennings who will do the blushing, however much he may have done the blundering. He wasn't slick enough for the nimble fingers and nimbler wits around him; that is all!

But what to do with the documents—that's what caught me! I wasn't sure enough where Bryan was at with the Administration to take them to him. Besides, Bryan was a personal friend of the lawyer who was handling the corruption fund for the Germans. If you think that corruption fund had anything to do with Bryan, you simply do not know your man. If William Jennings Bryan had had one tinge of corruption in his soul, he could have been a regular *Croesus* by just sitting tight in the State Department and doing nothing and keeping his mouth shut. All the Germans wanted was for the State Department to do nothing and keep quiet. They'd do the rest, themselves. Yet here was Bryan, who is in his heart as simple and honest a blunderer as ever addressed a camp meeting, in the midst of a net that might have made a fortune for him. You get the very tenor of his character when you know that he got out of the State Department; and it is more than likely that he did not know that the lawyer, who was his friend, was handling a forty-million-dollar corruption fund for the German cause. If Bryan had wanted any of that corruption fund, he would have stayed right on the job in the State Department. Some day, in sheer self defence, the Germans will give out the figures of that corruption fund; and you will see a scuttling of knaves and fools for cover. There is a funny story here of some congressmen and senators and editors becoming millionaires over night. It will

all come out in due time. Germany was buying the tools. The tools will blush. Germany will not need to.

**I**T was to the State Department the papers would ultimately have to go: here was the State Department, wise as an old barn owl, concealing facts in legal quibble and international piffle as to whether ships had been sunk by accident, or accident-on-purpose; and lying beneath my hand were photographs—*damnable incontrovertible evidence of orders from this side to sink those very ships about which we had been bluffing*. Talk of dynamite in the hold of a cargo ship! Here was dynamite in the hold of the Ship of State—and a Little White Hand had put it there. She had put it there for cash, so much per. She had picked the pockets—I mean the portfolio—well, you can guess whose.

Those documents would have hanged any American citizen. They would have lynched any American citizen who dared to sign them. I could have sold them to the press. Yes, and public opinion would have forced War in a week; and my banks did not want War. The Allies did not want Uncle Sam in the War. I tell you I did not envy Woodrow Wilson his job that day; and William Jennings was a wiser guy to quit than the public has yet given him credit for. Quitter? you say! Look here! Now don't dodge the question and side step! William Jennings was the Peace Secretary and instead of a dove, behold a German torpedo aimed straight for his ample midships! While he prattled peace, good will, fellowship and sugar and candy for the enemy, here were documents proving the murders had been ordered by Germans on this side—the murder of the fifteen hundred people on the Lusitania! Now don't dodge, but before you throw any stones at Wilson or Bryan, just answer this question! Suppose you were unarmed and you saw a thug coming at you with a gun! Would you stand and fight him with your bare fists, or would you avoid him till you got a gun; or he dropped his? It isn't as simple as your spy stories and your snap judgments! I have heard men of the flash-buster sort say that in this international game Wilson lacked not punch, but paunch. That's all right! It sounds big! Makes a good speech for a military encampment; though as Teddy knew the story, too, you must not blame him for "busting loose" at Plattsburg. We may hear from him on it before November. But did you ever know an unarmed man who was sane who would willingly fight an armed man, locoed as a mad dog? Well—that was about the situation last summer! If you can't shoot a mad dog, get out of its way; for it will die anyway. That has been Wilson's policy as I see it. Of course, a mad dog may harm women and children, and a man would risk his life to kill it.

**B**UT as I saw it that day, those papers would have put the eternal kibosh on peaceful diplomacy. They meant an international hanging; they might have meant a lynching or a mob; and as the thing has worked out, the man who signed those orders for wholesale murder on the sea is now in an English prison under a false name; and under that false name there may be a hanging all right, though Germany threatens if we hang that murderer, she will shoot twenty British for it; and England is to-day treating this assassin with kid gloves and candy to save the lives of prisoners in Germany.

**F**AST as I could make it through Lower Broadway in a taxi, I hiked for those buyers who had advised me to go into the war broker business. I couldn't see anyone at the bank. You know the trick when you carry news that is dynamite to money bags? Mr. Out is all over the office; but a benevolent gentleman who passes the glad hand in that office so gracefully that you really feel flattered to be kicked down stairs—I mean down the elevator—handed me a card as I was passing out.

"I think that's the party you should see," he said. You see the big loan was pending, and Wall Street was scared stiffer than I was to have anything come out that would interfere with the deal.

The card was to another War Broker—of course. When I tell you this brother broker said he was "*jolly glad to see me*," you don't need to guess what nationality he wore. But don't forget I had met another Englishman who had belonged to an artillery regiment that never existed; so I wasn't really any the wiser who represented what. His eyes snapped when I told him

what I had and named the price with a commission for my own trouble.

"I'll cable right away! Come back Sunday night," he said; and he handed me back the photograph copies to keep till I could bring the originals.

To make a long story short, when Mr. Husband of the Lady who had pilfered the diplomat's pockets handed me over the originals on Monday, I passed him over \$25,000 in gold; but when I took the originals to my brother war broker, he was scared stiffer than the Wall Street banks had been.

"Jupiter, man!" he said. "Don't wish those things on me! Don't you know they are international dynamite? When the lid blows off, I've got to be able to swear my hands are clean. There will be a man from the State Department here presently. Take his receipt for them and I'll be a witness to their safe delivery."

A plain clothes man came in and gave us a receipt on State Department paper for their delivery and that international dynamite was carried out in a white canvas sack such as stone masons and treasury agents use. If I had had any doubt of my brother broker's nationality, it vanished when I asked him what to do with the mutilated photograph copies in the safe. He said: "Take the bally things out of here, whatever you do!"

I took them out of the safe and tacked them under the carpet under the safe; and then I sat down and waited for the explosion to zipp through the air, internationally, so to speak.

**N**OTHING doing! Bryan went out and Lansing came in and international giss-guff and lying and quibbling and scribbling went on by the mile; and nothing happened. I became so uneasy lest I had sold these documents right back to the source they came from, that I finally got those copies out from under the tacked carpet and carried them across myself to two of the finest, straightest federal attorneys that ever walked this earth.

"When the lid blows off, I don't want to be caught with the goods," I explained. I thought if that was safe for my English brother broker to say, it was safe for an American broker to repeat. They smiled, did those two federal gentlemen, and they put them in the safe, and thanked me.

Then I waited some more for the explosion to come.

You bet if any Tom, Dick, or Harry, who was American citizen, blew a ship up, or ordered the cold-blooded murder of a hundred American citizens, and fourteen hundred foreign subjects there would be things doing in our criminal courts. What were we waiting for? Who put on the muzzle? Where in thunder was the muffler? Who smothered what? Above all—why—why—why—this ruling in camera? Had I blundered?

Meantime, the Admiralty investigation of the catastrophe was proceeding. You remember how the public jumped on Churchill for not having a convoy to pick the *Lusitania* up, when she reached the zone of the submarines? You remember how Churchill refused to excuse or justify himself? Well, the documents from this side explained it all. *Churchill had had his convoy all right*—70 miles south of the usual course; and the Admiralty had sent a wireless in code to call the *Lusitania* out of the danger zone; but that message was never delivered to the captain. Instead one of the wireless men comes up on the Bridge and delivers the captain this message that went from Sayville, sending the *Lusitania* eight miles off Ireland. That message steered him straight between two submarines waiting for him. You know the rest—they got her; and the world—as the Kaiser had predicted—"trembled." Take in what that means! The German wireless at Sayville had got possession of the Admiralty code. They had their instruments keyed to the same pitch as the *Lusitania* and they had bribed some one on board the ship in the wireless room. Only Captain Turner and the Admiralty know whether that traitor was shot on the spot, or sank the victim of his own plot.

I was asking myself a lot of uncomfortable questions and finding nobody in but Mr. Out at the banks. Do you know the thought that stumped me? It was this: Had American democracy come to the point where for the sake of a loan—see my line of thoughts? I never let myself finish it. You know there were a lot of charges about the Federal Reserves discounting foreign paper. There was no truth in those charges; but I didn't know that at the time; and I was feeling that I had

wronged the dead — perhaps the living — when something happened.

But I soon discovered why the matter was hushed up so completely. The other side had some documents as well, papers which made it impossible for us to do anything. And these other documents came from another woman! Here's how I found out about it.

**E**NTER the Jackal! The Jackal of fable? No, my friend, "the Jackal" of Wall Street, a man not supposed to be in New York, because he was under indictment for fraud. He was famous for having made his living by blackmail—finding family scandals and demanding "hush" money; or personating Wall St. men over the telephone; or framing up newspaper fakes; or "buying" strikes. He entered my office in spite of the fact he was under indictment in New York, accompanied by a sour little professor chap. There is too much professor chap in this international game. I don't like it. They don't play square and they howl for fair. Here we have a professor saying he didn't know a murder when he saw it, and a professor saying he did, in the auto-suggestion racket. Then, we have a professor saying the seas aren't free and a professor saying the seas are free. I don't object to that. What I object to is the way they send their arguments out. Other men let truth stand on its own legs. These professors get a university imprint. Then they get papa who is a magnate or senator or something to frank the argument all over the country; and one big side boosts one book; and the other big side boosts the other book; and what are the public to believe?

As I told you, the Jackal came in with the professor. Sounds innocent, doesn't it? You don't see a Little White Hand in that game, too, do you? Well—you will, presently! Also you'll see where one Little Hand lighted the torch that might blow us all up, the other Little Hand put a safety zone round the flame.

Somebody had dug up the graves of the past—the Jackal, of course—to pick the bones of a skeleton! I suppose there is such a thing as a black sheep bleaching its wool till it gets in the fold and then assuming its own black pelt, quite unconscious it isn't as white as the newest lamb that bleats; and I suppose there is also such a thing as a good white sheep getting Texas tick or something and needing a sulphur bath. Anyway, I have never known a family that hadn't a skeleton in some closet; and I guess that holds good of kings and embassies and cabinets as well as of cabbages! I'll bet that when the truth comes out about Billy Bryan jumping through the window to get out of the State Department, it will be about Billy inheriting a fear of ghosts. Billy has been sitting smug as a copy book head line at his desk thinking thoughts of "all's right with the world," and "if you love hard enough, you'll kill hate!" Something has rattled in the State closet behind his chair! He has just given one look over his shoulder, seen an ancient skeleton that wasn't any of his ancestry stalking forth in the State Department and with one wild yell he has jumped clear out of his smile and almost out of his shirt taking his chair and desk with him! You see it's bad enough to have your own ghosts coming after you; but when other men's lady ghosts come swooping out of the unknown, you can't blame Billy for going through the window! When he made a safe get away and thought how silly it all was, he began handing out those platitudes about the note and peace and brotherhood and all that, which proved a bad guess; but then he was rattled. *Bryan has never remotely hinted the true reason why he got out;* and considering he is Bryan and had a story that would have given Chautauqua goose flesh, the spell binder can keep quiet when he has to. In this country, we never damn an Administration till it is dead and can't talk back. Besides, Mr. Bryan is not given to profanity.

In other words, my friend, the Jackal had picked up some carrion in some domestic cabinet backyard; and was willing—eager to stump his knowledge with documentary proofs against a certain prominent politician, too, against those other proofs of who sank the *Lusitania*. "I'll keep quiet if you do," says the Jackal through his long teeth.

**A**LL this is apropos of the Jackal and the professor coming into my office with a secret to make the wicked lick their chops.

There were the usual preliminaries: "Was I a War Broker? Did I deal with the Allies? Didn't I think the Government was pussy-footing all round?"

I didn't permit myself to think anything till the professor asked outright if I could not put over a sale of documents to the Allies that would force the American Government to act. That is, with elections pending, the Government couldn't afford to have a scandal sprung. At that the Jackal uncoils himself and gets up smiling with all his white teeth behind his ragged mustache.

"Well—s'long—gentlemen. This is too deep for me," he grins. "I'll see you later, Professor."

I explained that with a great international loan pending I did not think it would be wise for any belligerent to try to force Uncle Sam's hand.

The professor spat out his contempt for me with one "Pah." Then, he showed me the cards he held—a pretty mess of politicos, and petticoats peddling financial favors and raising hobs because they didn't get favors; and most of it consisted of letters written to a woman; and some of it might have been forgery. I hardly know how to explain what it was without playing into the Jackal's hands even yet.

There are a good many times when inside information is dollar bills in Washington. You don't peddle the information, yourself; but mebbe a Little White Hand peddles it for you—where treasury favors can be got, or how a crop report is coming out, or what effect the tone of a note is going to have on stocks, or whose bid for public works is going to be favored, or where a new Navy base is to be established, or just how much the Government knows of certain international conspiracies, with a lot of revengeful personal drivels.

"These are only a few," said the professor, "and they grow worse as you go on."

"Did she sell these; or were they stolen?" I asked.

The professor laughed. "Hell hath no furies—" he quoted, leaving the line unfinished.

"I do not think either the banks or the Allies will touch these with tongs."

"In which case, the other side will; and they have a war fund of \$40,000,000."

He took the papers up, enclosed them in two elastic bands and put them in his inside coat pocket. "Did you ever think why it's safe for the Jackal to come to New York in spite of the law?" he asked.

I hadn't, but I did then, and I did afterwards. In fact, I thought about it so hard that I grabbed my hat and went as fast as my legs could carry me to a well known firm of lawyers with whom the Jackal had worked many a corporation deal before he ran foul of the law.

I asked the boy at the office door if the professor were in conference with the Jackal; though of course I did not give those names.

"Yes, sir, they're both in conference with Mr. Blank," naming the head of the firm, who was handling the corruption fund for the Germans.

I said I might call again, and came out; and I've been waiting for two sets of explosions ever since—heavy guns both of them—one from the State Department against the gang that sank the ships, one from the Jackal firm of blackmailers against the Government; but not a pop, not a fire cracker, not a fizz; just dignified "watchful waiting" and "too proud to fight." Nothing more! What I ask myself is—did one woman's hand checkmate another woman's hand; one stack of documents trump the ace in the other stack of documents? I know a lot of hot heads are shouting about the blood of the dead crying to Heaven, hands reaching up from watery sea graves and all that! Well, mebbe, Heaven has heard and we have all been puppets on wires that go higher than earth; for while the philandering of fools and knaves seems to have palsied the hand that ought to have struck for swift retribution, that ought to have stood for world democracy, don't forget that the man who planned and issued the orders for the worst murder, a man with Royal blood, still lies waiting a rope end round his neck in an English prison unable to repudiate the false name he gave in his passport.

# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.*

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## Where the War Could Be Won

*The Military Possibilities in Danish Intervention*

IT has generally been taken for granted that Denmark, remembering the theft of Schleswig-Holstein, is heart and soul with the Allies. This unquestionably is the attitude of the Danes, for in the peace-loving little Scandinavian country is a great fear and dislike of Germany. Entirely outside of this fact, however, great interest has attached to the position of Denmark from first to last for it has been recognized that there are great possibilities in the matter of Danish intervention. Landing troops in Denmark, Britain could strike at the vulnerable part of Germany—the Kiel Canal. Geoffrey Pike writes an article in *The Fortnightly* on the position of the Danes and the military side of the question which gives a clear insight. He says in part:

The outbreak of war between Serbia and Austria found Denmark untouched by war for forty-eight years. Nobody, that is to say, much under seventy could have any practical experience, and nobody much under sixty-three could have had any practical memory of war; and the fight against Prussia and Austria in '64, though a magnificent resistance of a pigmy against giants, was nevertheless

not fought by a large number of Danes. The campaign was one of months, and when peace was concluded Denmark still had large reserves of men not yet mobilized who never saw war. Adversity bred pertinacity, and the natural energy and resourcefulness of this remarkable race led not only to increase of the wealth, but also to its organization and control. Unlike the Great Powers of Europe, Denmark has evolved, assisted by economic nature and State law, a remarkably equal distribution of wealth. Probably with the exception of Switzerland twenty years ago no country in the world has distributed the national increment in a manner more equitable. The country never possessed any dreams of empire, and though it could never forgive the wrong of 1864, it could never forget that it was but the fear of complications with England that prevented the enemy from taking Copenhagen. The country being more advanced than England in the arrangement of her social order, and than Germany in the representation of the people and the control of its institutions, the young Danes had been more intent upon further changes that would secure and affect their welfare than upon the relations of the "Great Powers." These, then, were the facts that affected consciously and subconsciously the national mentality when England sent her ultimatum to Germany on August 4th.

Mentally the Scandinavians hardly belong to the European system. According to the English meaning of the term, they are "Radicals" almost to a man. They regard war—excepting, of course, the repulse of an invader, and that as distinct from preventive war—as stupid, and any ideas such as imperialism, besides being an incorrigible nuisance in those who profess them, as a relic of a bygone age that allowed itself to be ruled by the few to whom such things were at best amusements, or at worst occupations. The Englishman possibly has not hitherto realized the fact that this little nucleus of 3,000,000 has actually got to the point of throwing overboard the mere idea of war.

The diplomatic events at that date were not so indicative of a policy of peace, though the political relations of the country with the other two Scandinavian Powers militated against war. It is not, perhaps, a very generally known fact that, on the morning following the declaration of war by Great Britain, the German Government sent a peremptory demand that Denmark should mine the Great and Little Belts and the Sound. In the event of her refusal the German Government announced its intention of laying mines in these waters itself. Now had it been desirable at this juncture to do so, the British Government had the power to force the Danish Government to show their hand, and to declare either for or against our enemies.

The Sound, though only a mile and a half broad at Helsingör (Elsinore), is nevertheless not a strip of purely territorial water, for since the commutation

of the tolls we, in common with all other Powers, have the "right of innocent passage," or, in other words, the right to send through them ships, whether war-vessels or merchantmen, as long as no acts of hostility are committed during the passage. Now, for the Danish Government to place mines in these waters, with the view of obstructing the passage of English ships of any sort would have been a grave breach of their duties as a neutral towards Great Britain. It would have been not merely the violation of a specific treaty, but of a right sprung from the common law of nations.

No immediate answer was sent to the Imperial Government, but the British Government was at once informed of the German demand, and some intimation was given of the way in which it was worded. The British Government replied that they placed no obstacle in the way of Denmark mining her own waters. This, indeed, was the only step possible for the British Government, for they were ignorant of the intentions of the Danish Government in the event of their insisting on their rights. Had the Danish Government met with a refusal from England to abate one jot of the "rights of innocent passage," Germany's strength might very likely have intimidated the Danish Government into acquiescing in the gross breach of her territorial rights. For it is obvious that no country has the right to sow mines in the waters of a friendly Power. It was clearly not to the interest of British diplomacy at this time to force the hand of the Danish Government.

The relations with Sweden at this date were really impossible to define, since Sweden herself was inclined to view in Russia what Denmark saw in Germany. Both had ruled over provinces of a mixed composition; both had lost them to an invader. To both had the peoples of their own race in the conquered provinces proffered an undying loyalty and maintained an unbroken connection of thought and language. In Finland the cleavage between Scandinavian Swede and Mongol Finn is even sharper and more clearly defined than that between Scandinavian Dane and Teutonic German in Schleswig. To contemplate hostilities against Germany, when Sweden might by identical motives be drawn into hostilities against Russia, made it essential for the Danish Cabinet at any price whatsoever, apart from any other considerations, to maintain their neutrality. All considerations of ultimate policy had to be abandoned or postponed to the Fabian policy of starving off annihilation from the hordes of Prussia. Added to this was the fact that if the restoration of Northern Schleswig was going to create as a neighbor a Germany yearning for revenge, the Danes would do anything on earth not to have their 150,000 brethren united to them. If they were forced to choose between the two, they would infinitely prefer to see the latter persecuted than to have to defend them.

Poor Denmark has everything to fear. She had not only feared Germany immediately, but the unknown factor of Sweden's relations to Russia added another though remoter terror. To the reader of this article in London it may seem strange, absurd, and outrageous, according to his disposition, that by no means a far-away reality to the Dane was the fear of England. Denmark had not forgotten the Germanic onslaught of 1864, nor the English desertion of her in

the face of it. It was impossible for them to forget that they had gone into the struggle against what were then obviously two of the strongest Powers in Europe in the firm belief that the British Government were coming to their aid. In 1801 Sir Hyde Parker had bombarded Copenhagen, and in 1807, with but the flimsiest justification, we demanded the surrender of both the war and mercantile fleet of this seafaring people. They refused categorically, and faced us then with as much courage and nobility as later on they faced the Prussian, but the memory has not faded from their minds, and notwithstanding 107 years, and several generations, English foreign policy is regarded as being somewhat fickle and untrustworthy in Copenhagen, though its sincerity in later years is usually admitted.

It seemed to the Danish naval experts that it would be an obvious part of English naval strategy to enter the Baltic in order to co-operate with the Russian forces, should they feel strong enough, and the fear was shared by the people that a great naval conflict might take place for the mouth of the Baltic, and that either party, in defiance of treaty and unwritten law, might feel compelled to seize Copenhagen as a naval base in order to prevent his adversary from doing the like. Less prevalent was the fear of an English landing.

The Danish Ministry, coming into daily contact with the German Government over the minutiae of diplomatic relationship, felt the pressure in that direction more keenly than did the people, who, while fully realizing the necessity for a policy of the strictest neutrality, considered that excessive servility was shown to the Germans and their demands. The popular sympathies had been so largely on the side of England that the slight tendency of the Cabinet towards Germany increased the feeling of the people for this country. The mere duration of the war also had a tendency in favor of the Allies. The likelihood of German attack is never very far from Danish minds, and the fact that hitherto they have been spared does not detract in the eyes of the Dane from its possibility. They realize with perfect clearness that their future safety lies on the water. It is obvious that the trend of events on land will not affect their political or military position so much as the fortunes of war on the sea.

At the moment the risk of sending a fleet into the Baltic to face the German fleet alone, or of any attempt to unite with the Russian fleet, appears to be excessively great. But should, in the course of time, the German fleet lose more of its first-class ships in the manner of the *Moltke*, and its submarines in a manner not stated, what then? What of a possible British move to force the way into the Baltic?

At this point the policy of preservation could no longer be pursued by the German high command, and they would be compelled to follow Nelson's strategy, and fight a superior fleet to avoid the invasion of their home and a serious division of their army. The choice would, of course, be open to it to issue forth into the Baltic or into the North Sea, to tackle either of the British fleets, for it is obviously impossible for us to send our main fleet into the Baltic and leave the high seas open to the Germans. The danger of Copenhagen is obvious. Let us suppose that the German fleet having been weakened, or ours having been increased to such an extent

well beyond the two to one ratio, we send a fleet through the Sound. The Germans have to decide which fleet they will tackle first; for, as I have shown, to tackle none is no longer possible for them, as, once united with the Russian fleet, our superiority in the Baltic would be indisputable. They must come out either from Kiel or from Wilhelmshaven. Whatever policy she followed, whichever fleet she tackled first, the move of the General Staff in Berlin, once a British fleet has entered the Baltic, is obvious. The Baltic must be closed. The British fleet must be kept permanently divided at all costs, and the cost would be the capture of Copenhagen and the Sound.

It may be as well, therefore, to consider the steps which the German General Staff would take to secure its object. It must never be forgotten, and even at the risk of wearisome repetition it should be emphasized, that the Sound is the Dardanelles of the North, and that in the great Germanic scheme it fulfills the same purpose. Russia is cut off from her Allies by the Sound as she is in the Dardanelles. One day the higher command at Berlin, in order to keep an adversary who is short of ammunition apart from another, may want to order the locking of those northern narrows, as they have done in the Mediterranean. It will not want to in the immediate future, for the German fleet is master of the Baltic, though possibly not all its bays. But once let the British attempt an entrance, or the development of the Russian fleet become dangerous, Denmark will be ordered to close the Sound, and non-compliance will mean war. At present the Canal avoids this necessity, for at the moment no fleet of a superiority that will assure victory as does the English North Sea fleet, can be placed simultaneously in the Baltic and the North Sea. It may, of course, be taken that simultaneously with the German declaration will come the offer of assistance from England, and doubtless Headquarters at Berlin have made their plans accordingly. I was able to obtain some indication of the high importance that such an eventuality holds in the eyes of the German General Staff. I happened to be in Germany lately on behalf of the *Daily Chronicle*, and learnt there that, despite all previous evidence, it was not until the German armies had actually come up against the English Expeditionary force that 100,000 men who, though urgently needed to add that last extra half-ounce necessary for Von Kluck to destroy the French armies, were withdrawn from the positions to which they had been hastily sent to take up others on the line of Hvidding-Heide and Hvidding-Christianfeld, on the west coast of Schleswig and the Danish frontier. The regiments raised in Schleswig were immediately replaced by others from the south, in case of their disaffection, and sent against the French. These 100,000 were irrespective of a force of between 60,000 and 65,000 men who were sent as a strategic unit to guard and defend the Kiel Canal. The latter are still guarding the Canal, and are, I believe, maintained at the same strength.

Should the unfortunate issue arise and Denmark be subject to aggression, the strategic position would divide naturally into three possibilities: One, a situation in which Denmark fights alone, or in which assistance cannot be rendered immediately with the declaration of war; secondly, when assistance is rendered, but after the lapse of some time; and, third-

ly, in which substantial help can be rendered and sent immediately. The peace strength of the Danish army is about 14,000 men and officers, but a national militia system in which exemptions are very rare, somewhat after the Swiss style, is in vogue. Immediate mobilization would bring the number within a few days to about 150,000; eventually 250,000 might be raised. The enemy would probably be allowed to overrun the mainland; Fünen, Langeland, and Laaland, and finally nearly all Zealand, would have to be abandoned to him. The strategic value of holding them would not be great, for the reason that their strategic importance to the enemy would not be either. With the exception of the port of Aarhus, on the east coast of the mainland, which might be used as a submarine base, the possession of the mainland would be of no, or little, assistance towards closing the waters of the Sound. It is possible that in order to gain time a preliminary defence would be made along the line Roskilde to Kiöge Bay and around the coast-line. Copenhagen itself, however, can be entirely cut off by water, and since the first day of war preparations have been made so that the water can be admitted without delay.

It is to be hoped that we should be able to spare Denmark considerable assistance immediately she was attacked, should she desire it, but the possibility of our not being able to do so is nevertheless a contingency for which the Danes would doubtless be prepared. To land a small force would not be productive of much result, and it is possible that the vast amount of preparation involved might prevent us from dispatching a large force immediately.

The whole object, however, of our sending a force would not be merely to assist the Danes or as a sign of our good will, but to create an entirely new and different situation. A small force would be a help to the garrison defending Copenhagen and the Sound; a large force, however, would be a direct threat to the Kiel Canal and of the invasion of Germany from the north. The very heart of German sea power lies here, and Germany's very existence is dependent on the safe maintenance of the *status quo*. With the Canal threatened there appears the risk of the fleet being cut in two and being forced to adopt those very tactics which it would be endeavoring to impose upon the enemy. Necessity would compel it to issue forth from the Baltic through the gates of the Sound in order once more to coalesce, and, after seeking refuge behind the East Frisian Islands, to dash out and annihilate what British fleet remained in the North Sea before it turned round to similar desperate attempt on the now combined Allied fleet in the Baltic. It might be that the opposite would be attempted; that that portion of the fleet left in the North Sea would attempt to rejoin the Baltic fleet. But, in any case, the situation would be a desperate one for the enemy, and he would without any hesitation weaken defences on both east and west to their uttermost, withdraw all his troops from Austria in order to rush forward at once, and by a lightning advance preclude the possibility of the dreaded attack on the Canal. It would be a campaign in which success will depend on the closest co-operation and a perfect synchronization of the fleet and the army.

Now if the position is examined in detail, it will at once be seen that the movement of the campaign would resolve itself

into a kind of race. About eight miles from the German frontier, and parallel to it, the Danes have a railway running from the port of Esbjerg on the west coast to Kolding and Fredericia on the east coast of the mainland, which is one side of the Little Belt. There are then two lines running north up the sides of the coast, and there is no other traverse line south connecting these two, i.e., running east and west for another forty-five miles, or about one-third of the distance to the end of the mainland, until the Skjern-Skandeberg line. On the enemy's side of the frontier two lines again run south, one on each coast, but there is no transverse east to west line until we get to Flensburg. The country on both sides of the frontier is of a similar nature, rather poor waste agricultural country, and none of the numerous transverse streams are large enough to provide either obstacle or defence for an army. The enemy, therefore, has a most distinct advantage, in so much as his first main strategic objective is but eight miles away from his frontier, while ours is nearly

forty. The Danes would be placed in the most desperate position a small country could be placed in. Their own desires would make them inclined to follow their present strategy

of abandoning the mainland and concentrating round Copenhagen, but their leaders would doubtless be the first to appreciate the necessity for a policy that would wrest the offensive from the enemy.

At the risk of Copenhagen being taken by storm they would doubtless decide that every available man should be sent to the defence of this Esbjerg-Kolding railway. It would probably be at least four days before we should be able to get an expeditionary force into the firing line, even if it is fully prepared at the declaration of hostilities, and during that time the Danish army would have to defend the frontier alone — a task that appears, if the enemy should be organized in his usual manner, to be almost insurmountable, and one demanding generalship and endurance of the very first class. The enemy would probably make his most furious onslaughts on the east side of the mainland in the direction of Kolding in an attempt to roll up the Danish left wing. His object would be, first, to prevent the arrival of local reinforcements from the island of Fünen and the capital, thus being able to control the Little Belt; secondly, to cut off his adversary from the main British army coming to his aid, if the latter, by reason of torpedo and submarine tactics, were unable to land his army on the mainland and was compelled to do so at Copenhagen or Helsingør; and, thirdly, to cut off the advance of the British army if it should be successful in landing on the mainland, probably at Aarhus. The



—Brooklyn Eagle.

To be called for.

dangers of landing an army from a large fleet of transports at Esbjerg might prove insurmountable, extremely advantageous as such a policy would be.

It will be seen from the map that the Danish islands hold an extremely favorable position if only enough men can be sent to man them, but, nevertheless, the situation is one that might place any general staff in a dilemma, for the reasons that the offensive and defensive necessitate not only merely different tactics, but a totally different strategy, and the determination eventually to adopt the one makes the temporary pursuit of the other very nearly impossible. The complete offensive necessitates the holding of the frontier on the mainland and also of the island of Fünen. On the other hand, the complete defensive necessitates the almost total abandonment of these and the concentration around Copenhagen. Now the map shows that should all this ever occur, the Germans would be entirely outflanked if the Danes could but succeed in getting across the Little Belt. In an offensive strategy the key to everything lies in the northern half of Zealand. With Alsen in the hands of the Allies, the German attack northwards on the west-to-east Esbjerg-Kolding line would have to fall back unless it could push its way forward and then force the Little Belt at

its narrowest part at Fredericia and take the Allies in the rear in the island of Fünen. The most desperate efforts would, I imagine, be made on both sides to effect and prevent this, and failure on their side would be almost irretrievable; though should the enemy feel very confident of preventing any advance from Alsen, he might possibly be able to afford a second attempt at surrounding his adversary. I was able to gather another indication of the importance Headquarters attach to these possibilities, for while in Berlin, as I have mentioned above, I found that the iron bridge that strides across the few hundred yards of water between Alsen and the mainland has already been blown up and ferry service instituted instead. A Passzwang (passport control) has also been commenced in addition to the special pass needed for visiting Schleswig and Holstein.

The above few considerations which I have put forward may do something to indicate the difficulties which beset this small country. Denmark's determination to remain neutral is not merely dictated by the material consideration of whether she will gain or lose, but by the thought that it is as well, with Europe what it is, that one national organization should be consecrated to an idea. In the very midst of war Denmark will remain to the end the champion of the idea of peace.

able by strength to protect itself from aggression; and big neutral powers like the United States were not sufficiently advanced in international morality to protect her. When once it became evident that this was the case, it also became of less than no consequence what attitude Belgium assumed toward any social or industrial problem.

The events of the past year have shown that all talk of preventing aggression from unscrupulous militaristic nations by arbitration treaties, Hague Conventions, peace agreements and the like at present represents nothing but empty declamation. No person outside of an imbecile asylum should be expected to take such talk seriously at the present time. Leagues to Enforce Peace and the like may come in the future; I hope they ultimately will; but not until nations like our own are *not* too proud to fight, and *are* too proud not to live up to their agreements. It is at best an evidence of silliness and at worst an evidence of the meanest insincerity to treat the formation of such leagues as possible until as a nation we do two things. In the first place, we must make ready our own strength. In the next place, by our action in actually living up to the obligations we assumed in connection with the Hague Convention, we must make it evident that there would be some reasonable hope of our living up to the onerous obligations that would have to be undertaken by any nation entering into a League to Enforce Peace. The Hague Conventions were treaties entered into by us with, among other nations, Belgium and Germany. Under its Constitution such a treaty becomes part of "the Supreme Law of the Land," binding upon ourselves and upon the other nations that make it. For this reason we should never lightly enter into a treaty, and should both observe it, and demand its observance by others when made. The Hague Conventions were part of the Supreme Law of our Land, under our Constitution. Therefore Germany violated the *Supreme Law of our Land* when she brutally wronged Belgium; and we permitted it without a word of protest.

There are two immediate vital needs to be met:

1. That our navy shall at the earliest possible moment be made the second in the world in point of size and efficiency. We do not need to make it the first, because Great Britain is not a military power, and our relations with Canada are on a basis of such permanent friendliness that hostile relations need not be considered. But the British Empire would, quite properly, be "neutral" if we were engaged in war with some great European or Asiatic power.

2. That our regular army shall be increased to at least a quarter of a million men, with an ample reserve of men who could be at once put in the ranks in the event of a sudden attack upon us; and provision made for many times the present number of officers; and in administration, provision made for a combination of entire efficiency with rigid economy that will begin with the abandonment of the many useless army posts and navy yards.

The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, which speaks of the German official communiques as being distinguished by their "monumental simplicity," was probably referring to the well-known expression "to lie like a tombstone."

## To Escape the Fate of Belgium

*Theodore Roosevelt Urges Preparedness in the United States*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has long since declared himself and in an unmistakable way on the war situation. He believes that the United States should not have stood idly by and permitted the rape of Belgium, that America should not have accepted the sinking of the Lusitania as something that could be arbitrated. And now he is "talking out in meeting" on the question of preparedness. The need for adequate preparation against possible aggression is presented by him in the *Metropolitan Magazine* with typical vigor and thoroughness. He says, in part:

The question of more real consequence to this nation than any other at this moment is the question of preparedness. The first step must be preparedness against war. Of course there can be no efficient military preparedness against war without preparedness for social and industrial efficiency in peace. Germany, which is the great model for all other nations in matters of efficiency, has shown this, and if this democracy is to endure, it must emulate German efficiency—adding therefore to the spirit of democratic justice and of international fair play. Moreover, and finally, there can be no preparedness in things material, whether of peace or war, without also preparedness in things mental and spiritual. There must be preparedness of the soul and the mind in order to make full preparedness of the body, although it is no less true that the mere fact of preparing the body also prepares the soul and the mind. There is the constant action and reaction of one kind of preparation upon another in nations as in individuals.

But there are certain elementary facts to be grasped by this people before we can have any policy at all. The first fact is a thorough understanding of that hoary falsehood which declares that it takes two to make a quarrel. It did not take two nations to make the quarrel that resulted in Germany trampling Belgium into the mire. It is no more true that it takes two to make a quarrel in international matters than it is to make the same assertion about a highwayman who holds up a passer-by or a blackhander who kidnaps a child. The people who do not make quarrels, who are not offensive, who give no cause for anger, are those who ordinarily furnish the victims of highwaymen, blackmailers and whiteslavers. Criminals always attack the helpless if possible. In exactly similar fashion aggressive and militarist nations attack weak nations where it is possible. Weakness always invites attack. Preparedness usually, but not always, averts it.

The next fact to remember is that it is of no use talking about reform and social justice and equality of industrial opportunity inside of a nation, unless the nation can protect itself from outside attack. In July, 1914, what Belgium was doing to secure justice for women and for children and for laboring men, and opportunity for the capitalist and the wage-worker, and the chance for people to enjoy the beauty of life, was all very important. Students from other countries as well as the Belgians themselves were deeply interested in Belgium's action along all these lines. Eighteen months later it is of no possible consequence to any human being inside or outside of Belgium to know or care what the attitude of the Belgian people is toward any or all of these matters. The one overwhelming fact is that Belgium was not

## Opposition to Zionism

*It Aims to Make Judaism National Instead of Spiritual*

MUCH attention has focused on the Zionist movement of late and the discussion has not been one-sided by any means. There is opposition to the movement among the Jews, many of their leaders of thought in America being unreservedly against the idea of a Jewish return to Palestine. This viewpoint is ably expounded by Dr. Samuel Schulman, a New York rabbi in the course of an article in *The Outlook*. He says:

Zionism is officially defined as a movement to procure a publicity and legally assured home for the Jewish people in Palestine. This is the body, the practical activity. The soul that animates it is Nationalism—the claim that all the Jews to-day make homeless nation, that their individuality cannot be perpetuated without a national centre, and that whatever the Jews are they must cultivate a national consciousness.

We object to this because, logically carried out, it is destructive to Judaism as a religion. We are also opposed to it because we do not desire the creation of a new nationality within the American people. America is a democracy that deals directly with the individual, irrespective of his racial descent or religious profession. America is not organized on the basis of race, but on great moral ideas. Therefore American nationality has no room within itself for the cultivation of an alien national consciousness on the part of any group.

To understand this question we must envisage it as a philosophy of life for all Jews. Those who oppose Zionism or Nationalism lack not sympathy with the oppressed co-religionists in other lands. They refuse not to contribute to the amelioration of their condition. They have not even refused to contribute to the work on behalf of some Jews who have gone from lands of oppression to Palestine. But Zionism, by its definition, seeks to commit all Israel to the doctrine that it is a nation, that its only real home is in Palestine. Nationalism says, Jews are a nation like others, and are not to be regarded merely as a religious community, willing to enter the life of the countries in which they dwell, provided freedom and civil rights be given them.

This neo-Nationalism grants the European anti-Semite's contention that the Jews are, and must always remain, an alien and foreign element in the national body politic of the countries of their birth or adoption. It is a perversion of the spirit of Jewish history. Even in ancient classic times Israel was never a nation in the sense of a modern nation to-day. It never existed for itself. Israel always existed for God. Writers have described the ancient Jewish polity as a theocracy. In the course of the development of Israel's thought the religious idea grew ever more dominating, until at last Israel was transformed and outgrew every trace of nationality and became that which it is

at last designated in rabbinical literature, a "Keneseth Yisrael"—a Congregation of Israel. And when history put an end to the Jewish centre in Palestine this Congregation of Israel was fully equipped to live the life of the synagogue, a witness unto God among the nations. Thus it has lived for the last two thousand years.

The fourteen million Jews in the world to-day, despite geographical distribution, despite differences of nationality and subjection to various rulers, despite differences in language, culture, customs—aye, even physical appearance—are united by that only which the child learns as soon as it learns to speak, the words: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One"—by religion. Into this religious body a Jew, it is true, is born, because

the expression of a national aspiration.

Zionism or Nationalism wishes to undo this whole history. It says that the Jews are a nation and not a religious community. Individual Zionists or Nationalists may be religious, but the movement itself is essentially non-religious, and in some of its representatives irreligious. It seeks to dethrone God as the central idea in Jewish consciousness and to put in his place the idol of Jewish self-sufficiency. It is very significant that many leaders of Zionism have no affiliation with the synagogue. Jewish religion does not appeal to them. Many of the non-Hebrew writers speak of a Hebraism as distinguished from Judaism. Some of them openly deplore our whole past development. They regard the Thorah as a misfortune. They spurn religious values. They would make the Jews a nation like other nations. It is entirely a new and secular movement. For the first time in Jewish experience the religious idea is eliminated entirely. As such, this movement proves itself to be a thing un-Jewish. It is only an adoption of the racism and nationalism that have dominated European thought for the last forty years. And that itself is a reaction against the democratic, humanitarian, and cosmopolitan ideals of the first half of the nineteenth century. Such a Nationalism every Jew who knows wherein the Jewish soul consists must reject. Such a Nationalism belies the claims of Jews in Western lands for the last one hundred years. The Jews have claimed and obtained recognition as members of the national life of many countries. They feel themselves to be whole-souled Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, as the case may be, while they are Jews in religion. And they are proving their nationality by their readiness to lay down their lives in the present terrible war.

From the point of view of America, Zionism or Nationalism as an ideal for the Jew is undesirable. Till now there has been no hyphen between Judaism and Americanism. In matters of nationality we felt ourselves to be completely Americans. In matters of religion we were completely Jews. The new movement does not appeal to the Jew on grounds of Jewish faith, on grounds of Jewish religious ideals to be translated into life, but exclusively on grounds of race and nationality. And it deliberately says that we should foster as a group Jewish national feeling. To accept it would make us a hyphenated group within the American people. The practical evil of this movement is a twofold one. It will retard the Americanization of the immigrant. The natural attitude of the immigrant before Zionism arose was to adapt himself as quickly as possible to the new environment. He preserved his religion, his Judaism. He felt immediately his Americanism. No immigrants become so quickly American in spirit as immigrants of the Jewish faith. To-day Zionism artificially arrests this process of adaptation by waving before the immigrant the blue and white flag of Zionism, by telling him that he belongs to another nation, that he has a flag besides the American flag which shelters and protects him. Furthermore, if Jews are



Having his difficulties.

Israel's religion is one of family tradition. And the most indifferent Jew is numbered, potentially, a Jew. Only if he adopts another church for himself does he cease to be a Jew, according to Jewish canon law, and loses the rights and privileges of a Jew. But, conversely, any non-Jew who, in good faith, desires to accept the Jewish religion is admitted to the household of Israel with all the rights and privileges of a Jew, including the right to marry one of Jewish faith. This has been the law for two thousand years. Before Christianity arose many Romans and Greeks joined the Jewish household. Later the Church at times had to forbid by councils a conversion of Christians to the Jewish religion, which shows that there were those in Christendom who were attracted by Judaism. To-day Judaism accepts those who wish to adopt it. Therefore, as a matter of history, it is an established fact that the Jews form a religious body to-day and nothing else. Judaism is a religion to be classed with Catholicism and Protestantism, and is not

not to find in religion the specific difference which alone spiritually distinguishes them from other elements in American life, and yet, as the Zionist leader in this country asks of us, we are to maintain a vivid group-consciousness, then Jewry

in this country will become a political entity based on the shadowy remains of a great religious community and upon a racialism deliberately emphasized, fostered, and intensified. This is certainly an undesirable thing in American life.

## Financial Conditions After the War

*An American Estimate of the Positions of the Belligerent Nations*

In the course of an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, Alexander Dana Noyes discusses the probable financial and industrial positions of the belligerent nations after the war. He does so from a thoroughly impartial, not to say neutral standpoint, basing his conclusions on the known facts with reference to each nation, taken in conjunction with historical records as to the effects of past wars. He says, in part:

It is, in short, pretty safe to say that future financial and business relations of the great countries of the world will not be permanently determined by the hatreds and revengefulness arising from the war. But even so, it still remains to inquire how the economic results of the war itself—the losses in economic prestige, the depletion of capital, the financial exhaustion—are likely to affect the relative positions, in the economic world, of belligerent and neutral nations. A great war is proverbially marked in its aftermath by epoch-making changes in this matter.

How the various nations were ranged in the economic order, when this war broke out, every one knows. England was still indisputably the world's financial and commercial centre. Germany had become an aggressive competitor, however, in the field of home production and foreign trade—so successful a competitor, indeed, as to reduce to outright effrontery Berlin's habitual allegation that this war was necessary to "get a place in the sun" and "obtain the freedom of the seas." France, until the shadow of impending war paralyzed financial confidence, had gained through her people's thrift and her bankers' conservatism a prestige in the world's economic system probably higher than at any time in the preceding century. Paris had in fact financed even the London money market during the acute strain of the Boer War period; had provided Russia with the financial sinews of war for the Manchurian campaigns; had helped out New York (through very large purchases of our new securities) in a troublesome situation as recently as 1910, and had actually been lending enormous sums to Germany's financiers and merchants, when the menacing attitude of the German Government, at Morocco in 1911, forced as an ordinary precaution recall of practically all such credits.

The United States was more of an economic puzzle. Its economic prestige in the world at large, immediately after 1898, was undoubtedly enormous. Having purchased \$200,000,000 of England's Boer War loans direct from the British Exchequer after 1899—a then unprecedented occurrence—and having reached, two years later, a pinnacle of financial power which seemed unprecedented, our markets listened in 1901 to the Wall Street prediction that New York was

about to dispute the world's financial primacy with London.

How premature, if not illusory, were such expectations, we learned four or five years later, when, to sustain the structure of American speculation, our market's outright borrowing from Europe rose to hundreds of millions; when our financial community was stretched flat on its back in the panic of 1907, and when we seemed, during the three ensuing years, to be chiefly occupied in enlisting European capital to help float new railway securities which our home investors did not show willingness or ability to absorb.

What changes, then, are likely to be witnessed in these interesting and undoubtedly confused economic relationships after the war is over? That France, because of her peculiar facilities and adaptabilities in production, will speedily regain her former place (as she has always done, in rapid sequence to her military defeats of the past) may be taken for granted. Russia's immense, and as yet scarcely developed, natural resources ensure a similar result.

Austria's problem is political rather than economic; her position in the European economic system had been growing increasingly negligible, even before the present war broke out. Financially bankrupt in the course of the Napoleonic wars, European opinion has inclined to assign a somewhat similar fate to her on this occasion; for she entered the war in an exceedingly precarious financial situation. There are left, of the two important belligerent states, the two real protagonists of this war—England and Germany—and the powerful neutral nation which for the moment has economically superseded both.

To the American mind, the question which first appeals is, whether New York will retain its present position as at least the war-time financial centre of the world. That question is not so simple as is occasionally assumed, either by those who predict continued occupancy of that position or by those who declare such a result impossible. England's primacy has been an outgrowth of her financial system's long unchallenged soundness—which is now, perhaps, in a way impaired. But it is also an outgrowth of her position as the workshop for other nations; of the fact that both her productive facilities and her accumulated capital have for centuries exceeded home requirements; of her free trade with all the outside world, and of the world-wide predominance of her merchant fleet.

Granting that on this occasion the American financial system will emerge from the war-time period with a prestige superior to that of England—as attested by the depreciation on the exchange market, in terms of American money, of the currencies of all the greatest states of Europe including England—this country would still hardly duplicate England's position as regards the other

attributes. We shall not be, as England of necessity is, primarily the work-shop of the outside world. A vast field of home development still awaits our manufacturing output and our capital. We have not dared, and probably shall not dare for many years to come, to try the experiment of free trade. We are giving no fair chance to our merchant fleet, so long as we fetter it by a peculiarly absurd brand of protectionism, which seems to appeal irresistibly to the fresh-water navigators and the inland statesmen of the Great West.

Nevertheless, it is certain that England cannot regain over-night the prestige which she has lost in the economic vicissitudes of this war. That her available capital has been prodigiously reduced is proved beyond question by this fact, if by no other—that not only have her investors already resold to the United States perhaps one-third of the two to three thousand million dollars in American securities held by them when the war began, but that the British Treasury has officially taken the unprecedented step of making a bid to get control of all such securities as remain unsold in England, with the obvious view of disposing of them also. It is open to great doubt whether England will be able, in a series of years after return to peace, to resume the financial relations with the outside world which she surrendered, under the pressure of home requirements for war, exactly a year ago.

Nor can it be surely predicted to what extent the "moratorium" on debts in 1914, the suspension of Stock Exchange trading and of the making of foreign loans, and the immense depreciation of sterling exchange on the neutral foreign markets, will affect the subsequent position of financial London. Most of these startling economic events were unprecedented in English history. Depreciation of exchange in such markets as Amsterdam and Hamburg, and an actual premium on gold at home, occurred in the Napoleonic wars. But London had then no rival to dispute her financial primacy; and even so, it was six years after the final fall of Napoleon before the Bank of England was able to resume gold payments. It may be equally long, after the return of peace on this occasion, before England can enter the field of international finance on anything like her old-time footing.

Will Germany dispute the position with her? There is no question more difficult to answer than the probable economic status of Germany when the war is over. The power displayed by the German people for raising her enormous war loans has been one of the greatest surprises of the period. Apparently it was not, as has sometimes been alleged, a mere matter of paper inflation stimulus, such as undoubtedly served to provide a market for our Civil War loans at par, when the gold value of the subscriptions was only 50 cents on the dollar, or less. It is for the most part actual accumulated wealth which has poured into the national German treasury in such profusion.

Yet it is quite undeniable that Germany is conducting the war on a basis of inflated currency. Gold redemption has at no time been suspended on the English currency; on the German currency, it was suspended as soon as the war broke out. A premium on gold was quoted; the Reichstag passed a law imposing a prison sentence on any one who should quote it again. Bankers and business men in a neutral market, however, who quote German currency in terms of foreign ex-

change, cannot be put in prison by the Prussian police, and a few weeks ago they refused to purchase drafts on Berlin except at a discount of more than 20 per cent.

Four German marks would in normal times buy nearly a dollar's worth of goods in New York; more than five marks were required toward the end of 1915. As compared with the beginning of August, 1914, the English paper currency (Bank of England notes and the "currency notes" of war-time) has increased nearly \$500,000,000, and gold-redemption is maintained. The German currency has expanded not less than \$1,500,000,000 and no holder of it can to-day redeem in coin either notes of the Bank of Germany or the special war currency issued on personal loans.

This circumstance is certain to have very serious consequences for Germany in the aftermath of war. Yet the United States emerged from the Civil War under a similar handicap, and we know the longer result. Will Germany assert a similar economic power, which will eventually bring her to the front, after the war? The question cannot be answered until we understand more clearly the meaning of Germany's remarkable forward movement in international finance during the past three decades. What does this puzzling factor of "German efficiency" actually mean? The financial and industrial prestige of England has its roots in the habits of the people, as far back as Queen Elizabeth's reign. France displayed in the time of Louis XIV the commercial traits which ensure her present position in the economic world. The natural resources and individual qualities which have achieved America's present position among the nations can be traced back at least a century in our history.

But Germany is a newcomer; one may almost describe her as a made-to-order industrial state. Hamburg, Frankfort, and Bremen, the mediæval "free cities," undoubtedly rank with Venice, Marseilles,

and London in historic commercial achievement; but Germany as a whole has no important industrial and financial background which dates back more than thirty or forty years. Prussia itself was as negligible a commercial power, hardly more than a generation ago, as it was a negligible military power under the successor of the great Frederick.

Such well-known facts as these leave the question open, how much of its immense economic progress since 1871 Germany has owed to peaceful accumulation of capital and peaceful relations with the other great financial states. For a long time to come, at any rate, she will find herself to have sacrificed both in pursuit of a wild and wicked ambition, under the spur of a military cabal. The aftermath of war will have to settle the question, whether there was something more than organized stimulus of the state behind this recent and very remarkable chapter of her financial history. That the German people themselves have some doubt as to what the nation's future place in the economic organism will be, if the currency inflation, exhaustion of capital and economic strain are much longer continued, the fact that demand for peace comes chiefly from the German people is suggestive evidence. For Germany has not only been shut out for a year and a half from her export markets, but she has lost the recourse to foreign capital, at the moment when her own was being exhausted. It was almost certainly knowledge of what the resultant predicament might be, even after war, which forced the German civil authorities to consider the hazards of the ferocious submarine programme of Von Tirpitz. That the German Government is aware that it must rely on the financial help of other and richer countries in the process of economic recuperation after war, was at least one possible inference from its evident desire, even at a sacrifice of pride, to avoid a rupture of good relations with the United States.

mans won't do no goose step on us, not now; you're safe to bet on that. But there's one thing I don't like, mister. I don't like that Russian Kayser takin' over his army. Some bloke's bin an' made a bloomer, you take my word. . . . No, you're right, guv'nor, them recruitin' chaps ain't got nothin' on me. I bin on the road too'long—all me natural. But they mopped up lots o' the young 'uns. . . . But when I thinks o' the brass they're spendin'! Millions ov it—m-i-l-l-i-o-n-s. Strike me! Why, them big guns blows away thousands a minute. Give me the price o' the stink ov it, I say."

The other fellow, who also shall stand for his type, I had to stalk in the Park. When first I perceived him he was engaged in a pastime that, if I should give it a name, the Editor would rightly censor, and was attracting too much resentful attention for me to associate with him then; so I tracked him from spot until he at length lay down under a tree. A request for a light evoked no response but a vindictive glare, and a "fag" that I tossed towards him was seized wolfishly but without a word.

Knowledge of your man is everything in these matters, however, and I abode my time. Little by little I drew him out. But what obscenity, what degradation! Hardly thirty, he seemed, by his language, to have soaked in the very cesspools of life. Every phrase reeked of lewdness, every sentence was punctuated with an oath. Not a thought or an aspiration rose above the level of the sewer. As he croaked out his profanity and hate he tugged at his neckerchief to give them freer egress.

"The war? Curse the war. It ain't done me no good. 'Why don't yer enlist?' 'Why don't yer work an' 'elp yer country?'—I'm fed up to the neck with it. Enlist! 'Ands orf. Let 'em cop the mugs and the blighters what's doin' all the talkin'. You don't ketch *them* doin' much—except swankin' and 'bleedin' the pore. Suckers, that's what they are. Swankin' about with tarts in taxis an' restarongs, while the other blokes does all the scrapin'—the more fools them. 'Elp yer country! Lot yer country does for you, don't it? What's it done for me? What about the old soldiers we got 'ere now? They make a 'ell of a fuss ov yer until they sucked yer dry, an' then it's the old story, 'Let old acquaintance be forgot' . . . . Don't you talk to me about munition work, mister," savagely. "I'm not goin' to sweat my guts out to make no sanguinary capitalist a millionaire . . . ."

"But the Government . . . ."

"The Government! Stow it. They're the biggest suckers o' the lot, doin' the Marconi trick all over again, an' workin' in their pals. A bloomin' lot o' swine . . . ."

Passion choked further utterance, and I withdrew.

But tramps are not the only tenants of the underworld, and we may turn with more profit—and a shade more pity—to the grey figures that haunt the casual wards, the shelters, the common lodging-houses of our sad-gay city. How has the war affected these?

Let us begin with the casual wards. In the metropolitan area there are eleven. Since the 31st March, 1912, they have all been under the jurisdiction of the Asylums Board, which has unified and improved their administration, and issues periodical returns. The reports of the Board furnish instructive reading and give arm-chair theorists furiously to think.

## No Unemployment in London

*War Has Solved for the Time Being the Problem of the Underworld*

ONE effect that the war has had in London is the almost complete elimination of unemployment. Previous to the war, the number of men in the Imperial Capital lacking employment was appalling. To-day there are few men in the streets in the unemployed class, with the exception of professional tramps and physical unfit. Denis Crane discusses this phase of the war in an article in *The Quiver*. He says:

Tramps are a diminishing quantity these war times, and those that remain are men of some individuality. I exclude the maimed and feeble-minded, and I admit that the individuality is not that of *les gens du monde*. Otherwise the statement may stand.

Classification is difficult, but the remnant sons of Ishmael approximate to two types. In various grades of similitude I have encountered them, these past few weeks, in the Green Park, on Embankment seats, and where the rough night winds have driven them, like fallen leaves, to charitable holes and corners.

Here are two portraits from the life.

One result of the new method of administration has been a steady decrease in the number of inmates of the wards. To this decrease, prior to the war, mild weather and improved trade conditions further contributed. But over and above these causes there has, during the past year, been another operating. It is undoubtedly the war.

Although no special instructions are given to refuse admission to men fit and of military age, this class has practically disappeared from the wards, some having joined His Majesty's Forces and some being engaged in trench-digging. A comparison of present figures with those before the war will more graphically indicate the change. Thus the number of inmates on the first Friday in each month was:

|                     | 1914 | 1915 |
|---------------------|------|------|
| January . . . . .   | 287  | 224  |
| February . . . . .  | 279  | 165  |
| March . . . . .     | 282  | 165  |
| April . . . . .     | 239  | 151  |
| May . . . . .       | 311  | 128  |
| June . . . . .      | 258  | 145  |
| July . . . . .      | 160  | 96   |
| August . . . . .    | 346  | 119  |
| September . . . . . | 195  | 112  |
| Average . . . . .   | 262  | 145  |

The men who use the wards to-day, the authorities assure me, are almost without exception either physically unfit or beyond military age.

Since war began, other occupations have kept me from indulging my taste for first-hand stories of the depths, and when I undertook the investigations that form the basis of this paper it was my first experience of the underworld in outer darkness. In the City, the West End, and the suburbs, we have become accustomed to the gloom; but to plunge into the noisome courts and by-ways of East London when even the murky lights of normal days were darkened was to enter a deeper abyss.

The flitting human figures, sombre enough at the best of times, lost their contour in the enveloping night, assumed unearthly and protean shapes, and added to revolt of the senses fear of the unknown. It was trying to the nerves, to say the least, when passing some low doorway in a lonely spot, for a mass of darkness palpable suddenly to rise from the step on which it had been crouching, and almost touch you as it shuffled off. As I turned down a narrow passage near the docks, I collided with one of these spectres. The shock was mutual, and as a shaken tree will disengage its odor, so there remained to me of this invisible encounter nothing but muttered blasphemies and an offensive smell. In the dark all the senses become more acute. The straining eye might make out less, but the ear, the nostrils, and even the palate, were often outraged.

In turn I visited the nightly resorts of the outcast and the shiftless—those charitable institutions that, while sheltering sometimes the loafer and the "born tired," do ameliorate the stony lot of the aged and the unfortunate.

What a change at Medland Hall. In normal times this asylum of the penniless trembles with the nocturnal noises of close on three hundred men. To-night there are barely fifty. In January and February, the busiest months of the year, there were a hundred as compared with more than thrice that number in pre-war days. The very manager has enlisted, and

the night-watchman has gone. The staff is a band of physical inefficients.

The ground floor, where usually grim figures lie tossing in their bunks, is swept and garnished with empty benches, like a parish hall. The top floor, too, is vacant. Only the gallery, between the two, is occupied. And here, stepping between the bunks, one sees only grey heads or able-bodied men above military age.

The fact is there are now no eligible men to be found here. In the early days, recruiting officers came down and took men away in batches. Able-bodied men of military age are no longer admitted—except an occasional one engaged on munition work who is penniless until he gets his pay. At Woolwich, I understand, no wages are paid until the end of the second week. For those on whom such rules bear hardly, Medland Hall and kindred institutions are a godsend.

In the Church Army homes and shelters wholesale changes have been made. Instructions have been issued not to admit the able-bodied, and those who now use the various premises—a greatly diminished army—are old and decrepit. Some of the homes are being used for other purposes. One is a munition works, another a hospital, a third is given up to wounded Belgians. All are being carried on, however, clean and in good repair, ready for the rush that is anticipated after the war. In the meantime, relief work is confined to those whom the present situation does not touch, except to aggravate their distress.

At the Labor Exchange in the Whitechapel Road a fair number of regular down-and-outs have applied for jobs, and a great many of the class that regularly uses charitable shelters have been enlisted in the Army Service Corps, in the Transport Service, or in the Labor Battalions for trench digging.

But the Exchange still has to deal with a considerable remnant of helpless men—helpless, of course, from the Exchange's point of view; men, that is, who are incapable of keeping any situation and who, if sent to prospective employers, would merely discredit the Exchange; but, though helpless, not necessarily hopeless if some human salvage agency, such as the Salvation Army, would take them in hand.

The war, while it has radically changed the situation at some of the Salvation Army shelters at others has merely added new embarrassments. At Whitechapel Road, where there are bunks and beds for two hundred (including accommodation for the staff), I was greeted with the notice "All Bunks Full." But there are here some thirty of forty permanent boarders. With few exceptions, the whole two hundred were old men, or men with some disqualification for the Forces. There has, in fact, been no slackening here. The Adjutant in charge himself became a recruiting officer and enlisted men right away. On the occasion of the munitions registration it was found that about thirty per cent. of the inmates were over sixty-five years of age. Those present when I called were a miserable class of men. The Salvation Army, as is well known, draws as much as possible upon the inmates to fill up vacancies in the working staff. This practice is now unusually difficult, the men are so hopelessly inefficient.

Middlesex Street, whither so many of the Embankment outcasts used to be drafted, is now a soldiers' hotel and recreation hall, all decorated with bunting

and set out with tables and pastime facilities. One section of the premises is still used by working men of the casual type, but not more than a score of regular outcasts now present themselves at any time.

At the Blackfriars Shelter, on the other hand, things go on much as usual, except that, of the seven hundred bunks, seventy are now unoccupied o' nights, while three-fourth of the applicants for admission are old or unfit.

One good thing the war has done. It has finally cleared the streets of those regiments of cadaverous shadows that haunted the Embankment and certain parts of Central London. The united efforts of the authorities and the various charitable agencies had, indeed, already reduced them near to the vanishing point. The census of homeless persons in the streets, taken by the London County Council in February, 1911, showed a total of 1,026; that taken in the same month of 1914 showed 434 only. And even these were not allowed to congregate; were, in fact, being dealt with under a new and better arrangement.

In October, 1912, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which had been invited to take the matter in hand, opened an office on Waterloo Pier, connected up by telephone with the various casual wards and charitable shelters. Here, between the hours of 10 p.m. and 2 a.m., tickets are distributed to all homeless persons applying for them, whereby a night's food and shelter are assured. In 1913 the average number of applicants per night was about forty. Since the war it has diminished to barely half a dozen.

Much of the destitution that has now so effectually been got in hand was the unhappy legacy of the South African War. Charitable workers are naturally deplored the fact that we are now threatened with a repetition of the evil on a far larger scale. Many of the regular users of the casual wards and shelters were old soldiers who, to do them justice, when the war broke out, needed no urging to enlist.

It is not necessarily a reflection upon the military or the public authorities that so many men who have fought for their country should be in this condition. Army discipline tends inevitably to irresponsibility. The soldier acts under orders; everything is done for him; he is part of a gigantic machine; in time, he becomes almost a machine himself. The natural result is that, trustworthy and admirable when led, when left to his own devices he too often becomes shiftless and irresponsible, like a ship that has lost its rudder. It is beyond the scope of this article to propose a remedy, but social workers will doubtless take the hint.

In the meantime, the war, as we have seen, is acting as a scavenger. It has left charity to deal only with the aged, the infirm, the physically degenerate, and with elderly tramps of the incorrigible order. For the few lewd young reprobates who still loaf about our parks, doing nothing for their country and meriting from her less, there remains only force. But it may be doubted whether they are worth it. For of all the wretched creatures that have ever infested our big cities, those who, having health and youth, will yet neither work nor fight for their imperilled country, and live only to defame her, must be accounted the very dregs of the damned.

## How the War Will End

*A Summary of War Conditions and a Prophecy by H. G. Wells*

**T**HAT the war will end in 1916; that it will not be brought to an end by a series of decisive victories but by the exhaustion of the combatants; that the Germanic powers will be the first to feel the exhaustion, and that the drawing up of peace terms will be almost secondary to the solution of purely national problems arising out of war conditions: such are the main conclusions that one finds very boldly and plausibly set forward by H. G. Wells in an article in *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Wells is perhaps best known to the world at large as a literary prophet and it has to be conceded that, as a soothsayer and one, moreover, who does not attempt to escape the nemesis of unfulfilment by dealing in distant futures, Wells has been remarkably successful. He has in many things predicted accurately the trend of world events and the March of progress, and in his review of the war conditions and the conclusions that he draws therefrom he has the faculty of drawing on a huge fund of information. Listen!

The prophet who emerges with the most honor from this war is Bloch. It must be fifteen or sixteen years ago since this gifted Russian made his forecast of the future. Perhaps it is more, for the French translation was certainly in existence before the Boer War. His case was that war between fairly equal antagonists must end in a deadlock because of the continually increasing efficiency of entrenched infantry. This would give the defensive an advantage over the most brilliant strategy and over considerably superior numbers that would completely discourage all aggression. He concluded that war was played out.

His book was very carefully studied in Germany. As a humble follower of Bloch I did not realize this, and that failure led me into some unfortunate prophesying at the outbreak of the war. I judged Germany by the Kaiser, and by the Kaiser-worship which I saw in Berlin. I thought that he was a theatrical person who would dream of vast attacks and tremendous cavalry charges, and that he would lead Germany to be smashed against the allied defensive in the West, and to be smashed so thoroughly that the war would be over. I did not properly appreciate the more studious and more thorough Germany that was to fight behind the Kaiser and thrust him aside, the Germany we English fight now, the Ostwald-Krupp Germany of 1915.

For long weeks the Allies retreated out of the west of Belgium, out of the north of France, and for over a month there was a loose, mobile war — as if Bloch had never existed. The Germans were not fighting the 1914 pattern of war, they were fighting the 1899 pattern of war, in which direct attack, out-flanking, and so on were still supposed to be possible; they were fighting confident in their overwhelming numbers, in their prepared surprise, in the unthought-out methods of

their opponents. In the Victorian war that ended in the middle of September they delivered their blow, they overreached, they were successfully counter-attacked on the Marne, and then abruptly —almost unfairly it seemed to our sportsmanlike conceptions—they shifted to the game played according to the very latest rules of 1914. The war did not come up to date until the Battle of the Aisne. With that the second act of the great drama began.

I do not believe that the Germans ever thought that it would come up to date so soon. I believe they thought that they would hustle the French out of Paris, come right up to the Channel at Calais before the end of 1914, and then intrench, produce the submarine attack and the Zeppelins, working from Calais as a base, and that they would end the war before the spring of 1915—with the Allies still a good fifteen years behindhand. I believe the Battle of the Marne was the decisive battle of the war, in that it shattered this plan, and that the rest of the 1914 fighting was Germany's attempt to reconstruct their broken scheme in the face of an enemy who was continually getting more and more nearly up to date with the fighting. By December, Bloch, who had seemed utterly discredited in August, was justified up to the hilt. The world was intrenched at his feet.

The war since that first attempt, ad-

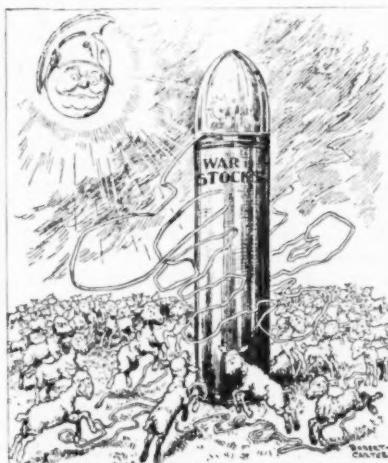
again intrenched, their supplies are restored, and Bloch is back upon his pedestal so far as the Eastern theatre goes. Bloch has been equally justified in the Anglo-French attempt to get round Gallipoli.

Getting down to the question of the probable ending of the deadlock, Wells deals with the problem of exhaustion. He believes that Germany will be the first to give in. On this point, he says:

Let us ask now which of the combatants are likely to undergo exhaustion most rapidly, and, what is of equal or greater importance, which is likely to feel it first and most. No doubt there is a bias in my mind, but it seems to me that the odds are on the whole against the Central Powers. Their peculiar virtue, their tremendous complete organization which enabled them to put so large a proportion of their total resources into their first onslaught and to make so great and rapid a recovery in the spring of 1915, leaves them with less to draw upon now. Out of a smaller fortune they have spent a large sum. They are blockaded to a very considerable extent, and against them fight not merely the resources of the Allies, but, thanks to the complete British victory in the sea struggle, the purchasable resources of all the world. Conceivably they will draw upon the resources of their Balkan allies, but the extent to which they can do that may very easily be overestimated. There is a limit to the power for treason of these supposititious German monarchs that British folly has permitted to possess these Balkan thrones, and none of the Balkan peoples is likely to witness the complete looting of its country in the German interest by a German court with enthusiasm.

Germany will have to pay on the nail for most of her Balkan help. She will have to put more into the Balkans than she takes out. And compared with the world behind the Allies the Turkish Empire is a country of mountains, desert and undeveloped lands. To develop these regions into a source of supplies under the strains and shortages of wartime will be an immense and dangerous undertaking for Germany. She may open mines she may never work, build railways that others will enjoy, sow harvests for alien reaping. And for all these tasks she must send men. Men?

At present, so far as any judgment is possible, Germany is feeling the pinch of the war much more even than France, which is habitually parsimonious, and Russia, which is hardy and insensitive. Great Britain has really only begun to feel the stress. She has probably suffered economically no more than Holland or Switzerland, and Italy and Japan have certainly suffered less. All these countries are full of men, of gear, of salable futures. In every part of the globe Great Britain has colossal investments. She has still to apply the great principle of conscription, not only to her sons but to the property of her overseas investors and of her landed proprietors. She has not even looked yet at the German financial expedients of a year ago. She moves reluctantly but surely toward such a thoroughness of mobilization. There need be no doubt that she will completely socialize herself, completely reorganize her whole social and economic structure, sooner than lose this war. She will do it clumsily and



*A merry gamble—while it lasts.*

mirably planned and altogether justifiable —from military point of view, I mean—of Germany to "rush" a victory has consisted almost entirely of failures on both sides either to get round or through or over the situation as foretold by Bloch. There has been only one marked success—the German success in Poland due to the failure of the Russian munitions. Then for a time the war in the East was mobile and precarious while the Russians retreated to their present positions, and the Germans pursued and tried to surround them. That was a lapse into the pre-Bloch style. Now the Russians are

ungracefully, with much internal bickering, but not so slowly as a logical mind might anticipate.

Germany, then, I reckon will become exhausted first among all the combatants. I think, too, that she will as a nation feel and be aware of what is happening to her sooner than any of the nations that are sharing in this process of depletion. In 1914 the Germans were reaping the harvest of forty years of economic development and business enterprise. Property and plenty were new experiences, and a generation had grown up in whose world a sense of expansion and progress was normal. There existed no tradition of the great hardship of war, such as the French possessed, to steel their minds. They came into this war more buoyantly and confidently than any other people. Neither great victories nor defeats have been theirs, but only a slow vast transition from joyful effort to hardship, loss and loss and loss of substance, the dwindling of great hopes, the realization of ebb in the triumphant tide of national welfare. They are under stresses now as harsh as the stresses of France.

We know little of the psychology of this new Germany that has come into being since 1871; but it is doubtful if it will accept defeat and still more doubtful how it can evade some ending to the war that will admit the failure of all its great hopes of Paris subjugated, London humbled, Russia suppliant, Belgium conquered. Such an ending will be a day of reckoning that German Imperialism will postpone until the last hope of some breach among the Allies, some saving miracle in the old Eastern Empire, some dramatically snatched victory at the eleventh hour, is gone. Nor can the Pledged Allies consent to a peace that does not involve the evacuation and compensation of Belgium and Serbia, and at least the autonomy of the lost provinces of France. These are the main ends of the war. Europe will go down through stage after stage of impoverishment and exhaustion until these ends are attained or made forever impossible.

But these things form only the main outlines of a story with a vast amount of collateral interest. It is to these collateral issues that the amateur in prophecy must give his attention. It is here that the German will be induced by his government to see his compensations. He will be consoled for the restoration of Serbia by prospect of future conflicts between Italian and Jugoslav that will let him in again to the Adriatic. His attention will be directed to his newer, closer association with Bulgaria and Turkey. In those countries he may yet repeat the miracle of Hungary. He will hope also to retain his fleet, and no peace, he will be reminded, can rob him of his hard-earned technical superiority in the air. The German Air Fleet of 1930 may yet be something as predominant as the British Navy of 1915. Had he not better wait for that? When such ideas as these become popular in the German press we may begin to talk of peace, for these will be its necessary heralds.

The concluding phase of a process of general exhaustion must almost inevitably be a game of bluff. Neither side will admit its extremity. Neither side, therefore, will make any direct proposals to its antagonists nor any open advances to a neutral. But there will be much inspired peace talk through neutral media, and the consultations of the anti-German allies will become more intimate and detailed.

Suggestions will "leak out" remarkably from both sides to journalists and neutral go-betweens. The Eastern and Western Allies will probably begin quite soon to discuss a *Zollverein* and the coordination of their military and naval organizations in the days that are to follow the war. A general idea of the possible rearrangement of the European states after the war will grow up in the common European and American mind; public men on either side will indicate concordance with this general idea, and some neutral power will invite representatives to an informal discussion of these possibilities. Probably, therefore, the peace negotiations will take the extraordinary form of two simultaneous conferences: one, of the Pledged Allies, sitting probably in Paris or London; and the other, of representatives of all the combatants, meeting in some neutral country—probably Holland will be the most convenient—while the war will still be going on. The Dutch conference will be in immediate contact by telephone and telegraph with the Allied conference and with Berlin.

The broad conditions of a possible peace will begin to get stated toward the end of 1916, and a certain lassitude will creep over the operations in the field. The process of exhaustion will probably have reached such a point by that time that it will be a primary fact in the consciousness of common citizens of every belligerent country. The common life of all Europe will have become—miserable. Conclusive blows will have receded out of the imagination of the contending powers.

The war will have reached its fourth and last stage as a war. The war of the great attack will have given place to the war of the military deadlock; the war of the deadlock will have gone on, with a gradual shifting of the interest to the war of treasons and diplomacies in the Eastern Mediterranean; and now the last phase will be developing into predominance, in which each nation will be most concerned, no longer about victories or conquest but about securing for itself the best chances of rapid economic recuperation and social reconstruction. The commercial treaties, the arrangements for future associated action, made by the great Allies among themselves will appear more and more important to them, and the mere question of boundaries less and less. It will dawn upon Europe that she has already dissipated the resources that have enabled her to levy the tribute paid for her investments in every quarter of the earth, and that neither the Germans nor their antagonists will be able for many years to go on with those projects for world exploitation which lay at the root of the great war. Very jaded and anaemic nations will sit about the table on which the new map of Europe will be drawn. Each of the diplomats will come to that business with a certain pre-occupation. Each will be thinking of his country as one thinks of a patient of doubtful patience and temper who is coming to out of the drugged stupor of a crucial, ill-conceived and unnecessary operation. Each will be thinking of Labor, wounded and perplexed, returning to the disorganized factories from which Capital has fled.

## Socialism in Germany

*What the Leaders of the Party Think About the War*

**I**T has persistently been asserted that there is a strong anti-war feeling in Germany which is stifled by the rigid censorship of the press and the stern measures of the military authorities. With a significant bearing on this point are interviews which *The Outlook* prints with leading German Socialists. First is Liebknecht who, as the world well knows, has been against war from the first. Here are extracts from the interview that the one-time leader of the Socialistic party gave:

"It is a war of lies." He looked me straight in the eye. "Every nation concerned lies. The German newspapers lie as a matter of course. When the war began, the Socialists were fully aware that it was due entirely to the capitalistic incentive of Austria-Hungary. We held dozens of protest meetings here in Berlin. 'Vorwärts' published stout editorials. We had demonstrations against the war. Then came the censorship. We could do, we could say, nothing."

"But why?" I asked. "Why, Herr Doktor, Americans expected you to do a great deal."

"You do not understand the power of the censorship," he said, quietly. "You Americans cannot imagine the awful power of the military. In one day, in one hour, we were cut off. Every man became like a separate cell in the body politic. Every man was isolated with his own thoughts, or else he was drowned in the flooding idea of the war. From the mo-

ment the censorship shut down there was no more exchange of ideas. Every thinking man in Germany became a mental prisoner."

"But what is the war for, Herr Doktor?"

"It is a war of conquest. Whatever its causes may have been, we know that the Imperial Government intends it to be a war of conquest. There are rich mines in France and Belgium. They will never be given back. The Government will do with them and with us just as it pleases."

"It has done as it pleases with all the German people. I am a member of the Reichstag. The Chancellor of the Empire sent an ultimatum to Belgium on August 2, 1914. That ultimatum was never reported to the Reichstag until August 5. The war budget was presented on August 4 and passed on August 5, with the concurrence of all the Socialists except fifteen. That is abominable duplicity on the part of the Government. Those fifteen Social-Democrats who voted against the war credits were the only real revolutionists. They were not for reconciliation with capitalism, but for fists."

"But they were helpless. The lying press was inflaming the people against our enemies—against the Russians and the French and the Belgians and the English. The papers were flooded with stories of atrocities committed upon German soldiers which to my certain knowledge were afterwards disproved, but never publicly denied. The people were told that the Russians were barbarians, the French fools, the Belgians superstitious weaklings, and the English cowardly sneaks."

"The causes of the war were obscure. The Socialists really thought that Germany could not be responsible for such a catastrophe. Czarism was ostensibly the issue on which the war began, and it was on that basis that the Social-Democrat bloc voted the war credits on August 5. Nobody exactly understood the situation. The Socialists had lost their press at one stroke, for the censorship was absolute. And so they were like sheep without a shepherd.

"Now there are two Socialist parties in Germany. The split has come. Hereafter you in America must understand that when 'German Socialism' speaks in your press it will speak with two voices. It will contradict itself. It will be pro-war and anti-war. Only by remembering this can you understand the great internal struggle which must come."

"How do you feel about Belgium?" I questioned.

Liebknecht's voice continued in the same even, professorial tone. "I was in Stuttgart," he said, "at the time that von der Goltz was appointed Governor-General of Belgium. I tried to get up a protest meeting against annexation. The military government would not permit so much as a public poster advertising the meeting. Indeed, the Government forbade meetings of any sort for any cause.

"But you can see that the newspapers are preparing the nation for the final annexation of Belgium. 'We have bought this province with our blood,' they argue, without thinking of the Belgian blood. 'We have paid for it with our lives. The Belgians,' they say, 'are little more than brutes. They are completely dominated by their clergy, they are ignorant and superstitious and backward, they do not deserve to possess their own country.' All such nonsense as that passes current for wisdom in Germany to-day."

"But what have you Socialists really done?" I objected.

"Very little," he said. "'Vorwärts' has been closed up several times. 'Vorwärts' has had to agree that it will not mention the class war. Here is another example of what has taken place. My wife is a Russian, and the war had barely started when my house was searched, my private papers were seized and carted off, and the sanctity of my whole establishment was violated on the pretext that my wife might be a spy. And, in spite of the fact that I am a member of the Reichstag, not one word of this affair ever got into a Berlin newspaper."

"But, Herr Doktor Liebknecht," I said, "you Socialists seem to us Americans to have lost a great opportunity. Frankly, we cannot understand your attitude as a party. We think you have been—to put it very frankly—cowardly."

"You think we have been cowards," he repeated, gravely, never taking his eyes from my face. "Well, perhaps we have been. Remember, the German Social-Democrats own property worth more than twenty million marks. They own printing-presses and halls and theatres and the like. You know property makes men cautious. Perhaps our possessions have made us conservative. Perhaps the German Socialists do not dare risk all."

Kautsky I found on the top floor of a Berlin apartment-house, in a little den crammed with books and pleasantly odorous of old bindings and printer's ink. His face was like a cameo, white and sharp and hard. Its expression scarcely changed throughout our talk. Only the

dark eyes seemed really alive. His white hair and white beard looked rather like silken adornments for the cameo face; they seemed to have no relation to the personality of the old man.

I was irritated with Kautsky, irritated with his cautiousness and his bookishness and his air of letting the world go about its business. That may have been because Bernstein was with him, a keen, obviously Jewish "intellectual," black as Mephisto, who seemed anxious that Kautsky should tell me nothing, and whose every statement seemed to come through double lines of internal censors before it reached his lips. A copy of the little New York magazine, "The Masses," lay on Kautsky's table, and I took its presence as a good omen. I was mistaken.

"Did you Socialists make no effort to stop the war?" I asked.

"The party did not," said Kautsky. "We saw long ago, we German Socialists, that we should be powerless in the event of war. The French Socialists thought that they could stop war. They talked of general strikes and immense movements for peace. We German Socialists knew better. There were great Socialist demonstrations Unter den Linden just before Germany declared war on Russia. We had stirring protests in 'Vorwärts.' We did our best to prevent the war, but we were powerless the instant martial law was proclaimed. Now

we can do nothing. 'Vorwärts' has been suspended. We have no press, we have no forum. We are heart and soul against a war of conquest, but we cannot even protest against the annexation of Belgium."

"But why don't you do something in the Reichstag?" I asked.

"What could we do?" said Bernstein, speaking slowly and gravely in English. "The Kaiser does not ask permission of the Reichstag to make war. He asks only for money to carry on war. When the time comes to make peace, he will make peace without consulting the Reichstag, and the terms of peace will be those he arranges."

"And so you are not going to do anything until after peace is made?" I asked, again turning to Kautsky.

"We can do nothing," he repeated. "We are leaders without followers. There are two million German Socialists in the army. That means that half our members are gone. No Socialist in Germany knows what that half of our party is thinking, no Socialist can be sure what those two millions think of this war. We cannot talk to them, we cannot even send them *Feldpostbriefe*. They are cut off, isolated, every man of them. Perhaps they may talk together by twos or threes, but each man is thinking alone. What do they think? That is the great question for German Socialists to answer."

## The Racial Make-up of the British

*An Effort to Trace Out the Constituent Parts of the Present People of Britain*

INTERESTING in the extreme is an article by Wm. H. Babcock in *The Scientific Monthly* tracing the various races which have contributed to the present make-up of the British people. His conclusions are original. He says:

Language is of course an uncertain guide as to race, but it is often a clue and always significant, always a surviving record of history, lost or remembered. Now, Great Britain is conspicuously an island of three languages, not mere dialects, but completely organized, historic, distinct developments of human speech. All are of the Aryan family of languages, two belonging to the Celtic group of that family, the third to the Teutonic group and its Low-German subdivision, which includes also Dutch and Flemish. These three languages of Great Britain are English, occupying exclusively by far the greater part of the island; Welsh, a modern remnant of old British, spoken still in the western mountains; and Gaelic, spoken in the northern mountains of Scotland, also, far west of the Welsh, in parts of Ireland and in some intervening islands. As might be guessed, these three languages are relics and records of three great waves of invasions and conquest, with intervals of several centuries between them.

Another interesting fact is the permanency of the situation above outlined, which is not substantially different to-day from what it was in the sixth century when Gildas wrote. The Saxons were then in possession of all the eastern part of England, excepting some isolated fastnesses; the Britons were west of them in the mountain country and the tracts just

above and below it; the Gael were beyond in Ireland, probably also on the seaward side of the British territory; also far north in the Highlands. It will be seen that the greatest difference is in the spread of the intrusive Anglo Saxon (now English) speech, accompanied by a like displacement of race, on a great scale, though much less in degree: but these do not affect radically the general map arrangement of tongues and peoples—then newly, but perhaps finally, accomplished. There have been other great invasions and long-continued occupations of Great Britain since then—the Danish, the Norman as there had been one before in historic times, the Roman; but none of these changed the speech of any part of Britain, except by supplying few words for our present English vocabulary. Their changes of population, though real, are either matter of debate and uncertainty, or have dwindled, as in the case of the Danes, with the lapse of time, and in no instance present a solid mass of men so sharply marked off from their neighbors as the Welsh or the northern Gael. It is well, therefore, to bear in mind this division into three parts, English, Welsh and Gaelic, as the most conspicuous fact of Great Britain's racial and linguistic history for the last 1,400 years.

The Angles, the Saxons and co-operating tribes came chiefly, as we know, in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era; the Britons and the Gael much earlier, though the exact periods are sufficiently uncertain. Whatever the dates, these were three successive waves of blond people, no doubt including some darker elements and differing from each other more or less in kind and degree of blondness, but such as we might expect to

leave a predominantly light-tinted and light-haired population in Great Britain as the total result of their successive blond overflows—if there were no counterbalancing influence that was even more important.

There certainly seems to be such an influence; for there are more dark or medium-tinted people in Britain than the positive blinds of all kinds taken together; and almost everywhere, perhaps everywhere, the darker people are gaining in numbers on their lighter kinsfolk. These facts can not be adequately accounted for by later dark immigration. Such undoubtedly occurred and indeed has not ceased even yet, but would be offset in great measure by blond immigrants other than those above mentioned. The most natural and now generally accepted explanation is that the Gael (or the first Celtic-speaking invaders) found before them a darker population, which was more numerous and also better fitted to survive and perpetuate its characteristics by reason of long occupancy and acclimatization. There can be little doubt as to the first item and surely none at all as to the second, at least so far as concerns some of the elements of those pre-Celtic people; for it is quite obvious that they would comprise the residua of all previous conquests and immigrations, except of course such temporary visitors as may have gone away again, leaving none behind, and such feeble folk as may have been utterly exterminated. Only the latter process could remove those who had penetrated far beyond the shore, and it is hardly credible in any instance in so extensive a region abundantly provided with places of refuge. In truth, the complete extirpation or removal of a race is an unknown, or excessively rare, thing in human history.

It would be important and interesting to consider the composition of this pre-Celtic population, if we had sufficient reliable materials to go upon, but, as matters stand, it will be better to content ourselves with a very brief superficial glance at the successive human waves which had reached Britain. Perhaps the earliest comers walked there, while as yet the waters had not come through the English channel nor spread out to form the North Sea. It is said that some of the earliest relics of quite human anatomy and human handiwork in all the world have been found in very recent years in the south-eastern counties of Britain, which were the regions naturally first entered, and most abundantly peopled, by nearly all later comers so far as we know. To reach this period, we must count our years back by many scores of thousands, some have guessed a quarter of a million more or less.

So far as we can judge, the paleolithic people of whatever kind were overwhelmed by a relatively great influx of neolithic people, who were pastoral, agricultural, better organized and more advanced in every way—possibly ten, fifteen or twenty thousand years ago: it is not a matter as to which we can set dates. Sometimes they are called Picts, a name which lives both in legend and history and no doubt has sometimes been applied rather loosely to their various allies also, or to people confused with them. In Ireland the name *fir-bollig* was also applied to a great body of people who long continued to resist the conquering Milesian Gael. Doubtless they too included heterogeneous elements; but the dominant pre-Gaelic and pre-British type seems to have

been on the whole the same; and to be abundantly commemorated by the long heads and dark hair of the majority of the people in both islands, characteristics which belong also to what is sometimes known as the Mediterranean or Iberian race of southern Europe.

It must not be supposed that the immigrants of the Roman-British centuries failed to leave any impress on the final constitution of the population; but it is apparent that the Saxon winning ensured in many places something like a reversion to Celtic or pre-Celtic types and ways.

During the welter of that age there was a very considerable reinforcement of Gaelic blood from Ireland, especially in North Wales and in Britain north of the wall, to most of which latter region it gave the name Scotland, strictly meaning the land of the Irish. The Gael of North Wales, both ancient and recent, were overwhelmed very shortly, however, by an eddy of Britons under Cunedda and his successors, who had found the Saxons too strong for them in the region about the Great Wall and fell on the Gael in retreating southwestward. Something like this must have taken place also in the long lower south-western peninsula of Cornwall and Devon, where the traces of Gaelic occupancy are so plentiful and where the westward crowding of the Saxons on the steadily resisting and slowly retreating Britons was renewed at intervals until the ninth century.

We have, therefore, as a net result of the Saxon invasion and conquest, not only the total destruction of civilization in most parts of Britain and its gradual dwindling in others—but also the production in the eastern, southern and middle districts of a population rather largely, but not wholly, Saxon in the open country; farther west and in rugged places only a little Saxon on the surface, though often Saxon in speech; still further west unreservedly British; and along the western shore partly Gaelic, though speaking British, now known as Welsh in its modern form. Ireland spoke Gaelic still—and seems to have remained as Celtic as before the Romans crossed the English channel, though there had been more or less trade between Ireland and Roman Britain.

In due time the Saxons, having been Christianized and mollified, began to work in Britain a new civilization. It was very primitive and rudimentary compared with its Roman predecessor, but possessed elements of strength and hopefulness and aspired to a literature of its own.

The Norman conquest, like most of its predecessors, proceeded from the south-east to the remoter quarters of Great Britain, but was very much more rapid than any other of like permanency. After the collapse of the main Saxon power below London, William still had to fight in the north before the gates of York and in the far west about the walls of Exeter; also, longer and harder than almost anywhere else, amid the marshes of Cambridgeshire, where Hereward, the persistent partisan leader, had established on the Isle of Ely his city of refuge. But there was no immediate conquest of the Welsh mountains or Ireland, though both were penetrated later, with great suffering to the natives and every kind of wastefulness. The highlands of Scotland remained Gaelic in tongue; Wales and Cornwall with some bordering territory retained their British speech and the changes of their population were very

slight at first and probably only moderate afterward.

In the main body of England there were developments of language rather than linguistic revolution, a great extension of the English vocabulary by French and Latin words, chiefly introduced to answer new needs, and certain innovations in forms of speech, some of which (such as double negatives) have been only temporarily in good usage; but the general character and type of the language remains unchanged.

As to racial modifications we can be even less certain than in some earlier instances of invasion, for the conquerors themselves were very complex. They contained Germanic and Celtic elements and drew recruits from the unlatinized or de-latinized Britons no less than from the at least superficially Latinized French and peoples farther afield. It is becoming also increasingly probable that, under all these, a substratum of still older submerged races supplied and still supplies the greater and more enduring mass of the French people. Allowing for the considerable amount of Scandinavian blood among King William's Normans, it seems altogether likely that this conquest did not greatly vary the racial composition of the island people, setting minor distinctions aside. That on the whole it tended rather toward darkening the English race than lightening it in complexion may be plausibly argued from the great number of adherents which Brittany, next neighbor of Normandy, had supplied the Conqueror both before and after the invasion; also perhaps from the special favor which was soon extended to the British-speaking natives of the island, so long as they refrained from revolt. There was at least a precarious basis of good will in a common enmity for the Saxon. The Norman court and aristocracy readily seized on the historic legend of King Arthur, the Champion of Britain against Saxon invasion, and wove the most remarkable tissue of romance about it the world has ever seen. This made unquestionably for Celtic prosperity, multiplication and immigration. But the Celt at that time as now, wherever found, was less often blond than dark, less Celtic in aspect than pre-Celtic. So that type was at least not appreciably diminished by the Norman invasion.

In later years there have been no waves of conquest rolling over the lowlands of Britain though there have been wars and reformations and revolutions, changing many things. As a net result, ethnologically speaking, the Gael have been pushed farther back into the northern mountains and have lost some ground in Ireland in favor of more or less Saxon and Norman invaders. On the other hand, they have peacefully invaded the English and Scotch cities and many country districts, more than compensating for any partial extirpation of their stock in seats formerly held along the western coast of Britain. There have been other immigrations and shifting of population from time to time, but nothing that should appreciably change the racial map of that island, though the linguistic map as stated would show a progressive shrinking of the Welsh and Gaelic areas; at least until quite recent years, when special influences of expansion began to work in both cases, with doubtful final outcome.

My general conclusions are, therefore, that the racial composition of the people of Great Britain has been but moderately affected by conquests and other events

occurring since the sixth century; that from a period antedating all history one of its most permanently important racial elements has been a dark-haired neolithic race, of which we know very little indeed; that in the far north and in most parts of Ireland the Gaelic Celtic race is next important and measurably supplies language; that in the west of Britain the Welsh, or British Celtic, race takes its place, though accompanied by notable Gaelic and Saxon and some Norman elements; that the originally Teutonic races, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Northmen and Normans, now pretty well blended everywhere and only locally and doubtfully distinguishable, are conspicuous in the lowlands of Scotland, the northeast of Ire-

land and most of the eastern and southern lowlands of England, being in the majority in a few districts and supplying the exclusive language of both islands, except in the restricted Welsh and Gaelic areas. In Great Britain at least they have attained and held a general political supremacy, though with important exceptions, and have contributed perhaps more than their full share to the various activities of the island. But as their language is blended of materials from many sources woven on a low German framework, so their race is blended of constituents from many immigrations and conquests filled into a framework that is neither Saxon nor Celtic, but perhaps mainly pre-Celtic, whatever that may be.

## Prohibition In the United States

*The Liquor Question is Getting Into National Politics*

THE prohibition campaign is taking on a new significance in the United States. It is getting into national politics. The party men are struggling hard to keep it out, but it is getting there nevertheless and threatening to upset the whole set scheme of things. James Hay, Jr., tells about the development in *Everybody's Magazine*, writing in part as follows:

When the first session of the Sixty-fourth Congress of the United States convened on December 6th, Charles H. Randall of California took his seat in the lower house as the first man ever elected to Congress as a representative of the Prohibition Party. Though he votes with the Democrats, on the official roster of the House he is listed: "Prohibitionist."

This fact not only signifies that in at least one section of one state the anti-liquor sentiment of the voters has been strong enough to disregard all other political principles and to sweep its man into office merely because he believed in Prohibition. It also is coincident with the massing of the country-wide forces of Prohibition in a commanding "drive" on the new Congress.

On the floor of the new Congress Mr. Randall will be the spokesman of this movement—a movement which couples with its demand for action a warning, or a threat, as you choose. The political commanders of the fight against liquor have gone to the leaders and general membership of House and Senate with this weighty suggestion:

"We are going to fight to a finish to have your first session submit to the states the proposed amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in this country. Leaving aside the moral and humanitarian aspects of the proposition, it will be political wisdom on your part to give us what we want."

"If you put the issue up to the states before convention time next summer, nobody in our ranks will ask you to incorporate a plank for nation-wide Prohibition in the platforms on which your Presidential candidates will run in 1916. If you refuse our request, no man living can predict accurately how much you will suffer, whether you be Democrat or Republican or Progressive. It may turn out that, as a result of the elections in No-

vember, 1916, there will be a Democratic President and a Republican Congress, or a Republican President with a Democratic Congress."

I have called the Prohibitionist argument for immediate action by Congress a "weighty suggestion." It is weighty; first, because the time has come when everybody is admitting that the men behind it have developed great power; and, secondly, because the big politicians of the country are themselves anxious to "get the liquor question out of national politics." They do not want to "play with it"—it's "political dynamite" any way you look at it—and so forth.

The Prohibition movement, as a whole, takes this attitude:

"Prohibition should not be made the weapon or the instrument of any one political party. It is bigger than politics. We want neither a party nor an individual to profit from the movement. We demand that our victory be won by the people as a whole. Moreover, we recognize that our cause might suffer a terrible set-back if coupled irretrievably with all the other policies included in any national platform which any party might put forward."

"If this session turns us down, we will still keep out of national politics, in the sense that national politics means the Presidential election; but we will go into between four hundred and five hundred congressional and senatorial fights individually, and we will make our fight against the men who are friendly to liquor. We do not care whether a man in a district in Ohio or in a district in Louisiana is a Democrat or a Republican. Our fight will be made on whether he is our friend or our enemy."

Furthermore, the Prohibitionists do not care whether the President is a Republican or a Democrat; they are not particularly concerned as to his view on whisky if they can control Congress, because the President has no veto power over the vote of House and Senate to submit a proposed Constitutional amendment to the states for their ratification. This being true, they can afford to avoid the Presidential end of the election and devote all their resources to Congress. And in the next elections there will be candidates for thirty-two Senate seats and four hundred and thirty-five House seats.

Now, how strong are they?

Last December, when the Hobson resolution to submit to the states the Prohibition amendment was laid before the House, 197 members voted for it, 169 against it. Fifteen absentees were "paired off," of which number ten favored it and five opposed it. Twenty-seven members failed to vote. The resolution had to have a two-thirds majority in order to pass. Although this failed, the country at large and the political experts in Washington were amazed that the Prohibitionists registered over their opponents a majority of nine.

Last January Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas attempted to amend the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill so as to make absolute Prohibition a law in the national capital. The vote on the proposition was advertised in advance as being indicative of how the Senate stood on nation-wide prohibition. With eighteen senators not voting, thirty-eight voted for the Sheppard proposition, and forty against.

The vote in the House on the Hobson amendment showed these interesting general results:

There were twenty-seven states a majority of whose representatives voted for the bill. There were eighteen states a majority of whose representatives voted against it.

Eighteen of the forty-eight states have adopted prohibition laws. The legislatures of four other states have submitted the question to an early vote of the people. With all the prohibitory laws in effect in the eighteen states, more than 60,000,000 people will be living under prohibition laws, and eighty per cent. of the area of the nation will be "no license" territory.

Congress has appropriated a total of \$3,500,000 for recreation depots at army posts as substitutes for the canteen, has thrice appropriated money to send delegates to International Congresses on alcohol, and has prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors among the Indians and on Government reservations.

Nobody knows how much money the Anti-Saloon League has at its disposal. Its resources for publicity are enormous. Although it is the most powerful Prohibition organization in the United States, having affiliated with it close to thirty million men and women and many other anti-liquor associations, there are more than thirteen others in the field.

The Prohibitionists have still another possible weapon if the next session takes no action on their demand. They declare that they are stronger in this Congress than they were in the last. In the last Congress they had a majority. By a majority vote, Congress can, to all practical purposes, put the commercialized liquor traffic out of business in this country. It can deny to the wholesale liquor dealers, through its jurisdiction over interstate commerce, the use of the express companies and the railroads. It can forbid the sending through the United States mails of packages containing liquor or of letters ordering liquors delivered. By its taxing power, it can make the price of carrying on the whisky business so extortionate that there no longer will be any profit in it. The answer of the liquor people to this is that Congress does not dare to take such a course, that the forces of alcohol, backed by great wealth, will go into the districts of individual congressmen and beat them at the polls.

But there is this commanding difference between the two forces. Prohibitionists can not be legislated out of existence; the

whisky business can. Congress can not forbid a Prohibitionist the use of the railroads if he buys his ticket, or the use of the mails if he puts on his letter a two-cent stamp. Prohibition is a belief and a principle. The whisky business is a commercial undertaking, one which must live through the arteries of commerce and the facilities of communication. It can not stand over-taxation.

When it comes down to campaigning among the people, the whisky interests are under a terrific handicap. They complain that a vast majority of the newspapers of the country will not print their arguments, that they can not get before the public an appreciable exposition of how

the Government profits by taxing alcoholic drinks.

On the other hand, for the first time in the history of this country, we are confronted with the spectacle of a wealthy organization trained to unusual efficiency in affecting public opinion, coming into the open and saying:

"We stand for only one thing. Only one proposition in all the politics of the nation claims our attention. We do not care whether you are a Democrat or a Republican. What we want is Prohibition. If you are not for us, we will devote all our financial and publicity resources to destroying you at the polls. We prefer neither Republicans nor Democrats. All we ask is your vote for our principle!"

## The Proper Feeding of Infants

*What Children Should and Should Not Have*

CERTAINLY one of the most important problems that face parents is the proper feeding of the child, and it is, therefore, perplexing, not to say distressing, to find that most parents display an appalling amount of ignorance on the subject. Infant mortality would be lowered most appreciably if the infant stomach could be protected from weak parents, ignorant aunts and doting grandmothers. It follows that this is a subject on which information is desirable and consequently an article by Mrs. Louise Hogan in *Good Housekeeping* commends itself as worth the attention of every parent. Mrs. Hogan writes, in part, as follows:

Nearly a hundred years ago Froebel, whom all children must thank for the kindergarten, spoke of seeing here the foolish mother, there the unwise father, giving children all kinds of poisons, in all sorts of ways and forms. Many parents are still doing much the same things, some through carelessness, more through ignorance of the proper methods of feeding. A general knowledge of the proper dietary for children should be one of the mother's acquirements, for the food which a child eats during its early life, and especially during the first few months, is of the utmost importance. Not only must the mother, first of all, use her very best judgment, based on the highest authority she can find, but she must also guard against a subtle danger that confronts every parent. This danger is concealed in the person of the neighborly woman who scoffs at scientific dietaries and regards herself as a walking encyclopedia of maternal wisdom. Dr. L. Emmet Holt, the well-known baby specialist, says he has had a large experience with the children who "ate everything" and seemed to relish it, and has followed a number of them to their graves as the ultimate result of such unreasonable and inconsiderate practices. We have then very good reasons for our often repeated urging of the supreme importance of guarding carefully what children eat.

Next in importance to the care which must be exercised in feeding the child comes watchfulness over the egress from the body of the unassimilated portions of the food. Waste matter in the intestines

will produce toxins. There can be no sound health in a "sluggish" body, and it is therefore necessary that the mother should know the foods that are not only pure and nourishing, but also have a tendency to force a completion of the digestive process. For that reason we shall this month consider the essential requirement's of a child's diet in cases of constipation and also in order to prevent constipation.

An apparent condition of constipation is sometimes mistaken for an actual one. The former is often observed in infants who have a movement every two or three days only, passing but a trifling amount. Such a baby is usually emaciated and losing weight, but this condition may be the result of lack of food, and not of constipation, and is speedily remedied by a sufficient quantity of appropriate nourishment. Babies with regular evacuations after birth will often become constipated in the second and third month and remain so, but if the child is perfectly comfortable one should not be disturbed by the small and somewhat constipated movements from the bowels which are apt to occur while the food is very weak. If the bowels move of themselves once a day, one should be content, for if an injection or medicine is used to produce freer movements, the functions of the bowels will be disturbed. An infant should have two or three movements a day during the first week of life, and then one or two a day; a healthy child should have at least one movement each day after it is a month old.

But assuming that the child is really constipated, there are certain things which should be done to relieve it. Let us consider them first for the nursing infant and then for the older child. Most infants are given less water to drink than they require, with constipation as the frequent result. Water not only helps to clean the stomach of its contents and aids in the digestion of food, but when taken up by the blood-vessels assists in normal nutrition, removes effete matter, relieves congestion, and often completely corrects constipation. Many cases of disordered digestion are due entirely to the lack of sufficient water. It should be offered to a baby six or seven times a day. One or two teaspoonsfuls of oatmeal water may be used as an alternative to the plain water before feeding. It is, of course, unnecessary to add that the water should be boiled or, better, distilled before being

given to the child. Very serviceable and cheap water stills are available for this use in the home.

Besides being given water, the constipated infant may often be relieved by a gentle abdominal massage at a regular hour each day and, in extreme cases, by a daily enema of warm water and salt. In place of an enema, suppositories are recommended by many physicians. Dr. Holt prefers the Gluten Health suppositories to those of glycerin, considering them less irritating.

In the case of a bottle-fed baby, the constipation may be caused by overheating the bottle, thus making the milk practically indigestible, by the use of food containing too little solid matter, as condensed milk, broth, and barley-water, or too much protein, or too small an amount of fat or cream. There are other causes which are much less common, such as general weakness and debility, malformation, and so on, but the majority of cases that come before the mother are corrected by attention to the food. It is sometimes sufficient simply to increase the amount of the food, or to make it stronger, but both should not be done at once. The use of top milk in mixing the day's feedings is often useful, as thus more cream or fat is added to the food, with its corrective quality. When a bottle-fed infant has colic and loses weight, because of a too high percentage of protein in the food, try whey for a change, adding one or two ounces of cream to each twenty ounces of whey.

When the child reaches the age of six or seven months there is greater choice of treatment. One method recommended is to use oatmeal water in place of plain or barley water, when mixing the daily food. Beef-juice and broths may also be introduced at this age, and these changes in the food will help to overcome habitual constipation. At the age of seven or eight months, orange and prune juice can be given, beginning with two teaspoonsfuls one hour before the second bottle in the morning, and gradually increasing it to one or two ounces, at twelve months of age. After six months, well-cooked oatmeal can be strained, and the gruel or jelly mixed with the feedings, beginning with one ounce to each twenty ounces of mixture. Baked apples and the pulp of stewed prunes will be a help in overcoming constipation in an older child. The amount of white bread, toast, and potato should be reduced, and green vegetables, oatmeal and graham bread should be given, with plenty of fruit twice a day. Raw, scraped apples are sometimes of more value than any other fruit. After the child is two years old, a few fruits such as fresh, ripe, peeled pears, and peaches, given in moderate quantities, may be used with benefit.

Constipation in an older child is almost invariably due to a too concentrated diet, one consisting of foods lacking inorganic salts. This mistake often arises when changing a child's dietary from all milk to one of mixed foods. A farmer's wife will look out for her young chickens by giving them oyster and egg shells to peck at, but she may not notice or even know that her child, from the lack of the same mineral salts in its diet, is developing rickets, one of the most easily prevented of all children's diseases, yet one which appears frequently among children of all classes. The practical application of the use of foods containing salts is, as nature indicates, to give a child for the first year, unless advised to the contrary by a physician, the mother's or cow's milk, properly modified, as this food con-

tains the salts and other ingredients for normal growth. When changing to a mixed diet, the mother must remember to add cereals very gradually, as supplying farinaceous foods to excess is a matter of frequent occurrence, and one of the first stumbling-blocks and causes of constipation at this period.

Foods that are decidedly laxative and allowable for growing children at the various ages called for in scientific diets are: ripe peaches, pears, apples, oranges, grapefruit, stewed rhubarb, honey, molasses, gingerbread, stewed or freshened prunes, prune pulp, stewed raisins, dates, raw or stewed figs, grape-juice, chicken and mutton broths, cocoa, whole-meal bread, rye and Graham bread, butter, buttermilk, all cereals made of the whole grain, all green vegetables, especi-

ally green corn and turnips, spinach and boiled onions. From these foods we may carefully arrange corrective diet to be used by degrees, according to the age for which it is demanded, in order not to disturb digestion by a sudden change to a bulky dietary.

For with the older children as well as the younger the mother should try all these natural agents of correction before resorting to the use of medicaments. If the latter are necessary, she will find that either milk of magnesia or a mineral oil will in all probability meet every requirement. She must not, however, trust to medicines to do what she should do by using her wits and planning meals that will give her children the benefit of nature's own remedies stored in foods.

## The White Man of Asia

*No Opportunities Are Presented There For Real Colonization*

THE impossibility of colonization, in the fullest sense of the word, by white men in Asia is discussed by Sir Thomas H. Holdich in the *Contemporary Review*. He considers it impossible for the white man to accustom himself to the tropical climate, and cites conditions in India, Ceylon, Indo-China and Siam.

How much of the wide world is there left which it still open to white colonization? In Europe a certain climax has been reached. Practically all territorial doors are closed, and that fierce struggle has commenced for the survival of the fittest, which we must regard as the heritage of the world's overgrowth of population. That which to some appears to make for the strength and riches of individual nationality, appears to others to threaten disaster to humanity at large. We must take it as we find it. The question is too large for discussion here. In Asia, whichever way we look, we are reminded that other racial communities, which are not white, demand the right to increase and multiply, and to inherit the earth on equal terms with the white. Undeniably, the white man in Asia is usually an exotic. He is out of his true environment. With the exception of Siberia, there is no great space in Asia which can command itself as a future field for the development of white energy. Siberia is wide, and the doors are open; but we must remember that Siberia first and foremost is the promised land of the Russian, and it is the channel of overflow for the teeming and increasing millions of Russia which enables Persia, Mongolia, Manchuria, and certain districts south of the Oxus to retain definite northern boundaries. At present, European Russia is not suffering from the squeeze of overcrowded humanity as is Germany or Japan, but so far Russian territory in Asia has never been regarded as an outlet for over-crowding on the part of any other European nationality than her own.

Siberia covers an immense area in Northern Asia, extending through more than 25 degrees of latitude and 120 degrees of longitude, including mountains, uplands, lowlands, and steppes, with almost every conceivable variety of climate and orography short of that which we call tropical. There are rich prairies in the middle Amur and Usuri regions, fer-

tile plains covering 25 millions of acres of Tobol and Ishim, rich valleys, lakes and snow-clad peaks amid the highlands of Altai—a country resembling Switzerland, only three times as large; there are the elevated plains of Eastern Siberia, the land of water melons; the flower-spangled steppes of Minusinsk, with the lower plateaus of Transbaikalia, already feeding hundreds of thousands of cattle. Amidst all these are high inhospitable marshes, and vast mountain tracts, forest-covered and visited by hunters and gold diggers, and beyond, in the far north, the frozen tundras, stretching away to the North Sea. Except for the universally prevailing climatic feature of cold during the long protracted winter, Siberia offers probably the finest and certainly the most extensive prospect for colonizing enterprise that is to be found in the narrowing world. Her mineral resources are immense and mostly unexploited, and her potentiality for future wealth such as promises to make Russia the richest, as she is the most populous of European nationalities. Siberia might be the Canada of the East, but her severe climate (even in the south) renders her a more suitable habitat for the hardened sons of a Northern country such as Russia, than for those whose early environment has been of a more temperate nature. This severity of climate arises from her geographical position, which interposes the vast plateau of Central Asia between Siberia and the southern sea. Both lowlands and highlands are exposed to the influence of the Arctic Ocean, and the warm south-west winds are deprived of all their moisture as they pass over the plateau of Persia before reaching the Aral-Caspian depression. A current of warm air from the west is only felt in the highlands, where places situated in the Alpine regions above 3,000 feet experience a rise in temperature of a few degrees only, which does not affect the lowlands, where the cold is severe. The summer, if short, is warm, for the days are long and mostly unclouded, and the earth enjoys the full benefit of the sun. As in all uncultivated countries, the forests and prairies of Siberia become uninhabitable in summer on account of the mosquito plague, which is, of course, worse in the low marshy districts than in the higher and drier zones. Siberia is an unparalleled example of the nationalization of

land, nearly the whole area being State property with a large reservation in favor of the Cabinet of the ruling Emperor. Private property is quite insignificant in extent, purchase of land being permitted only in the Amur region. To purchase within a zone of sixty-seven miles wide on either side the Siberian railway is permissible, and the extent of Crown lands sold to any single person—or group—for exploiting purposes, is strictly limited. Russian immigration to Siberia has been organized lately, so that immigrants are directed into regions where free land is available, and they now flow into the country in a steady stream numbering some 200,000 per annum. The transportation of exiles, political and criminal, into Siberia, was officially discontinued in 1901, but the descendants of those earlier exiles who have become settled in the country rank amongst the best and most capable of the people. The Russian emigrant is, as a rule, a poor colonist. There are to be found the abandoned relics of Russian colonies in many parts of the world—notably in Patagonia, where they proved quite incapable of adjusting themselves to their new surroundings and positively starved in a land which Welsh settlers found to be a land of plenty. With all its great possibilities and with many natural advantages discounted by the rigorous climate and a long winter, Siberia has never offered a field for European immigration generally. For Russia, at any rate, there is ample room to meet the exigencies of her expanding population for many years to come, and the gradual colonizing incursions of Korean and Chinese from the East, which are yearly increasing, need excite no apprehensions as regards space at present.

Asia affords other fields for European enterprise than Siberia, and some of them are important—but there is no other part of that continent of which it can be said that it is really a white man's country, that is to say, a country where the white man may make a permanent home and where he may leave his children after him to take up his burden. Nature has decreed that under certain physiological conditions, the basis of which are light and heat, human evolution should include a color scheme which is an essential factor in the adaptation of the human creature to his surroundings, and which is an outward and visible indication of man's fitness for life under certain geographical conditions. The dark-skinned man is the recognized product of an environment of strong light and heat, and possesses actual physical characteristics which are only associated with such an environment, and this means to him life and continuance of race, but the white man, originally starting in the race for peopling the world from the cold uplands of High Asia, has never yet adapted himself to a tropical condition of life. He is still by nature and development as much an exotic in the sweltering plains of the equatorial regions as a polar bear would be in the Indian Ocean. Altitude serves him to a certain extent, because altitude means the gain of cool air and cool breezes which are to be found in the tropics, but no amount of the grace of adaptability which is characteristic of varied force in different races of the white people can ever really adjust the inherent difference in physical construction and render him absolutely "at home" in tropical regions. The Russian, as we have seen, when he starts on the world pilgrimage to the new land of his adop-

tion, is not really making for a new land at all. He is shifting from one environment to a very similar one, and he may walk if he so pleases from Petrograd to Eastern Siberia without setting foot outside of Russia or of Russian climatic conditions. Consequently we seldom see Russians in the rush for pegging out land claims in Africa or South America or in the tropical islands of the Pacific. Russians and Poles do sometimes listen to the voice of the charmer in the person of the emigration agent, and find their way southward to the tropics and beyond, but never in large numbers, and seldom without living to regret their decision. Hitherto the Russian has put in no claim in Africa at all, nor is there any reason why he should, nor, it may be added, much hope for him if he did. It is different with France. France has long required room for expansion, and has found it partly in Asia in the region of Indo-China. Undoubtedly the Frenchman has succeeded in adapting himself to tropical conditions in Asia better than the Englishman—but it may be doubted whether the Frenchman of Indo-China has permitted himself to be assimilated by his adopted country to any greater degree than the Englishman. He lives, so far as his surroundings permit, the life of the Frenchman in France; there is a faint elusive whiff of Parisian atmosphere about his boulevards and his cafés, and his daily relaxations, enough to indicate where his heart is, and this supplies the key to his whole life story. Indo-China and the commercial business of its cities, or the daily round of superintendence in the development of plantations in the upper country, the land of higher elevations and cooler conditions, is but the means to an end—and the end is the return with sufficient wealth to live out comfortable years in France. Still, he is a good colonist, just as the British planter in Ceylon or in the Southern hills of India (where, by the way, is no official colony) is a good colonist, and the pressure of over-population in France is relieved, and relieved on most satisfactory terms, by his exile, which does not prevent him from being a useful economic asset to his country. The question is, how far does his corner of Asia lend itself to the general scheme of white expansion.

The geographical configuration of Indo-China is as follows: Facing the South-China Sea to the east is the long narrow maritime province of Annam, just a narrow ribbon of seaboard, 700 to 800 miles long, terminating at its southern extremity in the delta of the Mekong (which delta comprises the province of Cochin China) and at its northern in the delta of the Red River (or the province of Tong King). Running through the length of Annam and forming a sort of backbone to the province is an isthmus of mountains connecting the two deltas, known as Lower Laos, and generally included in Annam. Farther to the north, towards the southern frontier of Tunnam, between Tong King and Burma, a wild region of unexplored and most uninhabited mountains are the Laos States, or Siamese Shan States. On the west the river Mekong separates Tong King from British Burma and Annam from Siam, until it reaches the plains of Cambodia (adjoining Cochin China to the north), and thence winds in numberless channels through the Cochin China delta to the sea. Cochin China and Lower Laos are the only districts under direct French administration; Cambodia, Annam, and Tong King being protectorates. The pop-

ulation of Cochin China has been ascertained by census to be between two and three million at the present date. In 1901 it was 2,300,000, giving a rate of 346 to the square mile in the rice delta province of Mytho and 220 in that of Sadec. The rest of Indo-China may be reckoned to contain some 800,000 people, but no reliable data are available. We may certainly allow a rate of over 400 per square mile for the delta of the Red River. In contrast to this France has population of 174 per square mile. Cochin China, which is the first province taken by the French in 1863, is simply a tropical delta devoted to rice cultivation, and, with an area of one-twelfth the whole of Indo-China, it produces four-fifths of the total supply of the Colony. Other tropical productions are sugar and cotton, but in small quantities. The foreign population of Indo-China (chiefly, of course, French) probably does not amount to more than 10,000 to 12,000, exclusive of 8,000 French troops, which form the permanent garrison of the country. There does not seem to be a large promise of opportunity for white colonization here, but we must remember that the Colony is still young. Mr. Archibald Little considers that, taken as a whole, Indo-China, with its ample rainfall, its rich soil, and altitudes varying from sea-level to 6,000 and 8,000 feet, may doubtless rival Ceylon and Java in the wealth and variety of its produce in time, when the country is cleared and population increases, provided that present regulations hampering Chinese immigration be modified or withdrawn. Labor for plantation developments is wanting, but clearly it is not white labor that could meet the necessity. The French immigrant can only live as capitalist and employer.

The same condition practically obtains throughout the Asiatic colonies. The Ceylon planter must have capital to invest in land ere he can make a successful beginning to a sound business as tea or rubber grower, and he depends entirely on native labor for economic developments. The climatic conditions of Ceylon entirely preclude the possibility of white labor in competition with that of the native. The hottest months in the year are March and April and the wettest (on the West Coast) are June and August. December and January are disagreeable months because of the long shore wind. The conformation of hill and plain in Ceylon divides the island into climatic spheres, which are differentiated by the action of the monsoon. From June to August the south-west monsoon produces a humid, vaporous condition of atmosphere on the West, which is both depressing and enervating to Europeans. In November the north-east monsoon from the Bay of Bengal catches Eastern Ceylon and produces similar effects in that region, the two spheres being divided by the Central mountain system, culminating in Adam's Peak. In the Southern districts the rain may in bad seasons be continuous for about eight months of the year. During the months that the rain is excessive on the Western slopes of the mountains, the Eastern slopes are comparatively dry, and at the elevation of about 7,000 feet may be actually bracing; but the emigrant who proposes to make Ceylon his home is advised to study the weather chart and rainfall statistics most carefully before he decides where he will pitch his permanent camp.

With such a climate as this the Premier Crown Colony of Great Britain is

not, and can never be, the permanent home of the colonist. A planter of European nationality may spend his life there, and he may build up a future from rubber or tea or land, but he is only a settler—a bird of passage—and he looks forward to ending the evening of his days elsewhere. Ceylon is certainly not available for white emigration of the laboring class, nor can we possibly consider India generally as affording any opening for the overflow due to European expansion.

Not only is the climate of India prohibitive to white labor, but political reasons are strongly adverse to any such scheme of immigration as would bring a stray population of white origin into competition with the native—even if India's crowded field offered the smallest chance of a livelihood. But, as a matter of fact, there is far more necessity for relieving India of some of its overburdened population than for finding room for aliens. India, like Indo-China and Ceylon, must be ruled out of any scheme for the further distribution of the white races, although as a temporary home and a field for military training, for the planter, the commercial capitalist, or the great body of the ruling administration, both civil and military, the value of India as an Imperial asset is so great that were India to be lost to us, it could only signify the disruption of the Empire. There are, of course, a few permanent European settlers in India who might rank as colonists. English families settled in Kashmir or in the lower valleys of the Himalaya, and occasionally an English gentleman occupying the position of Zemindar or landowner; but the instances are rare, and in no case do they involve the application of European labor.

And what is true of India is yet more true of tropical regions in Asia that lie more completely within the tropics. The European exists in all these regions as the overlord, the employer, the capitalist, but never as a member of the productive body of workers by whose labor the riches of the East are materialized. Even if it were possible that the white man could live and continue his race in the tropical climate of the East—in India, Ceylon, Burma, the Straits Settlements or the islands yet further East, he would be brought into direct competition with the Eastern emigrant from China, Japan, and India, who not only regards Asia as his own heritage, no matter to what extent he may shift his Asiatic habitat, but who can by force of heredity and physical sensibility to his environment, live on a fraction of that which would be necessary to support the European. In short, Asia affords no future asylum for over-crowded Europe, and we must look elsewhere for those climatic and geographical surroundings which make white emigration possible.

It is known, of course, that the further down beneath the surface of the earth man gets, the higher the temperature. For this reason it has never been attempted, up to the present, to mine below a certain depth. Now, however, a mining company in Brazil purposes conducting mining operations at a level below the earth's surface at which the temperature would be 126.5° F. The temperature will be artificially cooled; and already an air cooling and drying plant has been installed.

## Solving the Servant Girl Problem

*Conditions in Household Work Which Should Be Improved*

WOMEN have raised considerable commotion over the working conditions for girls in factories and stores: what have they done to investigate and improve the conditions under which girls work in the homes under women as employers? This question is raised by Ida M. Tarbell in discussing the domestic question in *Woman's Home Companion*. And it is a very pertinent question. The tendency is becoming very marked for girls to prefer to work in offices, stores and factories under the conditions which Women's Commissions are striving so hard to improve. It is a logical conclusion that the conditions governing domestic service are worse; but nothing is done to effect an improvement there.

Miss Tarbell tells of an investigation which had as its object the securing of information from working girls in all kinds of employment on these points. It was found that all the girls who answered acknowledged that housework was healthier and paid better. She adds:

And yet with such frank concessions of its advantages, the bulk of the testimony is against household work. And why? There are certain complaints that run through the entire testimony, whether it comes from the girl in the factory or the girl in the kitchen.

The first of these is that all her waking hours are, as a rule, absorbed by her employment, the leisure she has, even in the best places, coming at times when it avails her little for social or educational purposes. The most generous arrangement of time off which is allowed now to the houseworkers still mortgages their evenings, their holidays, and the greater part, if not all, of their Sundays. Compare the hours of even the unenlightened factories and shops of to-day—and there are multitudes of them, in spite of the pressure that dissatisfied workers and a more scientific management are bringing to shorten them—compare their nine or ten regular hours, the day ending at six at the latest, their holidays and Sundays, with the twelve to fourteen hours that a domestic worker must be within reach, if not busy, for at least six and usually seven days a week.

It is not the fatigue of it. On the whole, she believes this to be less than the fatigue of factory. It is the fact that it cuts her off from joining in the pleasures and the occupations of her class. These girls write with terrible earnestness on this matter. They enumerate the deprivations the long day brings them: no movies, no social clubs, no church, no opportunities for self-improvement through the lecture courses and the night classes which are offered on every hand; no opportunity to join for the all-day holiday excursions so precious to working people; never a weekend in the country. And then, vacations! True, the vacation is by no means universal in industry, but it is given in scores of places, sometimes with pay. It is almost

## Health and Joy In Childhood

are based largely on the food the children eat.

Generally it's the sturdy boys and girls that take the lead in play as they do later in the sterner affairs of life as men and women.

Chief among food faults which cause many a youngster to lack vim and energy is deficiency of mineral salts in the daily diet.

A growing child needs iron for the blood; calcium for the bones; phosphate of potash for brain, nerves and muscle.

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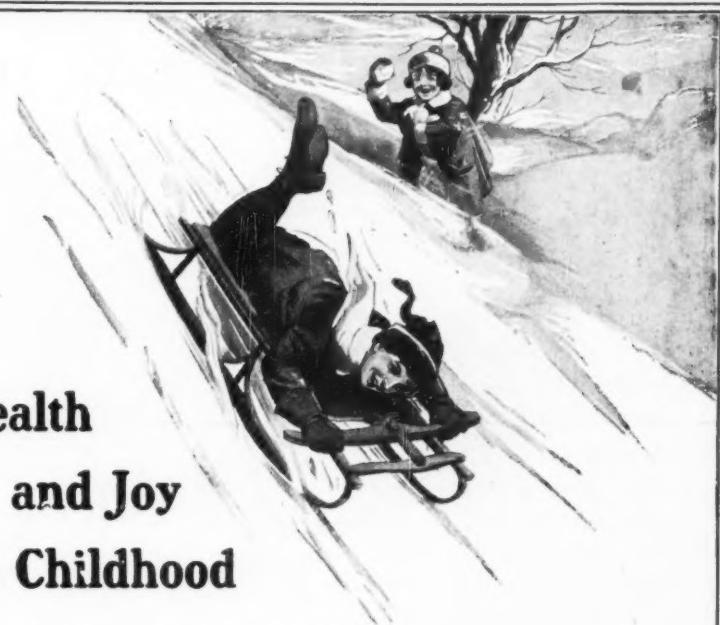
Grape-Nuts and cream or good milk is delicious—a daily custom in thousands of homes where health is valued and children are growing into sturdy, successful men and women.

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**IVORY SOAP** floats. It is the original floating soap. This quality gives Ivory Soap distinct advantages.

Ivory Soap always is at hand; one does not have to grope for it nor is it left in the water to waste away.

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5 CENTS  
**IVORY SOAP.** . 99 $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE  
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unknown in housework. If there is a variation in this hard programme it must be obtained by "asking permission," and it is obvious that she doesn't like this.

The limitation which long hours set on their chances, not only for fun and education but to marry, has weight with all girls. It cuts off their opportunities "to meet fellows and have every night off to go to shows" is the revealing answer of one young woman. Few put it so inelegantly, but she has the essence of their complaint. She really means the same thing as the girl who prefers the factory because it "gives her more time and opportunity to mingle and become better acquainted with her fellow beings."

Throughout this bulk of testimony there runs a complaint which puts a still harder face on the social limitations in housework. This girl, whose day is stretched so long that most evening pleasures and advantages are snipped off its end, has no suitable place at home to receive visitors who otherwise might enliven a late hour or two. We women have made a great noise in the land over factories and shops which have failed to provide proper rest and lunch rooms for girls; but we seem not to care particularly that girls in domestic service usually have no place in which to receive a guest but the kitchen, and that rarely is it either cheerful or properly furnished for a guest. It is a grievance which is just, and which it is fair to encourage her in airing. "Attic rooms," "No heat," "No ventilation," "No comforts" figure in these answers to a degree that no one would have believed possible, considering the character of the girls.

And yet it is not hours, with all their obvious disadvantages, which tip the scale against housework. It is the atmosphere of servility which envelops it. It is an occupation around which still clings the marks of the old régime. It is one of the great occupations into which the employer has been unable to infuse democratic feeling. The best of us feel our superiority to our employee, and in spite of all effort resent anything like an equal human footing. The girl who has caught some sense of the dignity of labor and who is struggling for respect and recognition from others cannot endure this. She knows that her chances of social life and of marriage are both limited if she is known to be a houseworker. She goes into a factory to escape this.

There is a pathetic protest in many of these letters against the popular contempt for housework. "If it is as honorable as any other work, then why should the girl be obliged to suffer treatment as an inferior being?" No doubt the girl herself is partly responsible. She is not free from a certain contempt for all work.

Surely we should understand the objection that the girl who enters housework is "looked down upon" by girls in other occupations, and is not wanted as a wife by an ambitious mechanic, policeman, or clerk.

What affects her even more deeply than the ostracism of what she feels should be her own class is the attitude of her employers, the atmosphere of superiority in which they unconsciously, perhaps, wrap themselves. It is described as a feeling that she is "owned," is "everybody's servant," is "one who should not have any social standing," "one who ought not to have any pleasure." This is what cuts most deeply into the mind of the ambitious girl. You will find her declaring that this is all wrong, that the duties are

worthy, that with training, domestic work might be a pride and a joy, but that she cannot stand up against the mental attitude of her employer. It is well for this country that she will not consent to do so. Nothing could be worse for us than a great body of young women who did not object to being "looked down upon."

These are her objections to the great natural trade of working womankind. There are the reasons of her boycott. Does she see any way out? Often she does and her answers are almost a prayer to the employers to heed and co-operate. An eight-hour day—or at least hours so arranged that she may have some social life, and use the opportunities for advancement she craves—a place to entertain her friends; consideration; "kindness and politeness" in treatment; "more privileges"; "co-operation." These are the burden of her suggestions. If these things were possible in housework, the impression that I, at least, get from these *questionnaires* is that there are multitudes of self-respecting and ambitious girls who would train themselves for it and who believe that they can make it respected.

May it not be that if the woman will try to meet half way the grievances which are keeping the best type of girl out of domestic work she will learn that she has caught a new and inspiring conception of democracy and greatly increased the efficiency and the economy of her household.

## Why Canada Is at War

*The Reasons Behind the Dominion's Whole-hearted Participation*

A REMARKABLY complete, though lengthy, article on the position of Canada, with reference to the war is contributed by an anonymous Canadian writer to the *Quarterly Review*. It outlines the reasons why Canada is taking so whole-hearted a part in the Empire's fight for existence and is well worth recapitulation:

Why does Canada participate in the war? What is the psychological cause of her sacrificing her money and her men so lavishly in a war which at first sight is only indirectly hers?

British citizens in all parts of the Empire need not be told that Canada took this step of her own free will, in conference with, but under no pressure from, the naval and military authorities in Great Britain. Canada is not part of an imperial military machine, such as we see exemplified in the German system, but a British colony taking her place in the Empire under the triple principle of "self-government, self-development, and self-defence." One of the rights of self-government bestowed upon the Canadian people by the Mother-Country is the control of its own military forces. While the command-in-chief is vested in the King, the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa holds the reins of control. If, then, Canadians help to keep the trenches in the battle-fields of Flanders, it is because the Dominion herself voluntarily sends her men thither. And—as the Canadian militia cannot be compelled to serve outside the Dominion—if Canada's sons are giving their lives for Belgium, France, and Brit-

## On the Highest Shelf

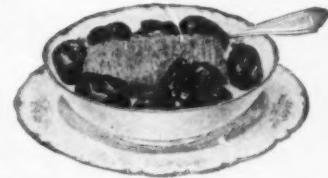


When a cereal food has reached the top-shelf of public favor, showing an unbroken record of increasing sales for fifteen years, there must be more than one "reason" for it. The finest sales organization and the cleverest advertising ever devised will not keep a food at the top-notch unless it has behind it other merit than mere palate-goodness. As a matter of fact there are six good "reasons" for

## Shredded Wheat

Here they are: cleanliness of manufacture; purity of product; easy digestibility; high nutritive value; thoroughly cooked and ready-to-serve; fair and honorable "selling policy." There are many other "reasons," but these are the cardinal causes for the unchallenged leadership of Shredded Wheat over all other cereal foods.

For breakfast heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; pour hot or cold milk over them, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with stewed prunes, sliced bananas, baked apples or other fruits.



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Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.  
Headmaster.

ain, it is because they volunteered for that service. Because we are not bound but free, because we are not blindly driven by the caprices of a military caste, but because as British citizens we enjoy "British freedom," which confers upon us the privilege of holding most of our destinies in our own hands—for these reasons, among others, we Canadians respond by saying that this is not only Britain's war but our own.

We cannot, in the second place, point to a bellicose spirit among the Canadian people which needed only an occasion to be kindled into flame. The Canadians have always been a peaceful people, assuming as their highest task the developing of their great natural resources, and setting up as their highest ideal the attainment of nationhood through a policy of peace with the Mother-Country, their neighbor to the south, and the whole world. Canada's part in the American Revolution, in the War of 1812-14, in the Rebellion of 1837-38, in the North-west Rebellions, and in the South African War, was in each instance only a ripple on the surface of her national life compared with what she is attempting in the present struggle; and in no case was it sufficient to put the military stamp on her people. When the war broke out in August, 1914, she had a navy of two small discarded British vessels to guard her two oceans, and a land force of about 5,000 regulars to guard a frontier of 3,000 miles. Of compulsory military service for her citizens she knew nothing. Even her militia of some 40,000 men, trained for about a fortnight each summer, was, from a military point of view, a picnic affair, so that Lord Dundonald spoke the bitter truth when he said that Canada was in no position to defend herself even against a small invading force. With no war knocking at her gates for a hundred years, with a neighbor to the south who was also devoted to the arts of peace, with a growing bond of union among all the English-speaking peoples, and finally, with the feeling of security afforded by the protection of the army and navy of Great Britain, Canada developed her farms, mines, forests, and fisheries, with no dread of war and no desire for its glory. Her "place in the sun" was to be achieved by peace alone.

Nor, in the third place, can we point to any race-hatred or commercial rivalry between Germany and Canada, as even a remote cause of Canada's part in the war. She was too far removed from Europe to be affected by European suspicions, jealousies, and hatreds, or to be exposed to the periodic nightmares of threatened invasion. On the American continent, on the other hand, she feared no evil. She and her American cousin were living on cordial terms; and, although in the course of a century numerous petty grievances and irritations had arisen, diplomatic relations had never been at the breaking point, and time had wiped out old scores. There was no Alsace-Lorraine to engender a spirit of permanent hatred. In spite of the reciprocity campaign in 1911, there was never, perhaps, a more friendly feeling of both sides of the line than there has been in recent years.

Without the heat of passion, we faced deliberately what we believed to be our duty, the duty of all who honor right above might. We do not hate the German people, but we loathe the faction in Germany that would rule the world with "blood and iron," and has persuaded the nation to believe what they say as to the

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origin of the war. Ever since Canada entered the war she has had a profound conviction that there can be no peace on earth until the militarism which is the tap-root of the present war is crushed.

The week preceding the declaration of war was one of subdued and tense emotion. It gave the Canadian people the necessary breathing-spell in which to take national stock and decide what course Canada would pursue should the worst come. Throughout those days of anxious waiting the country remained stoically calm, no jingoes clamoring for war, no public demonstrations such as preceded the outbreak of hostilities in Italy. The idol of the hour was Sir Edward Grey, who made such strenuous efforts to avert the calamity. And even after Germany had declared war against Russia and France, Canadians persisted in the hope that Great Britain might not be dragged into the struggle.

In the meantime, however, the Government took preparatory steps; and public opinion became united in support of Great Britain in anticipation of war. As Parliament was not in session at the time, the outlining of the Dominion's policy fell to the Premier and his Cabinet in consultation with the Governor-General. On August 2, 1914, the following message was sent to Great Britain:

"If unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintain the honor of our Empire."

Although this message was sent by the Premier and his Cabinet in consultation with the leader of the Opposition, without the sanction of Parliament, it voiced Canadian sentiment as truly as if it had been the outcome of a national election. A "political truce" was declared, a truce which is still maintained. All party differences were forgotten. "In Canada," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier when the truce was declared, "there is but one mind." All the problems discussed at the conferences on Imperial federation and in the debates on Imperial defence were laid aside. No demand was made that Canada should be given "representation," a voice in declaring war and making peace, before she could participate. By mutual consent of all parties, Canadians felt the only honorable thing to do was to give their hearty support. Thousands of Canadians, however, who are making great sacrifices for this war, are not necessarily committing themselves to support every war in which the Empire may become involved. When the war is over, there will be imperial problems to settle which no Britisher is discussing to-day. When the crisis came Canada forgot that there were any problems. One thing was needful and that at once—men at the front. That was the one problem which the Canadian Government grappled at the time and which has received the undivided attention of Canadians ever since. In the face of an Empire-crisis such as exists to-day any other policy would be madness. When the Empire is in safety, there will be ample time to make the adjustments which may be found necessary. What they will be, Canadians are not now discussing; and whatever may be Canada's attitude toward Empire wars in the future, for the present at least the Canadian standpoint is that which the "Toronto Globe," on the day before war was declared, expressed in no uncertain

*Today*  
There's a New Puffed Wheat



Bubbles Almost Double Size



## Announcing A Twice-Better Wheat

Last year there grew, in certain sections, an ideal wheat for puffing. The kernels are big and hard. The flavor is delightful. The gluten runs 40 per cent.

It was offered to us, and we bought it. We bought a year's supply at extra prices, and we have it stored away.

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The extra gluten makes this wheat elastic. So the steam explosion puffs the grains to ten times normal size.

That means such Puffed Wheat as you never saw before. Big bubbles, flimsy, airy, almost phantom-like in texture. Thin, toasted tit-bits which, in eating, melt away like snow-flakes.

All grocers now have this new product. We urge you to get it. You thought the Puffed Wheat of last year delightful. This year it is nearly twice better.

We promise you a welcome surprise

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| Puffed Wheat | Except<br>in<br>Far<br>West | 12c |
| Puffed Rice  |                             | 15c |

You believe in whole wheat for the children. Every modern mother is serving it more and more. But remember that whole wheat must be wholly digestible, else you miss a large share of its virtue.

That's the chief reason for Puffed Wheat. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Every atom of every element is made available as food.

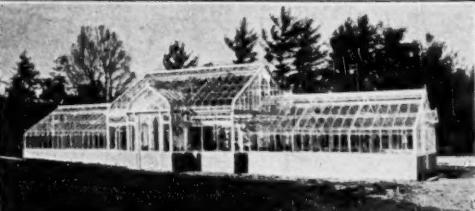
Think of that if Puffed Wheat seems only a coaxing dainty. It is more than that. It is our premier grain made, for the first time, into a perfect whole-grain food. Tell your grocer now to send the 1916 style.

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terms: "When Britain is at war, Canada is at war."

Those who visited the country during the first twelve months of the war reported their surprise at the calmness of the people, the lack of military display and the absence of obvious military activity. Yet beneath the calm surface there has been since the outset a mighty current of deep patriotic devotion to the Empire, which inspires the people to make greater and still greater sacrifices. When the first army unit of 22,000 was called for, 100,000 volunteered. From this number the First Contingent of 33,000 was picked. Forty-four days after the declaration of war, they had been recruited, trained, equipped, and were on their way across the Atlantic. A second contingent was prepared, and then a third. In December last, approximately 200,000 men were under arms, equipped and supported by the Canadian Government. At least half of these have been in the firing line, and the rest are on their way. Recruiting is still being vigorously pushed. The total number enlisted up to date and the Government's plans for the future are, of course, a secret; but, when figures are available, we believe that Canada will have contributed proportionately almost as well as the United Kingdom.

Financially, Canada has nothing to gain and everything to lose by her participation in the war. Had she refused to send a man, her commercial products would have been sought as readily by the Allies as they are to-day. In fact, Canadians feel some annoyance that large war-orders, which could be executed as well in Canada, are being placed in the United States. On the other hand, in addition to a large deficit in revenue, which she meets by a special war tax, the military burden voluntarily assumed by Canada will add to her national debt more than \$120,000,000 (24,000,000L) a year as long as the war lasts (more than \$15 a head per annum). The probability is that it will reach \$150,000,000 a year or more. This may seem small amount, but in a young country with a small population and the development of its railways, canals, harbors, industries, etc., just beginning, it is a serious matter. The capital required for the development of our Canadian West, for example, will not be forthcoming for years.

Canadians fully realize all this, but they are shouldering the burden without a complaint. They have been sobered by the horrors of the war and by the sacrifice of such large numbers of men. The Princess Patricia regiment was wiped out, its ranks filled and wiped out again. At Langemark, in April last, one-fifth of the First Contingent was lost in their first engagement. On May 15, the Western Ontario regiment went into action with 23 officers and 700 men. It returned with two officers and 250 men. Canada has already lost more men than England lost in the Crimean War, and the end is not yet in sight. Yet after a year to think about the matter, with losses in money and men out of all proportion to what she had anticipated, there are no regrets that the step was taken. The London (Ont.) *Advertiser*, in reply to some American papers which thought Canada ought to have remained neutral in order not to violate the Monroe Doctrine, said:

"We are under the impression that Canada's loyalty to the Empire was something so big, so obvious, that our taking part in this conflict would never be questioned. To a Canadian, to remain neutral



## McGregor of Ford

RECENTLY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS FROM ACROSS the line was standing on the sidewalk in one of our larger Canadian cities viewing a march past of some of our soldier boys. The Kilties were going by.

"How typically Canadian are the kilties," he remarked. "We, on our side of the big pond associate the Highland uniform as much with Canada as with Scotland. Why is it?"

The reply was to the effect that it was because the Scotch had contributed so largely to the settlement and upbuilding of the Dominion and so many Canadians of Scottish ancestry had made themselves worthy of high ranks in the history of Canada.

Among these Canadians of Scotch parentage who have won a place among Canada's great builders of industry we must reckon Gordon M. McGregor, of Ford, Ont.

About the year 1850 Mr. McGregor's grandparents set out from Glasgow, Scotland, to settle in what was then a new and faraway country—Canada.

A few years later we find them located at Sarnia, Ontario, where a son, William, was born.

When still a young man, William McGregor took a very active interest in the business and political life of the country and was elected a member of the Dominion Parliament, serving his country and his district well and faithfully for twenty years.

Gordon McGregor, about whom this is written, was the son of William McGregor, and was born at Windsor, Ont. As Gordon McGregor grew to manhood he capably assumed much of the business cares of his father.

William McGregor eventually became interested in the Walkerville Wagon Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, and, shortly after, his son, Gordon McGregor, was made manager of the firm. Here the son began to show that business foresight that has made him one of the prominent figures in the business world of Canada.

About this time an event took place in the carriage and wagon industry that caused the greatest concern. This was the advent and the establishment of the automobile as a practical vehicle.

Some dealers and builders were so alarmed that they thought their business would go to immediate rack and ruin and that the auto would supersede horse-drawn vehicles entirely. Others were cool-headed enough to see the advantages that this new industry afforded and governed themselves accordingly.

Among the latter was Gordon McGregor, who believed that he could successfully enter upon the business of manu-

facturing automobiles, and looked about him for wise methods of doing this.

He got in touch with many manufacturers and looked over many makes of cars. Finally, he decided on one make and effected arrangements for its production in this country. The car he chose was the Ford.

He then tried to induce some of his friends in Canada to invest in the project and encountered all the usual cold, disheartening difficulties attendant upon the organization of a new and untried proposition. If they could have but looked ten or eleven years ahead he would have had no worries over the organization of a company even double or quadruple the size.

No stock was offered for sale outside of the Dominion until all Canadians had been given an opportunity to subscribe.

Finally, in August, 1904, they organized the company with a capital of \$125,000.

Then came the difficulties of manufacture and for three years it was a constant struggle to win success.

But success came, and a greater success than the founders ever dreamed of—a success abounding in truly marvelous facts and figures.

And this is the story of Gordon McGregor, of Ford, Ontario, and of the establishment of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

To-day, half the population of four towns depend upon the Ford Company of Canada for their earnings. These are Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich.

The last census states that the average family consists of five persons. As there are over 3,000 employees in the towns mentioned above whose work is devoted to the manufacture of Ford cars, this official census figure shows that there are over 15,000 people that look to the Ford Company for their support. This does not include the nine cities in Canada in which Ford branches are established, which would add over 3,000 more.

And Ford employees are paid three times as well as the average, as shown by Government wage reports.

In April, 1915, a time when most Canadian manufacturers were following a policy of retrenchment, the present Ford schedule of wages was adopted, by which the company virtually handed to its employees £50.00 a month increased wages and reduced the working hours from nine to eight per day.

Surely this is a great boon to Canadian workmen and their families. It is a boon to Canadian merchants who benefit by the increased purchasing power of all these families. It is a boon to the entire country in time of war when living expenses are higher than ever before.

And these employees have responded in like measure to the Empire's need for her people's support, Ford City alone having made what is probably a record contribution to the Patriotic Fund of \$34 per capita.

More than 300 Ford employees have enlisted for overseas service, and the Company is spending thousands of dollars in moving pictures, which are offered free to assist in recruiting work all over the Dominion.

What an immense expression of confidence in the ultimate and unquestionable success of British Arms and the allied cause was this great wage increase!

But it was not the only evidence of the Ford Company's faith in the Empire.

Before the outbreak of hostilities the company decided to reduce the price of the car by \$60. When the war came upon us the company might well have been pardoned for withholding this reduction for a time. But they never even considered it! The reduction was made the same day war was declared.

And you can realize how real this confidence in the victorious prosperity of Canada was when you consider that the prices of Ford cars are set in accordance with the estimated production for the coming fiscal year and not by any means are they based on the profits of the preceding year.

\$62,000 has been spent on new buildings in Ford City since the war began.

Over \$1,000,000 has been spent on new buildings in four Canadian cities since war began, making a total expenditure for new buildings of approximately a million and three quarters.

\$1,000,000 has been spent in new equipment since war began. 900 men have been added to the pay roll since war began.

And if there is needed further proof of this company's absolute conviction in the progress and prosperity of the Dominion, it may be found in the fact that another \$60 reduction in the price of the car was made last August—making a total reduction of \$120.00 since war began.

This new price requires an output of 40,000 cars this year.

Then, too, the price of Ford parts has been reduced by \$147 per car—a reduction that means a big increased economy to Ford owners.

Such immense expenditures and price reductions as these are of the greatest benefit to the general welfare of the nation under existing conditions. They form one of the greatest possible influences towards boosting the prosperity of Canada.

Remember that all but \$16.88 worth of the material that goes into the construction of a Ford car is bought here in Canada—and it would all be bought here if it were possible to get it.

Truly the Ford is, after all, a Canadian Car, built by Canadians. Very few Canadian manufacturers are able to show such a support to Canadian Industry as this.

The Canadian Ford Company is basing this year's factory production plans on just double the business done last year.

They stake everything on the conviction that Canada is bound to prosper. They place all on the belief that Britain and her allies are bound to win.

McGregor, of Ford, and his Canadian associates may be pardoned for feeling proud of this record.

# Did You Read

Arthur Stringer's excoriation of the "Wild and Woolly" type of Canadian novels in the January "BOOKLOVER?"

Or the symposium of the six best novels in the English language with contributions by Six Noted Canadian authors?

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Editorial Survey of the World of Books,  
Special Features to Interest and Delight Booklovers.

Stringer's Article on  
**THE SIX WORST BOOKS**  
in the February Issue Will Create a Sensation!

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Send 25c to-day for full-sized tube of this fine Tooth Paste and free sample bottle of Corson's "Ideal Orchid" Perfume.

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When answering an advertisement in this paper, say you saw it in

MACLEAN'S

during an Empire-crisis such as exists to-day would be a monstrous thing."

Doubt as to the propriety of the step comes from without, not from within.

There is every indication that Canada is to-day in better fighting trim than a year ago, and that it has become a people's war.

In order to understand the Canadian attitude of mind which induces them to pour out their resources on foreign soil for the first time in their history, and to do it at a truly great sacrifice, we must know something about the transformation of Canadian national life in recent years. The past few decades had been the most prosperous in all Canadian history. At one stroke Canada gained faith in herself and became conscious of the marvellous possibilities of her future, when she would have become the granary of the Empire and taken her place beside the United States as one of the great nations of the world. She had passed from a local to an imperial consciousness; and, with her eyes on the future, she developed her natural resources, encouraged immigration, and promoted manufactures and trade. She built not navies, forts, and armies, but transcontinental railways, grain-elevators, factories, and working-men's houses, with the conviction that in the greater Empire that is to be these would play a vital part. She talked of imperial federation, encouraged preferential tariffs within the Empire, rejected reciprocity with the United States, re-elected also temporarily the Borden Government's plans for active participation in imperial defence. Whatever we may think of the solution she gave to these various problems, we must recognize that Canada was for the first time grappling seriously with imperial and world-wide interests. We have in them an indication of a new mental attitude on the part of the Canadian people, whose interests, once limited to purely local affairs, were now extended to the wider concerns of the Empire as a whole and of their own place in the world's future. Only the Canadian-born, or those well acquainted with the new national spirit through years of residence in Canada, can really understand the enthusiasm of the Canadian people as they turned their backs on the days of their apprenticeship and faced a future so full of the promise of national greatness.

Canada had at length become conscious of herself. Her internal prosperity and expansion had given her faith in her destiny. Her part in imperial affairs had broadened her horizon and set before her the ideal of a place to be filled in the British Empire, in which also she had unbounded faith. The first opportunity given for the expression of her new life and interest was the South African War. In the following years the various imperial conferences bound all parts of the Empire more closely together. The reciprocity campaign in 1911 drew the cords which bind her to the Mother-Land still tighter. And, in spite of its defeat in 1913, the Navy Bill was the most significant step, from an imperial standpoint, which Canada had taken in her history. It is only fair to Canada to say that the defeat of the bill gave to the world a false impression of the true Canadian position. All parties, even the Liberals, who opposed the bill, were unanimous in the conviction that Canada ought now, and to an increasing extent in the future, to bear her full share of the burden of imperial defence. The battle was fought over the means, not the end in view; and, before an

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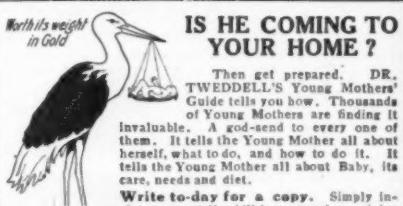
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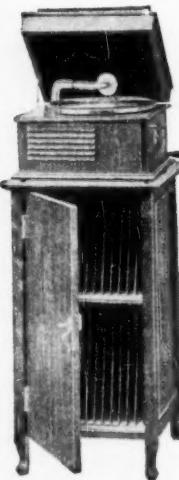
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agreement could be reached, the present war was upon us.

When it came, Canada had a wider vision, higher ideals, a more vital national life, a closer contact with the rest of the Empire than ever before. She was now in a position to feel at home in a world-enterprise. She could sympathize with Belgium, whose rights were so ruthlessly downtrodden, and feel no incongruity in sending her sons to die upholding them. Above all she was touched by the spectacle of Britain nobly struggling for peace, only at last to be dragged into a war that is not hers, with everything to lose and nothing to gain. Fifty or even twenty-five years ago Canada would have taken a passive interest and pursued her peaceful way. To-day she throws her soul into the conflict, because she is a different nation.

But we must go deeper than the new national, imperial and world-consciousness to find what is after all the mainspring of Canada's action. Indignation at the bleeding of Belgium, an insistence that the treaties of nations shall be scrupulously regarded, sympathy with the British struggle for democracy, a determination that might must not rule, the romantic desire for participation in world-enterprises—while all of these are determining factors, none of these alone, nor even all of them combined, is sufficient to account for Canada's sacrifice. The United States on the whole feels these emotions just as keenly as Canada does, yet she remains neutral. There is a more fundamental cause which ought to be the most obvious, yet is the most apt to be overlooked, namely—a devotion to British interests which results from Canada's long unbroken connexion with the Mother Country.

Canadians have felt for years that they depend for their national existence on Great Britain. For generations, whether right or wrong, there has been a widespread feeling in Canada that the various provinces would long ago have been absorbed as states in the American federation, were it not for their attachment to Great Britain. The feeling doubtless originated in the attack upon Canada during the American Revolution and in the attempted annexation in 1812-14, and has been fostered by the settlement of the various boundary disputes, in each of which Canada felt the United States took the lion's share. So late as 1903, intense resentment was felt throughout Canada on the occasion of the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute, the sting of which has, however, been largely forgotten in view of the long-standing friendship between the two peoples. This feeling of her own weakness, and the real or supposed danger of being overshadowed and finally absorbed by her great neighbor, drove Canada all the more closely to Great Britain. S. E. Moffet concludes his book, "The Americanization of Canada," with the words: "The English-speaking Canadians protest that they will never become Americans—they are already Americans without knowing it." While this may be true of such external things as dress and customs in general, it must not be applied to Canadian patriotism. In national sentiment Canadians are British to the core, and view with alarm anything which seems to encroach upon the ties which bind them to Great Britain.

Let the people of Great Britain have no misgivings; our centre of gravity lies within the Empire. However strong the feeling of friendship with any other na-



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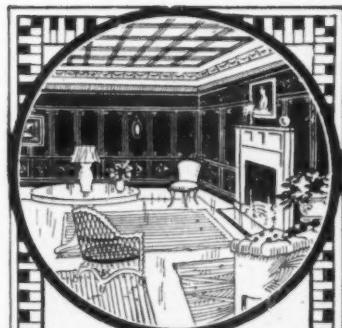
tion may become, that deeper love which grips the heart is reserved for only one—our Mother. For this, other nations must not blame us, for Great Britain has been immeasurably more to us than all others combined. On the other hand, the message of the reciprocity campaign is not that Canadians had any ill-will toward the United States. But it did show conclusively, that, if in time of peace the Canadian people could become so alarmed over a commercial treaty with a kindred people with whom they enjoyed an unbroken friendship of a hundred years, simply because in the dim future it might sever their British relations, thence henceforth the imperial tie was so strong that any danger threatening the Empire would call the Dominion to the support of Britain. The reciprocity campaign of 1911 was a forerunner of Canada's action in 1914.

The direct result, therefore, of the close attachment to Great Britain, ever since the days of Wolfe's victory at Quebec, and of Canada's dependence on the Mother-Country for protection during the formative period of her national life, has been to produce in Canada a British loyalty which can scarcely be excelled in the United Kingdom itself. A recent statement by one not himself a Canadian is significant:

"Every one who has known Canada must have been struck with the fact that Canadians are almost more British than the British themselves. The Canadian love for the British Empire has for years burned like a slow fire, making little heat and smoke to be sure, but only awaiting the draft of war to cause it to blaze into a fusing flame."

There are in Canada, of course, different groups with varying patriotic sentiments. There is a small Annexation group, whose voice is no longer heeded, and which is destined to an early death. Those who emphasize the weakness of the bond between Great Britain and Canada make capital out of the utterances of this group, which in reality does not express Canadian opinion at all. There is also a growing Nationalist group, especially strong among the French-Canadians. The watchword of this group is the development of Canada along Canadian lines. What needs emphasizing in this connexion is that one may be a Nationalist and yet be intensely loyal to Great Britain and the Empire. There is, thirdly, a considerable body of new-comers not yet fully Canadianized; but we have faith that they will make good loyal Canadian citizens, as millions of immigrants have been Americanized across the border. Finally, there is the main body of the population, which is British-Canadian through and through. Contrary to a wide-spread opinion that this group is composed almost exclusively of English-speaking Canadians, it is a fact that it contains a large number of French-Canadians. Too many writers forget that they too can appreciate and respond to the privileges granted them under British rule.

On the whole, therefore, there is in Canada to-day, and has been for years, a filial love for the Mother Country, an admiration for all things British, a glory in the Empire, and a devoted loyalty, all of which are being embodied in Canada's present contributions to the war. This devotion to the British cause may not always be apparent on the surface. Only those who know the inner Canadian spirit can truly appreciate it. To the German it is almost incomprehensible. The Amer-



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ican, or the Englishman even, who merely tours Canada for a year, can have little conception of it.

Great Britain has handed over to us full control of our own internal affairs, even the disposition of our military forces—a thing Germany certainly would not have done. She has allowed us to develop our own institutions according to our natural inclinations, without forcing upon us the English stamp. To the German charges that Britain is avaricious and guided by sordid mercenary motives, all we Canadians can answer is that we know nothing about it. Our country has vast stores of great undeveloped natural resources awaiting captains of industry to turn them into money, yet our rich farms, mines, forests and fisheries have never been exploited by the English. Our preferential tariffs have been made by ourselves without English solicitation. During all these years, while we have gone our own way politically and commercially, the British navy protected our commerce to the ends of the earth, and for that protection we paid not one dollar.

After a century and a half of British rule, we silently point to the Canadian graves in Flanders. Surely we are not hypnotized fools! No, but as an expression of our appreciation of the goodness of a Mother who has erred, if at all, on the side of leniency, Canadians are going to the front and they will continue to go. They go because it is the only honorable course to take in view of their present happy position

in the Empire. But above all, they go because their filial love is so strong that they would regard it as a monstrous neglect of duty to stand aside and complacently look on while the Mother-Country fights for her life. In the last analysis they go because Britain is at war, and because their interests are one with those of the Empire.

**The Unburied Hatchet**

*Continued from page 9*

The schoolmaster ceased. His eyes were very wide open. The schoolhouse had disappeared and he was staring straight into that nobler life for which so many years he had been training his pupils. The younger Willow sat sphinx-like, brooding on the petticoat promised so many years ago.

But Joseph Willow nodded approvingly as in the body of the hall young men got up and came silently forward. The new war trail was glimmering before them. In older days the Mohawk prisoner amongst the Iroquois might speed down a lane of fire, and, reaching his blistered goal, could fight for freedom. It was England now that passed through the flaming ordeal. Should she pass alone? On the faith of the Mohawk, she must!

Now this is the tale of the recruiting in Ohsweken, as it might have been heard by a man with his ear to the door.

## The Only Way to Lasting Peace

*The Germans Must Be Educated by Defeat to Different Ideals*

**A**T the back of everyone's mind all the time is the longing for peace. No true Briton wants peace until the war has been prosecuted to the point where future peace can be assured but the great desire for the end of hostilities is the uppermost thought. It is natural, therefore, that the question debated the world over with the greatest earnestness is how a lasting peace can be attained—on what terms the war can be ended to prevent a further recurrence of the horrors of war. A striking article on the subject is contributed by A. Shadwell to the *Nineteenth Century* under the title "The Only Way to Lasting Peace." His first promise is that the war can be ended satisfactorily only by fighting it out to a conclusion. On this point he says:

The war cannot be ended by negotiation or compromise, because no treaty of peace concluded with Germany would be worth the paper it is written on. A nominal agreement might conceivably be reached which would permit a cessation of hostilities; but not a single nation would have the smallest faith in it, and everyone would immediately prepare for a renewal of war. I do not mean only those which are now fighting, but neutral countries too. None of them trusts Germany now. Those nearest to her are armed to the teeth and anxiously watching their frontiers day and night, because they know that their neutrality would be violated to-morrow if the Germans thought they could violate it with advantage. A neutral observer, who has recently studied the feeling in Switzerland, says that even the German-Swiss, who are sympathetic to Germany, do not trust her (*The Times*, December 17). When a man of business repudiates his obligations nobody trusts him again; his credit is gone. Germany is in that position and much worse. She is like a man who has not only dishonored his own signature but justifies that conduct on principle. How can anyone trust him? With the best will in the world it is impossible. The other nations might try to believe in Germany's good faith, but they could not. Her own allies could not. They do not now. They try, but they have no confidence; only hopes alternating with fears.

The policy of Germany is outlined succinctly. The details as given are pretty generally acknowledged to be accurate, even by German writers and confirmation is supplied by the recent developments in the Balkans.

Nobody will hear of surrender—not even the pacifists—but the danger is that it may be so wrapped up as to look like something else. That is indeed what the Germans are seeking and the pacifists are helping them to secure. What we have to realize here is that the Germans have not abated a jot of their ultimate aims, but rather the contrary. The original purpose was to proceed by steps on the traditional plan; to knock out France, hold Russia in, consolidate the Central Powers under German hegemony, extend

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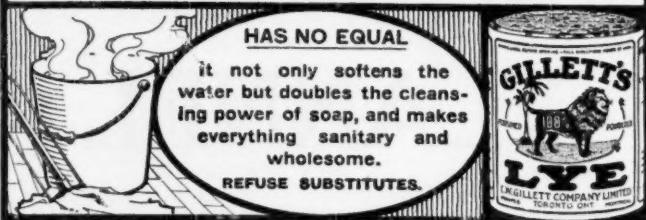
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the *bloc* north and south, gain new naval bases, so as to command the North Sea, the Channel, and the Mediterranean, while pushing East by land, with the aid of Turkey, towards Persia and Egypt. All this was preparatory to the final step, which was seizure of the command of the sea and the subjection of Great Britain. Our entry into the war spoiled it right off at the start; but it was too late for Germany to withdraw then, and the attempt was made to take the whole programme in one.

The first item was to take Paris and crush France. Sweeping through Belgium did not count as an item. It was taken as a mere preliminary and a matter of course; but the calculation went wrong at Liège and the error altered the whole course of the war. The man who beat the Germans was General Leman. The advance on Paris failed and six weeks after the beginning of the war the first peace kites were sent up by Germany. People have perhaps forgotten it, but the suggestion was put about that the war should be declared off and called a draw. The object was obvious. It was to retreat for another spring under more favorable conditions. The bait was not taken and ever since then the aim of Germany's higher policy has been to bring this war to an end with as little loss and as much advantage in hand as possible in order to prepare for the next.

Turning to the questions immediately concerned with the making of peace, he says:

There is, of course, a great deal of difference between negotiating in the present state of the war and at a later stage, when the enemy are in a worse position, as we all believe and expect; but the difference is merely one of relative circumstances and does not touch the vital point. Any terms arranged with Germany as she is, whether now or later, are open to the objection raised at the beginning of this article, that it would be impossible to rely on their observance. Peace would only be an armistice devoted to further warlike preparation, with an embittered and ruinous trade war to fill up the interval. If it be argued, as some argue, that Germany must be so weakened or crushed or kept under that she could not begin again, the reply is two fold—(1) that this would be adopting the German policy and methods, which are precisely what we are fighting against; (2) that it is impossible to practice. All history proves that the attempt to keep a nation in a state of permanent subjection or enforced disability is an unfailing source of trouble and eventually unsuccessful. That is the case even with small, weak, and backward peoples. The mere idea of applying it to a nation so large, energetic, capable, and proud as the Germans is equally silly and base. The more they were kept down the more certainly would they spring up. There is no lasting peace to be got by that road.

What, then, is to be done? If we can neither trust nor compel Germany to keep the peace, what hope is there for the future? The answer to this lies in the meaning attached to the word 'Germany.' The Germany that nobody can trust is the Germany that has revealed herself in this war, the Germany that acknowledges no law or obligation but her own interests, the Germany that tears up treaties, murders non-combatants and neutrals wholesale, plots arson and outrages and crimes of violence in neutral (that is friendly) countries, that maltreats prisoners of war

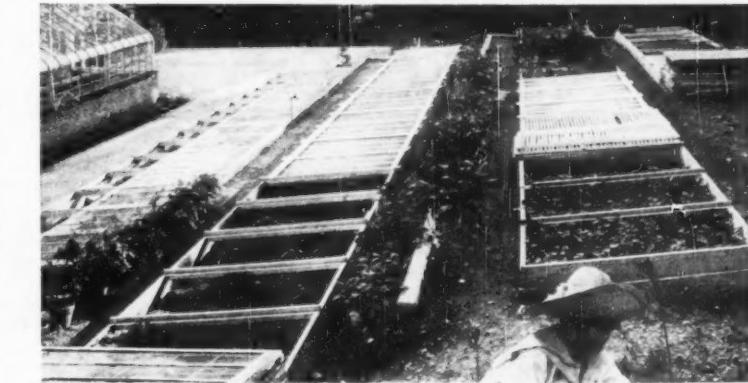
and violates even the few strict rules of warfare unconditionally laid down in its own cynical war-book, which allows almost everything by way of exception under the plea of necessity. So long as that Germany remains on that moral plane and in that state of mind, there can be no real peace, and to negotiate with her, whether early or late, is to lose the war in effect, if not in appearance.

The only way to win it is to convert that Germany into a different one, and the way to do that is to convince the German people that they have been worshipping false gods and following lying prophets. They must come to their senses of themselves and throw their own gods into the fire. They will do it when their gods fail them and they find that the worship they have been taught brings disaster.

But this involves a tremendous task, which will not be achieved unless its nature and magnitude are clearly realized. The Germans will not abandon the beliefs and principles in which two generations have been bred and systematically trained until they are reduced to desperation, because they are not the people to fashion new ones and change quickly. They are, more than any other, the creatures of drill and habit, and unable to adapt themselves to new conditions. And let there be no mistake; it is the German people who have to be convinced. All the talk about the Kaiser or the Junkers or the Military Party, as though they were separate from the general body of the people, is shallow and ignorant. When German writers declare that people and army are one they say no more than the truth. Certainly the Kaiser is officially responsible for the war, and the military interests were most urgent in pressing it; but he is the German Kaiser and must lead his people. That he led them whether they would go is convincingly proved by the sequel. Never popular before, he at once became so on declaring war, and he is now idolized because he has stuck manfully to it. He shares the affection of the people with von Hindenburg, who is the most successful warrior they have. The Crown Prince of Prussia, who was a popular idol when he led the military party, has fallen from that high estate because he has failed as a soldier and made a discreditable exhibition of himself. The people are arrogant and bellicose, and they turn to the men in high position who best serve their mood.

It is possible that the doctrine of German supremacy, however flattering to exalted persons, would not have gained much hold on the people at large if it had not been accompanied and confirmed by the great increase of wealth and material prosperity which has been the pride of Germany in recent years. It is the tangible evidence of German super-merit and a convincing demonstration of the excellence of the existing order under which it has been attained. It has reconciled the German people as a whole to Prussian domination and Prussian policy.

That policy brought them to war—war which was hailed with delight as another opportunity to prove their superlative merit and another step on the road to their destined greatness. It really matters very little for the purpose of the present argument whether the war is called offensive or defensive. In either case it was to be a great triumph for German arms, a demonstration of their superiority and a vindication of those



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claims to lead the world which have been so assiduously instilled into their minds. Above all it was to increase riches and honor and power, as a recompense for the effort and sacrifice involved. So far they have been broadly confirmed in their convictions. There have been some disappointments and disillusionments, particularly in regard to the prolongation of the conflict; but on the whole they are very well satisfied with themselves, and rather strengthened than weakened in their devotion to the existing order and their belief in its virtue. Nor is this due in any great measure to deception about the true state of things. Their authorities and newspapers do suppress some things and color others and that helps to swell their satisfaction; but the impression I have gained from a fairly attentive study is that the German war news is at least as full and accurate as any other.

It can, in truth, afford to be; for their military situation has enormously improved, at least on the map, during the past year. So long as they go on making progress somewhere there is always good news, and the failures, the balked plans and unfinished enterprises left behind in other quarters are easily forgotten. The upshot is that so far we have made no progress towards converting them from the worship of their idols, but rather the contrary. One point must be excepted, and it is of considerable importance. They have been converted—at least the military people have—from contempt to respect for the soldiers of the Allies and particularly for ours, who were the most despised. That is a good beginning, for German arrogance rests on the basis of belief in their immeasurable fighting superiority. They still, apparently, ridicule our Navy, although the mastery of the German submarines is by far the greatest achievement of the war up to now. It is a wholly new development, an emergency met by the ingenuity, resourcefulness and energy of our naval men, who have proved fully equal to the great traditions of their calling. But the Germans seem to have been kept in the dark about it.

We respect for our soldiers is a beginning; but we have evidently a very long way to travel before we convince them that they have followed false teaching and imagined a vain thing, that they are not demigods with a mission to set the world right and force their Kultur upon other nations. They regard the war as already won, and, in a sense, it is—so far. The original plan of campaign broke down, it is true; but they have thrust the enemy far back, occupied enormous stretches of his territories, and subjugated Serbia, which was the primary object. No wonder they are exalted in their own eyes. Any other people in their place would be. To reverse all that will demand the utmost effort and determination that we can bring to bear. It will not be done by assuring ourselves—in words—that the Germans are already beaten, and nonsense of that kind, but by realizing the magnitude of the task and formulating the elements necessary for its accomplishment.

The German successes are due to three main factors: (1) preparation; (2) unity of direction; (3) confusion, vacillation, and incompetence on our side. With regard to the first, we have now had time to make good our backwardness and have, I believe, substantially done so. We have turned the corner and are immeasurably stronger than a year ago. About the third I will only say that the weakness

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seems to be recognized at last and that attempts are being made to remedy it; but we cannot achieve the unity of direction exercised on the other side. The single will mentioned at the beginning of the article has been an asset of incalculable value to the enemy. It is embodied in the German Kaiser, but behind him is the united will of the German people. That is their great strength, and so long as it remains there can be no possibility of peace, because they will still be of the same mind. The neutral observer mentioned above, who has been touring in Germany for some months, and lately contributed his impressions to *The Times*, dealt with this point in a very informing article published on the 11th of December, and emphasized the fact that German unity of opinion is still absolute. When that unity begins to crack we shall have the first sign of the conversion which must precede a real peace. *It can only come by an internal break-up in Germany itself*, which will be the prelude to a new order; and the process will begin with Austria. It will happen if we stick to the task and put all the strength and endurance we have into it; but not otherwise. The alternative is the peace by bargaining with the old Germany, which can be no peace, whatever professions her rulers may make.

### Life Saving Garments

Among life saving garments which have attracted attention as the inevitable consequence of certain marine disasters, both mercantile and naval, the waistcoat which depends upon air as the buoyant medium appears to have received the greatest heed of appreciation. So far as the men engaged in mine-sweeping are concerned, the authorities have insisted upon every man being provided with a life-saving collar, which must be worn constantly. At the moment of danger this collar can be inflated by merely blowing it out with the mouth, and sufficient support is offered to ensure the head being kept above the water. But the life-saving waistcoat is maintained to be preferable both by officers and men. It resembles an ordinary waistcoat, fulfilling all the requirements of that garment, but with the additional advantage that when a crisis develops it can be blown out speedily and easily by the mouth. Full inflation is possible within twenty seconds, and it enables the head and shoulders to be kept above the water for an indefinite period. Moreover, the buoyancy is not only adequate for the support of the wearer, but it will sustain one or two others clinging to him if necessary. This life-saving device has established its possibilities very conclusively in connection with the naval disasters which we have suffered in the waters washing the Gallipoli Peninsula. The fact that it can be worn constantly in the usual manner, and without causing the slightest inconvenience, combined with the circumstance that it can be brought into action so readily, has appealed to the men manning our ships, who realize that therewith they have a fighting chance for their lives if their ship is sunk beneath them.



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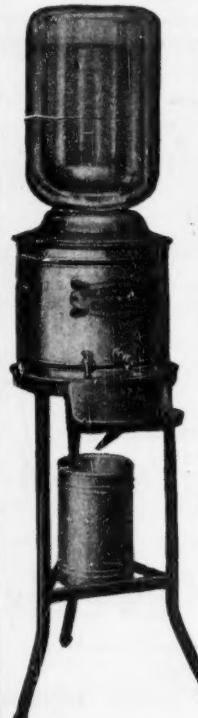
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## Making the Employee Comfortable

*Continued from page 35*

which they can rent or buy extraordinarily cheaply. But we are more concerned with what is done in the leisure hour during the actual working day. Here, in an evergrowing number of cases, lunch-rooms are provided, one for women and another for men. Adequate arrangements and what, years ago, would have been elaborate arrangements are made for the workers to remove the dust and grime of their toil before going home: some lavatories in factories are expensive, modern and many in number. Clean towels are always there—it is someone's work to see that they are there. A perfectly right condition, you say? True, but consider that a few years ago, right or not right, it did not exist. Elevator facilities are provided. There was a time, and not long ago, either, when the elevator was only for the visitor, the prospective buyer, and when the only employees who used it were office employees. Not so now. An increasing number of factories have elevators for their work-people. They do not have to trudge up three or four flights of stairs. Their clothes, too, are not thrown about anywhere. The modern manufacturer provides some locker, some niche or corner, where the worker can hang hat and coat, some space peculiarly the worker's own. These all may be little things, but they are straws which show which way the wind blows. It blows in the direction of "Provide for the Worker."

**P**ROBABLY in stores this latter-day development is brought to a supreme point of excellence. The number of stores, large and small, which take care of their employees during the hour between morning and afternoon grows rapidly every year. Particularly is this so with regard to the woman-worker. Nor have we in Canada a great deal to learn from the folks across the border in this regard.

I had the opportunity recently of looking over, in detail, the various and many conveniences and comforts provided for the salespeople and clerks in one of our biggest stores. I saw, for instance, hospital, perennially equipped with ten beds, and capable of accommodating more. The room was large and high. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean. The bedlinen was beautifully white, renewed every day. The floor was covered with some dust-proof material. The walls were finished in restful covering. A bath-chair was on hand for anyone, who, seriously hurt, was in a state of convalescence. Full medicinal assistance, in a series of neat bottles, stood ready to hand. Indeed, everything, from the quietude and rest in the atmosphere to the cool and capable nurse in charge, showed the trouble and expense to which the firm had gone in



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order to fit itself for the care of any employee, whether the matter was a headache or a broken leg. Advice and medicine are provided, at any hour of the day, for the needy. The nurse is in a position to look after the patient, to give him or her relief and guidance for the avoidance of the malady in future.

"This," said I to my guide, "must cost something to keep going."

He nodded. "Several thousand of dollars a year. But it is worth while. We want sound, healthy people here. And we do our best to keep them so ourselves."

**W**E progressed, by an iron and fire-proof staircase, to one of the wash-rooms. I beheld a plentitude of marble on walls and in wash-bowls and so on; a scrupulously clean floor; an abundance of soap and towels; bright, shining taps, and—a man whose duty it was to maintain these things perpetually as I saw them. Half a dozen of these rooms were scattered up and down the building.

Down by an elevator ("If the men and women are here at their proper time in the morning they use this elevator to go to their particular floor," said my guide) to see the apparatus by which pure, clean water was circulated throughout the store, alike for employees and public to drink. There was a machine which boiled and sterilized the water and another machine which made it normally cold again, and a bewildering series of pipes, each a channel to somewhere in the big building where this good water was carried.

The rest room was verily a rest room. Lots of comfortable chairs were there, and tables for sewing or writing or reading were scattered up and down the big area. In one corner I noticed an extended chair, with a foot-rest—almost a lounge. It was the only one of its kind.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"The girls now and then want to stretch their legs," replied my guide. "Mr. Z—is experimenting with this kind of chair. If the girls like it we shall use it universally."

He drew my attention to the library in the corner, the books of which, good and wholesome, and extending from Mrs. Humphrey Ward to Chambers' Encyclopaedia, were well-thumbed; showing that they were appreciated.

"These pictures on the wall," I was told, "are of different athletic and outing events we have had in connection with the store. We have all manner of clubs."

Most impressive of all was the big lunch-room. This was a high room with an area of 20,000 square feet, and a seating capacity of twelve hundred and ninety. I beheld, astonished, the clean composite tables, each for four people, the bright counters and general air of cleanliness and light. The lunch-room was run along cafeteria lines.

"Each of these tables cost us \$17.50," said my guide. "These aluminum trays, much the best for this kind of thing, cost \$1.35 apiece."

The kitchen was similar to one in a hotel. Everything was sedulously clean. The big vats for soup, the meat cookers

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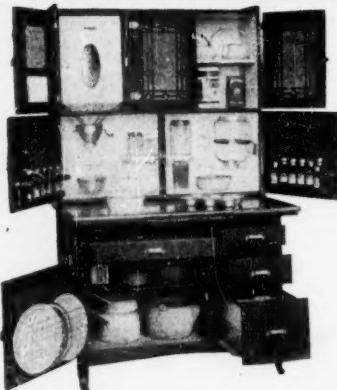


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I was astonished at the excellence of the food, and even more so at its cheapness. Meat, potatoes and bread for eleven cents: a full course meal for sixteen. Some samples of the food were set before me, and country sausage never tasted better!

"All the meat is bought from the meat department in the store," I was told. "And the same applies to the vegetables and fruits. The employees know that they are getting for a third of what it would cost them elsewhere a meal which is ample, nourishing and varied in choice."

"Does it pay?" I asked.

"Well, as we are not charged rent for the space, it just does. But barely," was the answer. "It pays, however, when you take into consideration that we know the work-people who are served here have food which will sustain them during the afternoon's work. In days when employers did not bother so much about the welfare of the worker, he or she was able to go and get an ice cream sundae for lunch, and then, obviously, they could not do the work demanded of them afterwards. But we provide a satisfying lunch, under excellent conditions, at cost price. We have rest rooms and books to read afterwards. In fact, we try to realize, for each employee, *mens sana in corpore sano*. And we reckon we more than break even in the better work and more of it that we are able to get from our employees."

As a postscript, one may add, however, that all these excellent conditions are by no means universal. While the number of employers who are far-seeing in their care of employees is, as I have said, a growing number, there is still a long way to go before Canada, from coast to coast, is a business country of thoughtful employers and comfortable employees. One might, if there were time, quote just as many instances in support of the thesis that employers do not take sufficient pains to give the worker the utmost in comfort. Sweatshop conditions are not unknown in the Land of the Maple Leaf. Some employers have still more of the taskmaster than anything else in them, and bricks are still often demanded without straw.

Nevertheless, the seed of this better state is planted, and is rapidly increasing its yield from thirty-fold to sixty-fold. With examples that we have discussed to go by, the day grows nearer when that yield shall be an hundred-fold.

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## The Frost Girl

*Continued from page 32*

equal effectiveness shut the girl off from everything except her work and the books which filled the space between the windows. It had built a wall about her as strong as that about a convent, but as stifling, as much a barrier to her as to those without.

Allan knew he had penetrated this wall, that he had been accepted not only because he was new, unusual, but because she liked and trusted him. He did not assume any more. Even her resting her hand in his was the act of a child that stands spellbound before the cages in a menagerie. And, as he dropped off to sleep, his last thought was that to him had been given the keeping of something wonderful and beautiful and noble; that he must be worthy of it.

### CHAPTER XIII

"By April First"

THE second day passed as the first, Hertha unfolding new phases of her character, Allan marveling at the strange, new, delightful sensation. Several times he was on the point of speaking, of asking that which he desired most to know, but each time he hesitated, remained silent before the knowledge that, in many ways, this girl was no more than a child; that to her he was still only a young white man who was unaccountably honest and decent.

The third morning the storm had abated somewhat, though snow still fell and the wind was very cold. After breakfast Hertha went to the store, leaving Allan before the bookshelves. She had said that she would bring some writing paper that he might get a letter off to his mother before his return to the head of the survey.

The minutes slipped by and she did not return. After an hour Allan, confined for so long to the four cabin walls, went to the door and opened it. There were no windows on the side facing the store and, as he stood on the threshold, he saw the other building dimly through the driving snow.

Suddenly the store door opened and a man stepped out. Allan could not distinguish the features as he peered through the storm, but of one thing he was certain. The stranger carried his left arm in a sling.

For a moment he stood there, looking down toward the river. Then he turned and disappeared behind the building.

Allan went back to the warm stove. Suddenly all the joy and beauty of this enforced visit with Hertha vanished. The cabin seemed to be only a bare, dreary place, not an enchanted room. The storm became an exasperating jailer not a welcome guardian. For Allan knew that he had broken the left arm



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of the man with whom he had fought in the forest as the blizzard began.

He did not look up when Hertha entered a few minutes later. For a while he pondered over his course. Then, because he could not restrain the question, he asked:

"Did you have a customer to-day?"

"No one came," answered Hertha without hesitation.

"I thought I saw someone leave the store."

"That was Me-mi-je-is, who works for me."

"That big Indian I saw here last fall?" asked Allan in surprise. No wonder the battle had nearly gone against him. The man was a cat-like giant.

"Yes," answered Hertha as she filled the stove with wood. "He has just come back from his father's for medicine. His father is very ill. I would go, but there would be no use."

Allan, his fears confirmed, gazed at the stove without looking up. It had been Hertha's Indian he had met and conquered. It had been Hertha's Indian who had attempted to poison the dogs, who had undoubtedly poisoned the others, as Hughey had discovered. And the thought came to him as a shock that straightened him in his seat and caused a startled glance toward the girl—could it have been Hertha and her dog team who had borne him away?

"Here is the paper," said Hertha, laying a pad on the table. "And here are envelopes and pen and ink. I will be busy in the kitchen for a while and you can write to your mother."

ALLAN sat down at the table and opened the tablet without seeing it. Long before he had dismissed as impossible the idea that Hertha could be the agent of the National people. The last few days had made such a thing unthinkable. Yet there was her Indian with a broken arm. He looked down at the paper.

The next instant he was holding it close to the window, looking at it carefully. Frightened by what he saw, he turned quickly toward the kitchen door to see if Hertha were watching. There could be no mistake. The paper was the same as that on which the forged note, signed with Hughey's name, had been written.

Allan did not write his letter. For a long time he sat looking out of the window. At last Hertha came into the room. She did not go near him but took up some sewing. After a while Allan turned and faced her.

"Hertha," he began, trying to speak evenly so as not to arouse suspicion, "do you sell writing paper like this at the store?"

"I keep it to sell," she laughed, "but it is seldom that any one wants it. It isn't once a year that it is asked for."

"Then I can buy this?"

"Of course."

Allan turned back to the window. Someone else might have written that note, then. Someone might have bought the paper at her store. But the man with an arm in a sling? He began to write, and when he had finished a letter

to his mother, he turned again to Hertha.

"Was your Indian hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered instantly, "one of his father's dogs tore his arm. I dressed it for him."

Allan became instantly gay again. His heart overruled his head, and he took a seat on the other side of the stove. He knew he could not be wrong in her. He was angry with himself for having suspected her. The girl who had been his nurse and comrade would not, could not, be the agent of the people who sought to ruin his work. The reason she had given for refusing to sell food to him had been the real reason, and it had been the false base upon which all his suspicions had rested.

BUT there was not a resumption of the conversation he had found so delightful. Hardly had he taken his seat before there was a knock at the door. Hertha arose quickly and threw it open to admit a snow-plastered figure.

Mr. Hardisty!" she cried in astonishment. "Have you been traveling in this storm?"

"Yes," he answered as he stamped and brushed the snow from his clothing. Then he caught sight of Allan and added. "When my work calls I cannot let the elements stand in the way. I am sure that He whose servant I am would not stop for a blizzard."

"It is foolish just the same!" declared Hertha, indignantly. "No one travels in such weather unless he has to."

"That is it, my dear young woman. I have to. How do you do, sir?" he added, walking toward Allan and extending a hand.

"This is Mr. Baird," said Hertha. "He is in charge of the survey for the railroad. Mr. Hardisty is a missionary who has come to work among the Indians."

"I think we have met before under more trying circumstances," said Hardisty, shaking hands with Allan and studying his face. "You were brave that night, sir, but reckless."

"You've got to be—well, reckless to handle that sort," retorted Allan.

He found that his dislike for the missionary still persisted. He resented the latter's attitude toward Hertha and, like many another red-blooded, care-free youth, he did not think much of a man who devoted his life to "interfering with other people's business," as he had once put it.

"I am very glad to meet you again," continued Hardisty, ignoring Allan's answer. "And I am glad to find you working in this country. It makes it much easier for me, for you will undoubtedly keep the trail open all winter, will you not?"

"We will," replied Allan somewhat defiantly.

"I am glad to hear it, for I find it of great use to me in my work. Where are you camped now?"

"About fifty miles down the river."

"I may impose upon your hospitality some night."

"Sure. Any time you are near us come over."

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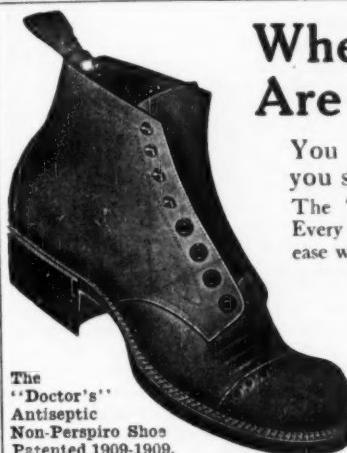


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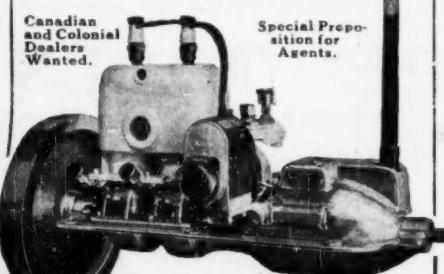
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IT was a trying evening for Allan. Hardisty did much of the talking, telling Hertha of the Indian trappers he had visited in the previous week, or his work among them. The girl was deeply interested, and Allan gathered that they were co-operating to a certain extent. Later Hardisty confirmed this when he turned to the engineer and said:

"Miss MacLure and I have a new idea in Indian mission work. We hope to accomplish great things by it."

Allan merely nodded. He did not have the spirit to comment. Hertha seemed to have forgotten him. Hardisty took his own position in her home for granted. Allan felt strangely out of accord with them and, because of what he had enjoyed before, his dejection was the greater.

The next morning he bid Hertha good bye, and with new snowshoes, rabbit-skin blanket and a little food, started on his return to camp. As she stood in the door in the darkness and took his extended hand he realized what the parting meant. He would not see her again till March, and then he would be making all speed for the railroad.

"Hertha!" he exclaimed impetuously. "I'm coming back. You won't forget, will you?"

"No," she said. "I wish you would come back soon."

"But I can't until my work is done. Maybe you don't understand, but I've given my word it will be done, and it's got to be."

"You mean you promised to finish the survey before April first?"

"Yes, and I'm going to. I'd like to come back before then but, you see, I can't. In the spring, when the work's finished, I'm coming."

"Yes," replied Hertha absently. "Yes, I wish you would come again. Good bye."

She went inside and closed the door and Allan, in the darkness, went down the bank to the river and began the long, weary, plodding-journey to camp. After half a mile he stopped suddenly.

"She asked me if I had promised to finish it by April first," he said half aloud. "How did she know that? I never spoke of it."

And then, his spirit heavier than the snow-laden webs on his feet, his heart as cold as the wind that beat against him, he went on. After a while he began to think clearly, tried to reason logically. He reviewed everything he had seen, everything he had heard. He weighed this against that, and at length he reached two decisions. He loved Hertha MacLure, and she was the agent of the National people.

He confronted the two facts squarely. They left two courses open to him. And instantly he chose the one that took him on to the head of the survey and a renewal of the fight.

## CHAPTER XIV

### Christmas Eve.

ALLAN reached his camp in the afternoon of the second day. He was tired from the fifty miles of trail-break-

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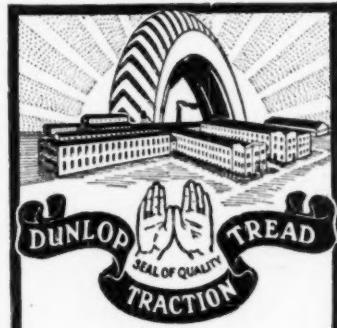
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ing, but he did not even sit down when he had slipped off his snowshoes.

"When did you move?" he asked the cook as he got a cup of tea and a lunch.

"Three days ago."

"Not in that storm!" exclaimed Allan.

"Sure. It'll take more than a blizzard to stop this outfit. They haven't missed a minute since you left."

Allan's heart had been heavy, but it warmed instantly toward the rough, hard set of men who were out on the line. He knew what it meant, surveying in that sort of weather, the difficulties, the hardships, the annoyances of frozen instruments and snow-covered lenses.

"There's one day next week when they won't work, cook," he said at last. "See that box over there? It's got half a dozen plum puddings, some candy and a few other things you'll know how to use. Open it up when you're ready and lay yourself out. If you need any help let me know. We'll give them a real feast Christmas day."

"No glass goods?"

"I've got those where they're safe," laughed Allan. "Where's Hughey?"

"Coming down the trail now," was the answer, and the cook pointed to a long line of dogs and men galloping toward camp. "I'll bet they've had a rough time of it, breaking trail both ways in that storm. The men kicked on going out the morning after you left, but Old Hughey drove them to it. They've built the cache and now they're back."

*To be continued.*

## A Task Ahead of Canada

*Continued from page 26*

land," is not regarded as applicable to more than a small portion of the of the returning soldiers, inasmuch as of future vocation will take its cue from past experience and prejudice. On the other hand, many who have observed the men in the trenches assert that the open-air existence to which millions have been introduced through military necessity will make numbers of them discontent to resume the cramped ways of town and city.

RATHER than follow to their full length the more or less tentative plans under discussion and trial in Canada for re-training the injured soldier to the maximum of his usefulness, let us look to the success of similar experiments in other lands, for from those quarters our procedure will be liberally drafted.

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**TRY A CLASSIFIED AD.** IN THIS PAPER

"Our blind men here use ordinary gardening tools. The only special appliance they have is a narrow board, about six feet long, with large notches at intervals of a foot, and smaller ones at intervals of three inches. This acts as a guide for the spade or fork, when they are digging and enables them to put in plants and vegetables straight and at regular intervals. We also use a knotted string for this purpose. Some men prefer the board and some the string."

The blind, of course, are only one department of the problem. Disabilities, almost as severe, call for treatment quite as patient and tender and intelligent. In this great undertaking, called by the pedagogics, "functional re-adaptation," the Belgians, strange to say, are leading the world. Before the war began, the Government of that country had established a professional school at which disabled laborers were taught new trades. This was connected directly with the Labor College at Charleroi, where 1,500 men were in attendance, not to become superintendents or foremen, but skilled workmen. On the basis of the special educational skill so acquired, the Belgian Government established a school at Rouen, France, at the end of 1914 for disabled soldiers, and many other schools similarly patterned have been brought into being by the French Government under Belgian directors.

"They proceed from the standpoint," says a writer in the *Welsh Outlook*, "that it is the duty of a community not to allow any of its disabled soldiers who return home, after having been discharged, without the means of again participating in a complete and normal life."

The trades into which the disabled man is encouraged to enter are clerk, shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, bookbinder, vegetable grower, florist, harnessmaker, cane-worker, jeweler, brushmaker, and similar lines where physical disability would not completely embarrass a man's usefulness. Bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting and allied occupation have a special appeal to the invalided soldier and even commercial travelling has been taken up with remarkable aptitude that augurs success.

In the Lyons school it has been observed how little the former profession influences the choice of a new trade and with what amazing ease the pupils take up their new instruction. Among the pupils learning bookkeeping, there are a pork butcher, a cabinet maker, two masons, a plumber, a wine grower, two engineers. It is the same in all the other classes. Moreover, the right kind of coaching will turn a mason into a masseur quicker than most folks credit.

THE question has probably already occurred to the reader: "What of the wives and families of the disabled man during all this patient tutoring for a new occupation?"

That difficulty has not been overlooked by the National Hospitals Commission of Canada. The support of the families of these regiments of adult pupils cannot be assumed by the Federal or any other Gov-

ernment. A moment's consideration will prove how involved and stubborn and loaded down with mischievous possibilities would be a Government assumption of the maintenance of these soldiers' dependents. There will be many soldiers so eager for employment that they will gladly take up technical training and struggle hard to take their places again in the ranks of the productive. There will be others too indolent or indifferent to apply themselves and looking to the Government for life-long assistance. It would be manifestly unfair to ask the nation to support the family of the second man indefinitely beyond the amount of his pension, although it would be decidedly reasonable to give the first man a helping hand until his ambition and energy place him above all financial needs. But were there a fund for family assistance to soldiers attending the technical schools maintained by the Government of Province or Dominion, discrimination between two applicant citizens would be impossible. Both the worthy and the half-worthy man would be treated equally and an enormous additional burden shouldered upon the country. Recognizing these facts, the Government decided to make the Disablement Fund, as it is called, a matter of public contribution and non-political administration. In this way the philanthropy of Canadian citizens will have a new and inviting goal, the families of the deserving pensioners will be helped materially during the period of vocational re-training, and an irritating possibility removed from the field of politics.

AND what of the attitude of the disabled soldiers themselves towards this sudden scheme of putting them through a scholastic mill? May I reply that in the words of Mr. J. Varendonck, late lecturer at the Padiological Faculty, Brussels, Belgium, who has made a close study of this great war problem:

"A circumstance which struck me very much in the different schools which I inspected (in France) was the state of mind of the pupils. They were all of them spirited, lively and courageous, full of energy and hope and zealous beyond praise.

"The men did not seem aware of their infirmity and did not share the involuntary emotion which overcame their visitors at the sight of the moving spectacle. The headmasters then told me how entirely different their attitude was when they had first seen them at the convalescent depots before their arrival at the schools; then they were depressed, troubling about what would become of them after they were discharged. They now felt that they were going to become independent citizens again, good helpful fathers and husbands, able to earn the daily bread of their children. Their present happiness seemed the result of their hopeful outlook and they were not the least concerned about their immobilized or absent limbs. Each of my visits strengthened my admiration for these institutions and my opinion of their high moral and social significance."

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packet. Young tender leaves only, grown with utmost care and with flavour as the prime object, are used to produce the famous Salada blends.

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The Chocolates  
with the unique  
flavor.



"Bordo"



"Bordo"

The Original  
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The popularity of "Bordo," the Chocolates with the unique, irresistible flavor, has brought a number of imitations on the market, but there is only one genuine "Bordo." To protect you from inferior imitations, the genuine has the name "Bordo" stamped upon each piece. "Bordo" Chocolates contain nothing but the purest chocolate and cane sugar, to which has been added that peculiar, creamy enticing flavor—the irresistible want some more taste—the despair of imitators.

"Bordo" Chocolates are on sale at all the leading confectioners and druggists. Packed in 10 cent packages,  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 lb. boxes and bulk.

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Special arrangements can be made for rooms and meals *tout compris*.



# *Have You Seen the Reference Number of The Farmer's Magazine*

issued in February? It is something new in farm journalism in Canada. The articles and data will solve difficulties in all kinds of farming. It will be referred to during the whole year. Send for a year's subscription and get this issue free. Here are some of the features of this issue:

- Incubators and Successful Poultry*
- Managing a Dairy Herd*
- The Milking Shorthorn*
- The Holstein and the Ayrshire*
- Investments for Farmers*
- Livestock Tips During 1916*
- America's Cattle, Hog and Sheep Trade*
- The Consolidated School Situation*
- The Rural Church—Its Function*
- The Milking Machine*
- Greenhouse Work and Building*
- Farm Organizations That Failed*
- Co-operation and Its Success*
- Farm Machinery and Conveniences*
- Women's Institute Leaders*

The March issue begins some new work that you will be very much interested in, if you own, operate or love a farm.

Wheat farming, Stock farming, Ranching in Ontario, What Dr. James Saw, Poultry Raising in Nova Scotia, Buying Bonds, Make a Good Income, etc., give some hints of the future—besides the special women's and home articles, are masterpieces. Our schools, our children, our bodies, our meetings, are subjects treated by experts in a way that one can grasp. The illustrations are a special feature. The cover designs are leaders. You will be prouder of farm life by reading it. Send to

**The Farmer's Magazine**  
143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

## Does Britain Need a Dictator?

*Continued from page 20*

be continued with small changes from time to time?

Canadians have no desire to take part in British home controversies. I do not wish to express as mine the view that a change is necessary or that a "dictatorship" is desirable. I have endeavored merely to report a situation and some of the men about whom the situation seems to centre. One can say this, that from the outside it is difficult to feel completely satisfied with the way the Government has carried on the war. One might even add that there seems to be grave weaknesses in the Government as it now stands. Some of the recent military misfortunes are difficult to understand. On the other hand it is so very difficult even to guess at the unfavorable circumstances besetting the British Government that one is held between the danger of misjudging and thereby contributing to unpleasant political unrest, and the danger of acquiescing in what may really be a seriously wrong condition of affairs.

## Who, How and Why

*Continued from page 28*

candidate, Armand Lavergne. Speaker Sevigny's party friends were not at that time in funds, and he chiefly remembers this campaign for the fact that he was given ten dollars to defray twelve days' expenses. Even in thrifty Quebec, ten dollars for twelve days is considered close figuring, and Speaker Sevigny frankly admits that he looks back to it with a shudder.

In 1907 Mr. Sevigny tried conclusions with the Hon. Charles Devlin in Nicolet County, but could not overcome the prestige of a Cabinet Minister in the Gouin Government. In 1911 he shifted to Federal politics as Conservative candidate for Dorchester, when he defeated the former member, Ernest Roy, K.C. Since then Speaker Sevigny has met no more worlds that he did not conquer.

Since the streets of London have been "darkened" at night, on account of the Zeppelin raids, there have been many accidents to pedestrians from being run down by automobiles. In a recent court case of this kind a bus driver suggested that pedestrians, especially women, should wear light-colored clothing. He also said that if people carried a newspaper, or a white handkerchief, when crossing a street at night, automobile drivers could more easily distinguish them in time to stop.

## The Silent Partner

Continued from page 23

that Hodson's firm, also, had this juicy bit listed and that Hodson was trying as hard as I to attach it to some nabob. It was a good buy, too, and would have been snapped up immediately at any other time. Now, however, it seemed that not even a syndicate had the courage to let go of funds.

Day after day I trailed the men whose names were familiar in all financial circles, starting in the millionaire class, and gradually working down until I forgot to look for the clean linen and shine. I would have kow-towed to the office boy if he could have showed me anything that looked like money.

No, it wasn't entirely ambition which prompted me to walk blisters on my feet and talk the best part of a lung away. It was plain unvarnished want! The chief began to cut down salaries; he cut down the staff. After giving me about ten leads to follow and noting that I didn't sell a dollar's worth, I saw in his haggard eye, that my turn had come. That miserable night I dragged myself home, just about all in. I had cut out the lunches, trying to lay by a little against the time when I, like thousands of other men, would be minus a job, and I never took the car unless absolutely necessary. Weak and discouraged, the spirit was crushed right out of me and I felt that I couldn't wear the optimistic mask any more. I would have cried real tears if a hearse had come along. That was the way I felt.

Hodson was pulling himself up the steps as I turned our corner. He tried to smile as he greeted me, but his face had a queerly distorted look.

"Awfully busy day," he began, wearily. "Couple of our old clients from the West turned up, and I've got 'em going on that Morton—"

He turned a sickly green and fell forward into my arms.

"Liar," I muttered, familiar with the hall-marks of rigid though unacknowledged economy.

I reversed my cuffs and tried to sew the sole on my boot before going down to dinner. Leroy looked as though he belonged in my class too, for I came upon him shaving the bottom of his trousers with his penknife.

"Couldn't sell you a policy this evening, sir?" he mocked, as I came along. "Twenty-year endowment—"

"Cut it," I growled.

"Fire insurance?" he went on, wheedling. "All that fine property you own—Good Lord, what's this?"

**H**E reeled back against the wall and babbled about angels and going to Heaven, mimicking *Little Eva* in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I turned, and there coming down the stairs was Jane—Jane in a soft white evening dress, all ruffles and tiny pearls and a hint of blue somewhere!

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The Fischman Mattress—comfortably noiseless; makes sleep recuperative. It is guaranteed for 3,000 nights—nearly ten years. The tick is all that can wear out and that can be renewed, thus adding another 3,000 nights of comfortable sleep. Think of the economy of this! 840 little coil springs arranged, wrapped in felt, and contained in strong cotton packets, make it the only noiseless spring mattress built. It adapts itself to the contour of the body, thus ensuring the utmost in comfort and relaxation. Ask your dealer for the Fischman mattress, or write us direct.

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weighs but 12 lbs. It can be set up, instantly, when required for luncheon or a game of cards. Its uses multiply. Every home needs such a table. Firm—rigid—durable—convenient. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

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## NAVAL

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All 99  $\frac{99}{100}$  % pure.

Value, 20 tablets for 5c.

Absolutely a foe to indigestion.

Leaves that Clean Taste.





## The Canadians Holding the Line at Ypres

*"The Canadians saved the position."*—Sir John French

THE most wonderful Canadian battle-painting in existence is reproduced here—a picture which shows with indescribable vividness the terrible conditions in which our gallant soldiers won immortal fame and glory—drawing from Sir John French the remarkable tribute quoted above.

The artist is W. B. Wollen, R.I., a famous battle-painter, and this is his masterpiece. It has special interest in that Lieut. Niven (now Capt. Adj.), the sole surviving officer, will be easily recognized in the trenches calling to his men.

Such a soul-stirring picture brings home to all who see it the wonderful pride of race which is theirs. It is a picture which every Canadian must possess, and the owners of the original painting have had it very carefully copied by the most up-to-date process, whereby the artist's coloring is faithfully given, and every detail shown to the fullest advantage. The pictures measure 15½ inches by 22 inches, and are splendidly mounted on a high-grade plate-sunk mount measuring 27 inches by 33¼ inches, ready for framing.

### HOW TO SECURE THIS PICTURE FREE

The original of this picture is owned by the proprietors of Dr. Cassell's Tablets and Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, who have at very great expense had these beautiful coloured reproductions made (entirely free from advertising matter), and are arranging for their FREE distribution to all who send 12 outer wrappers taken from 50 cents size of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, or 60 cents Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. If the 30 cents size Cough Cure is purchased, two outer wrappers will count as one.

In this way you will not only secure a free copy of this remarkable and valuable picture, but you will be bringing into your home indispensable remedies which should always be at hand.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets restore those who are run down and weary through over-work, worry, or sleeplessness, or who are troubled with dyspepsia, kidney weakness, or nerve disturb-

ance; whilst Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is well-known throughout the British Empire as the safest and most efficient remedy procurable for coughs, colds, bronchial and catarrhal troubles in old or young.

The outer wrappers can be taken from any of these preparations, and mixed to make the number—twelve.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, are sold by all Druggists and Store-keepers throughout the Dominion.

Commence saving your cartons to-day—you will get your picture all the quicker—and when you have the number, send them to the Sales Agents—Harold F. Hitchie & Co., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Write your name and address plainly—and remember these Pictures CANNOT BE BOUGHT FOR CASH, but can ONLY be obtained as stated above.

Her hair was all crinkled and shining, and her owl-like spectacles were superseded by a pair of silver lorgnettes through which she looked at us with all the graciousness of a duchess.

"My hat!" I murmured, "Colline, don't wake me. I will ring."

Jane smiled a little. She looked absolutely lovely when she smiled, and asked us how business was. We shook our heads.

"I am going to the theatre," she explained almost irrelevantly. "A sort of celebration—after a busy day. Mr. Cady is taking me. We're both awfully pleased with ourselves. I was the seller and he was the buyer of the Morton Chambers. A very decent commission, as you know, and I am going into business for myself with him as a silent partner."

We gaped at her, speechless.

"The lot of you were rather asses," she went on, without venom, "although I suppose it does take insight to spot a miser and a philanthropist welded into one. My advice to you is this—remember that diamonds don't always mean money; a shiny coat may often cover a fat bank account."

"Why did he ever pick out Ma's exclusive?" began Leroy, when Jane interrupted.

"Didn't I tell you he was a miser and philanthropist?" she repeated. "He wouldn't dream of living in comfort, much less luxury, any more than he would dream of having his photo taken. He doesn't want people to think him wealthy, he wants them to love him for himself alone!" She laughed softly. "He wanted to help you; he wanted to let you sell him something in the way of real estate or insurance; he even tried to tell you about his coffee plantation and orange grove but you wouldn't listen. Of course I am not complaining; your stupidity has meant that I am to handle his money and make his investments. Rather good for a girl, isn't it?"

She trailed off leaving a faint suggestion of heliotrope in her wake. We hadn't recovered from the shock, when Cady, himself, hopped nervously down stairs. He looked screamingly funny in a full dress suit, was horribly self-conscious and seemed thoroughly ashamed of himself.

He and Jane ate their dinner in silence, as usual. After the hansom had driven them off, the rest of us fought for air. Ma began to cry into his tea cup.

"I refused to pay for his laundry," she sniffed, "an' he mighta bought n' sold me out twict over. But how could I tell that? It's a fac' that he aint got but two pairs of unders to his name, an' one of them's mos' gone!"

"Pinch me! Pinch me!" implored Hodson. "I was always subject to nightmare. Good God, Steadman, think what we might have done!"

Leroy began to talk to himself like an imbecile.

"Maybe, Jane would like insurance, . . . ." he said.

STEADMAN paused.

"And was it all true?" asked Gregory, sharply.

"True—as the fact that you have just seen him leave my office, celebrating his

seventy-eighth birthday by making himself a present of the Hampton Block—that choice bit of real estate upon which you had covetously cast your eyes. He paid three-quarters of a million dollars for it."

The three ineffable young men sagged as though struck in the pit of their stomachs.

"Gosh—" they murmured, or words to that effect.

"Well, I suppose he married Jane, and they lived happily ever afterward," said Bland, rising.

A grin spread over Steadman's dignified features.

"No," he said. "I have been many kinds of a fool, but never the same kind twice. I married Jane, myself!"

## Is New York the Largest City?

*Newspapers of Gotham Claim That London Has Fallen Behind*

IS Greater New York now the largest city in the world? This claim is made by New York papers, but it is worth noting that they do not claim superiority over Greater London; at least, on that point judgment is suspended. The figures are presented as follows in the *New York Times Magazine*:

In considering the actual relative size of the metropolis called London and the metropolis called New York we must always bear in mind that London spreads out in every direction, and that, although the Metropolitan Boroughs combined do not comprise at present more than 117 square miles of territory against the 326 of Greater New York, what is called the Metropolitan District of London comprises nearly 700 square miles of territory. The metropolitan district of New York includes all of near-by New Jersey and much of Westchester County, and its population is now probably larger than the similar district of London. But London is London. The resident of Tooting and Shepherd's Bush gets his letters as a Londoner, marked S. W. or W., as the case may be. Yonkers and Hastings and Mount Vernon and Newark and Elizabeth are not New York. Nevertheless, the Chicago Tribune's recent estimate of New York as the largest city in the world is gratifying. A population of about 7,500,000 has developed, not actually within its political boundaries, but under the very influences, commercial and industrial, which have caused the rapid and amazing growth of the city itself, which, nowadays, is a restricted area of 326 square miles, as already noted, and contains a population variously estimated from 5,253,885 to 5,583,571.

London, however, has not been standing still while New York has been growing. It is likely, however, that the population of the two cities, counting New York's outlying district, politically but not socially or industrially separated from it, is now about equal, and perhaps Greater New York contains a few more inhabitants than the Metropolitan Parliamentary Boroughs of London. In that case New York is the largest city in the world in population as well as the greatest in industry, commerce and wealth.

# Try this on your Menu

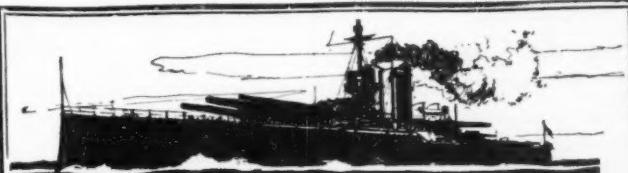


**Kellogg's**  
MADE IN CANADA

**A**PPLES baked with a coating of sugar, served cold in the centre of a large bowl or deep plate full of Corn Flakes.

"Tis a piece that will get many an encore."

**TOASTED CORN FLAKES**  
"Our Only Product"



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Just as the British Fleet dominates the World's waters, so "BRUCE'S SEEDS" are the dominant ones with the planter whose living depends upon "Real Seeds."

It will be even more apparent at this time, when many seeds are in short supply, that there will be more stocks offered by unreliable and inexperienced growers than in the past, and that houses with long established reliable connections such as we possess will have an incalculable advantage.

Why take a chance, when you can buy "The Best Seeds that Grow"—

BRUCE'S—for very little more than so-called "cheap" seeds.

It costs as much to plant and care for poor seeds as good ones, and you have very meagre, unsatisfactory results to show in return for your labor.

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Send for our 128 page Catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies and Garden Implements, full of valuable information, which is now ready and will be mailed FREE to all applicants.

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 Friend of Mine. F, Ab, Bb, C. W. Sanderson  
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 Nearer, My God, to Thee. F, G, Ab.  
 The Angel's Ladder. Eb, F, G.  
 Comfort One Another. Eb, F.  
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# THE-BEST-BOOKS

This department is given over to a review of the best of the new books on the market. It is the intention of the editors to follow the book output closely and, by selecting the very best, to enable readers of MACLEAN'S to secure books that are "worth while" in every sense.

## Dear Enemy

By JEAN WEBSTER

(Copp, Clark Co.)

ONE reads Jean Webster's latest book with a smile that is ever constant and lays it down with a lump in the throat—but the closing sensation is a pleasurable one. "Dear Enemy" is a sequel to that delightful first creation of Miss Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs," and it is every bit as human and clever.

In brief, it is the story of Sallie McBride, a society girl who shares with some of the butterflies of fashion the possession of beauty, wit and charm and with all of them the lack of something to do. The something to do, however, is supplied in the form of the superintendency of the John Grier Home for Orphans; which she accepts only to find the Home a place of drab walls and wooden benches and tin cups where live "rows of pale, listless, blue-uniformed children." After the first impulse to fly, she settles down to a fight against red tape and tradition in an effort to let sunshine and happiness into the gloomy, rule-ridden establishment; and the story is unfolded through the medium of the letters and notes she writes—letters to the wealthy friends who have foisted the task on her and notes to Dr. Robin MacRae, the doctor who looks after the health of the children. Sallie finds the doctor "as companionable as a granite tombstone." He is so taciturn that she is impelled to wonder if he has committed some remorseful crime. "I have a sweet, sunny unsuspicious nature," she writes, "and I like everybody, almost. But no one could like that Scotch doctor. He never smiles." They don't get along at all well, disagreeing on the question of red flannel petticoats for the little girls and like issues until finally all direct intercourse is cut off and any communications that have to be made to the dour doctor go in the form of impertinent little notes that begin, "Dear Enemy." Finally, however, they come to appreciate each other to the extent of working zealously together and while the "Laird o' Cockpen" and "Macpherson Clon Glockety Angus McLan"—names that Sallie coins for the doctor—builds up the health of the unfortunate children, Sallie introduces ice cream, games, Indian camps, yellow walls with rabbits stencilled on them—and gradu-

ally a new set of sympathetic officials. The story of the transformation of the John Grier Home is, of course, the real one but running through it all is a most unusual and most satisfying love interest. The thawing of the dour "pawky" doctor before reddish-haired, vivacious Sallie and the gradual way in which that most delightful young person learns to love the stern, high-minded doctor is a very obvious process but all the more pleasing for that very reason. There are several milestones that stand out in their courtship; the first when Sallie is able to pen a jubilant poem of victory to her friends:

Robin MacRae  
 Smiled to-day.

And the last when she writes to Robin, who has been rather badly used up in rescuing the orphans when the old Home burns down: "I wonder, when we are old and bent and tottering, can you and I look back, with no regrets, on monie a canty day we've had wi' ane anither?" Good-by, Robin lad, I lo'e you weel."

Jean Webster has given us a finished piece of work. The story bubbles over with fun from beginning to end but it is well-ordered fun, never breaking bounds and never permitting the reader to forget for a moment the more serious object of the story, Sallie McBride is wholly delightful; despite the fact that the whole story flows from the end of her busy pen, she is never sophisticated. Dr. McRae is well presented and somehow likable, even in his dourer moments, but to the male reader, at any rate, he is just a little unreal; no man of flesh and blood could have remained dour so long in the face of the winsomeness of charming Sallie. Both characters are drawn with a natural touch that leaves the impression of complete sincerity; and the same genius for faithful delineation without either forcing or exaggeration is shown also in the etching of the minor characters; the terrible McGurk, landlady and she-dragon, the Hon. Cyrus Wykoff, meddling trustee, snivelling Miss Snaith, the weak-minded infant nurse, Gordon Hallock, the society lover and the many others that are conjured up for the reader by the ready pen of the young superintendent.

It is a sweet story, a whimsical story, and yet a story of strength and purpose that leaves you, after all the happy smiles that bestrew your journey through it, with a lump in your throat—and perhaps a higher, better outlook on life.

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## The Prairie Wife

By ARTHUR STRINGER

(McLeod & Allen)

**W**HEN your writer of love stories has brought his hero and heroine to the clinging embrace or the altar he retires hastily under cover of the illusion, so eagerly accepted by the reader, that the romance is at an end and that henceforth there is nothing but joy and sunshine and ambrosia for the young couple. It is just as well that they do. Owen Wister, for instance, didn't add anything to "The Virginian," by dragging off his newly-married couple to visit the bride's parents in the east.

But this cowardly, albeit time-honored custom is not for Arthur Stringer. In "The Prairie Wife" he begins his romance with the marriage and continues until he leaves his young couple nicely settled down and the voice of a little *tenore robusto* ringing imperatively in the house. And such a love story as it is—tender, passionate, human, full of interest, full of humor, surely the truest and sweetest story of married life ever penned! It is really a miracle, this book. It extracts more romance out of the painting of a tin-covered prairie shack than you usually get with a whole mock-heroic court in slashed doublets and wigs. The heroine, who goes with her rancher husband to the West, a delicate thirty-six and emerges at the end of the story a perfect forty-two (size, not years), wraps herself so completely around the reader's heart that one finds everything she does of intensest interest, even when she is housecleaning the living room!

It is told in diary form. A revolution in Chile wipes out the remnants of a fortune that had been left to a certain young society girl of New York who is more than half engaged to a German lordling. The affair snaps off and Chaddie, the girl, promptly marries another man who has hovered in the background—one Duncan Argyll McKail, a Scotch-Canadian, who has a ranch out on the prairies and who, as she finds out, is land poor. All the way out he tries to explain to her about his shack, but she merely holds his hand, and whistles "Home, Sweet Home" or "Love Me and the World is Mine." Her resolve to be game does not desert her even when her husband leaves her at the jumping off station to go on to Calgary to remedy a defect in his registrations; she mops her eyes, takes one long, quavering breath and says out loud: "Squealer, squealer, who's a squealer?" But when she sees the shack, no bigger than a ship's cabin, with three windows—on hinges—and one door, and covered over with flattened-out tins, —!"

However, when "Dinky-Dunk"—she acquires the habit of finding weird nicknames for him such as the Dour Mawn and Kitten-Cats—returns, it becomes no longer just a shack. It becomes "Home." They build an addition, and plant flowers around it and get in a rug and a lamp and more books, and then Olie—the Swede helper—paints the well-tinned exterior; and finally they call it Casa Grande.

And so it goes on. They have a disagreement over a neighbor, one Percival Benson, an Oxford man, and Dinky-Dunk develops a jealous disposition at this stage but is brought to time by a clever

piece of feminine strategy. And they have a huge crop and begin to weave dreams of a bright future and six-cylinder cars with tan slip-covers and electric lights. And then the little son arrives.

It is, as remarked before, a most wonderful love story; but it is more than that. It is the story of the plains, an epic of wheat-growing. It catches the spirit of the West and presents the life of the prairie as perhaps never been done before. So roseate a glow is thrown over everything by the love interest that one almost loses sight of the sterner aspects of prairie life—the hardships, the drudgery and, above all, the loneliness of it.

It is exceptionally well written from every standpoint, the only feature that one feels at all inclined to cavil at being the introduction of a murderer-hunt in which Chaddie succeeds in trapping the criminal and handing him over to justice. The incident comes with rather startling suddenness and is dropped just as suddenly, so that one wonders why it was introduced at all. It was not needed to prove the courage of the prairie wife; she had already demonstrated her mettle.

From the standpoint of character drawing, let it be said that Chaddie is a flesh-and-blood creation, a woman in every mood and word. Mr. Stringer displays a subtle knowledge of the intimate workings of the feminine mind that makes his Chaddie real as well as adorable. As for Dinky-Dunk, the husband, he is very convincing and real as far as he goes, but one does not see enough of him to become convinced that he is not quite good enough for that girl.

Finally, the story is just simply bubbling over with wit and humor.

Those who do not read it . . . but then every Canadian should read "The Prairie Wife." It's the finest story about Canada in many a year.

## France at War

By RUDYARD KIPLING

(The MacMillan Co.)

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all  
By the light sans joy of life, the buckler of Gaul,  
Furious in luxury, merciless in toll,  
Terrible with strength that draws from her fireless soil,  
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's mind,  
First to follow Truth and last to leave old truths behind—  
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KIPLING'S impressions of the battlefield in France are contained in a thin volume that makes but a little more than an hour's reading. One closes it, however, with a clearer cut conception than was possible before of the long battlefront that stretches from Switzerland to the sea. Kipling's knack of vivid phrasing is much in evidence, presenting the many phases of the struggle in a series of striking vignettes.

Perhaps the most lasting that he leaves is his deep abhorrence of everything pertaining to the "Boche," as he almost invariably calls the German, borrowing the word that is ever on the soldiers' lips. Sometimes he expresses this through the medium of the soldiers with whom he

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talked. There was, for instance, the French officer, who said: "This is the frontier of civilization. They have all civilization against them—those brutes yonder. It's not the local victories of the old wars that we're after. It's the barbarian—all the barbarian." Or again, it crops out in describing a group of German prisoners. "They were the breed which, at the word of command, had stolen out to drown women and children; had raped women in the streets at the word of command; and, always at the word of command, had sprayed petrol, or squirted flame; or voided their excrements on the property and persons of their captives . . . yet they were made 'in the likeness of humanity!'" And again: "To be sure, there has never been like provocation for never since the Aesir went about to bind the Fenris Wolf has all the world united to bind the Beast."

Equally unmistakable is his admiration of the French and all their works. "The French," he says, "carry an edge to their fighting, a precision and a dreadful knowledge, coupled with an insensibility to shock, unlike anything one has imagined of mankind." He found France absolutely given over to the war. All France works outwards to the Front. . . . "It is a people possessed of the precedent and tradition of war for existence, accustomed to hard living and hard labor, sanely economical by temperament, logical by training, and illumined and transfigured by their resolve and endurance." The French, he reasons, have set their faces toward the goal ahead and the concluding words of the book have a convincing, even a prophetic ring: "The war will go on till the enemy is finished. The French do not know when that hour will come; they seldom speak of it; they do not amuse themselves with dreams of triumphs or terms. Their business is war and they do their business."

As said before, the chief interest of the book is in the vivid and yet simple descriptions of the front that the great poet traversed. It is not Kipling at his best but it is well worth reading for the lasting pictures that it leaves in the mind's eye.

### Plasher's Mead

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

(Munson Co.)

COMPTON MACKENZIE is one of the most promising of the younger English novelists. In "Plasher's Mead" can be detected a ripening of the promise that was shown so abundantly in his earlier books; furthermore it hints at a future marked by a continued broadening of his art.

"Plasher's Mead" is a rather remarkable book in several ways. Without being actually reminiscent, it has a distinct flavor of an earlier school, in fact it is almost Victorian in treatment, and perhaps more so in outlook. It is a love story, almost one might say an idyll, but it is handled in a minute and analytic style. The progress of the courtship is marked by the closest analysis of the feelings and the actions of both Guy, the man, and Pauline, the girl. It is done too well to become wearisome except in the odd places

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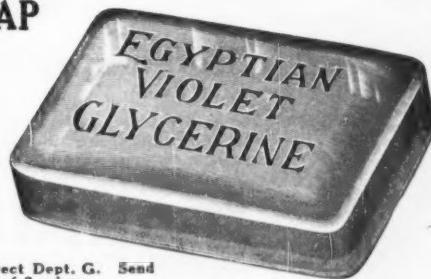


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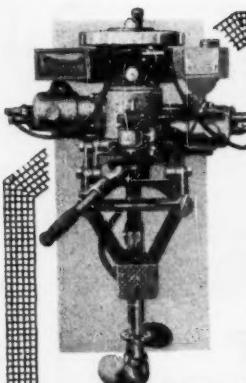
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where there are visits to relatives and friends and where, without doing anything to advance the story or develop the theme in any way, the characters are subjected to a boredom which cannot help but spread to the reader. Nevertheless, the story itself is so distinctly idyllic that this form of treatment at times appears puzzling.

Briefly it is the story of a young man with literary aspirations and £150 a year who rents a house, "Plashers Mead," situated most romantically by a rustic stream; and settles down to write poetry, much to the disgust of his father, who is the head of a large boys' school. Close at hand is the Rectory; and the Rector, a handsome, absent-minded, young-old cleric with a consuming passion for flower culture, has three most remarkably pretty daughters. Guy is attracted to Pauline, the youngest, and a pretty love affair develops which comes to fruition slowly through the very conventional ideas of Mrs. Grey, the mother, and the bashfulness of Pauline herself; Guy does not produce a very marketable grade of verse and, as they cannot marry on his puny income, it seems necessary for him to seek a lucrative form of employment. But to do so means leaving Plashers Mead—and Pauline. He lingers a year and then finally he bursts away to take a position on the continent and in doing so leads to the breaking off of the engagement.

In so far as the setting is concerned, the story is a masterpiece. Surely love affairs never progressed under more ideal conditions. Plashers Mead—a quaint house with the rime of many centuries—and over the way the Rectory with its charming family; and the village with its Elizabethan houses and the ruined abbey in the distance. There is a charm about it that the reader feels at all times. The outstanding feature, however, is the skill with which the author presents the household at the Rectory. Every member of the family is realistically drawn and fits perfectly into the picture. The Rector is perhaps a little overdrawn on the score of his pre-occupation, but Mrs. Grey is very well done indeed; a rather colorless woman, much overshadowed by the more positive traits of all three of her daughters. Pauline is a likeable girl but, in presenting her, Mr. Mackenzie has drawn on Victorian conceptions of the right type of heroine. She is too fresh and impulsive in the earlier glimpses that we have of her to recede naturally into the shell of shrinking modesty in the manner of a modern Kate Nickleby or Amelia Sedley. Guy himself is presented very clearly and with touches of masterly skill, but he is rather an exasperating hero—he is so *dilettante*, so sentimentally lazy! If he had only given up mooning around Plashers Mead and his leisurely practice on dactyls and hexameters and gone out to win a girl so well worth winning! One closes the book quite savage with Guy.

One of the best characters in the piece is Guy's father, the practical unsentimental and highly capable schoolmaster. He behaves exactly as such a father would to such a son—and his letters are masterpieces of candid disappointment. A good word also must be said for Godbold, the village gossip, who professes indignation at the tattling of his class.

Compton Mackenzie is not yet at the height of his power, but it is now evident that there are great possibilities in this young writer, possibilities which point to really great books in the future.

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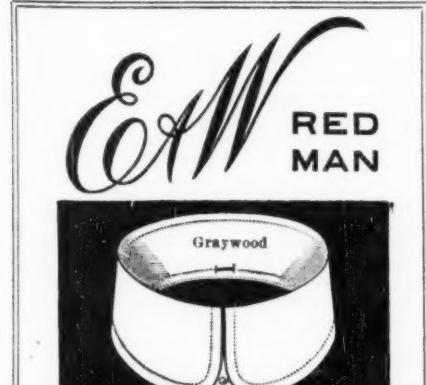
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## The Peril of the Submarine

In the submarine, modern warfare has reached a climax of frightfulness. Not only is the submarine frightful in the destruction it metes out to the enemy, but in the horrible death it is every ready to hurl at its own crew if, for a moment, they should relax their vigilance. It has increased the difficulties of navigation tenfold by the addition of a third dimension to its direction of travel. Stone blind, in pitch black darkness, it must be guided through the depths of the sea, liable at any moment to be crushed against an uncharted rock or to bury its nose in a bank of mud from which it cannot be worked free.

But as if these perils were not enough, the submarine carries within its tight little hold stores of pent-up energy, ready to be discharged at the slightest provocation. Death lurks in the warheads of the torpedoes, any one of which is powerful enough to shatter a dreadnaught and send it plunging to the bottom. Danger lies in the reservoirs of highly compressed air that are indispensable to the navigation of the boat; in the liquid fuel used to drive the engines when the vessel is on the surface; in the electric batteries that turn the motors when the boat is submerged. These last may seem the safest of the lot, but it is impossible to store energy without danger. Hydrogen is generated when the batteries are charging and discharging. The charging is done when the boat is on the surface, and it is comparatively easy to get rid of the gases, but when the battery is giving out its energy to the motors and driving the vessel under the sea, all the hatches must be closed, and it is impracticable to discharge the gases out of the boat. A ventilating system must be used to carry them away from the batteries and dissipate them throughout the hold of the vessel. A still further danger of the battery is the possibility of letting salt water come into contact with the electrolyte, which would result in the generation of chlorine gas and the poisoning of the crew.

It was with the purpose of eliminating the last danger that experiments were made with the new type of battery. The nickel-iron Edison cell uses an electrolyte consisting of caustic potash, or lye. No dangerous reaction takes place when salt water comes into contact with this electrolyte. However, this danger is already practically non-existent even in lead batteries, because as they are now constructed there is absolutely no danger of leakage, and not until the hold of the vessel is filled with water to a level of several inches above the top of the big batteries is there any possibility of forcing salt water into them. When a submarine has reached as serious a condition as this the chances of the crew are decidedly hopeless, even though they be not exposed to the danger of poisonous gases.—*Scientific American*.

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# THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

## Why Business Is Better

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Appleton is of the opinion that at least forty per cent. of the marketable crop of grain in the Canadian West has still to come forward, and it will be sold at prices averaging as high as they have ever reached within several decades. In addition to the high prices for grain Canadian producers are continuing to get good prices for pork and beef and other animal products. With these two basic industries in a healthy condition the outlook does not warrant anxiety. Another point accentuated by Mr. Appleton is that all our financial institutions are in a liquid condition—that is, they have more cash on hand than usual—a condition which usually precedes better times.*

At the time of writing it would appear that as yet about 40 per cent. of the grain crop of the West remains to be sent to market. In the farmers' hands there is still left as much grain as the total crop of a year ago. One Western authority writing just after the turn of the year estimated that 70 per cent. of the wheat crop had been marketed, that is, the proportion regarded as marketable, which would leave, roughly, 70,000,000 bushels still to come forward out of a total wheat crop of 331,813,943 bushels. Last year's crop puzzled the statisticians. All their estimates were awry. From reports received and attested to by excellent authorities, the business men of Eastern as well as Western Canada concluded in August last that the crop would not exceed more than 220,000,000 bushels. When the binders got busy, a different tale was unfolded. Yields surprised even the farmers themselves. Of the various interests directly affected by the crops, the railways were the least surprised. They looked for a crop such as was gathered.

It is not surprising that the estimates of the railroads should be accurate, as they have the best facilities for getting reliable information. Their Railways agents at points scattered all over the West are expected to keep an eye on traffic possibilities and they gain experience, from year to year, in making these observations. If their estimate as to the size of the crop in the first place has proved to be the most accurate it is altogether likely that their estimate of the amount of wheat still to come forward will be accurate. From the statements of their officials it would appear that as yet there remains of Canadian wheat to send abroad more than 30 per cent. of the crop.

From other sources, the reports of bank managers at country points in the West, and grain men, the impression is that there still remains in the hands of farmers a very large quantity of grain of all kinds, and especially of wheat. This is an important fact and charged with great

significance in so far as the outlook for business is concerned, especially in view of the steadily advancing prices of all kinds of grain. Just what these changes are and what they mean can be gathered from the following comparisons of prices for the past few years:

|        | \$ c. |
|--------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Jan.   | .92   | .93   | .81   | .83   | 1.26  | 1.16  |
| Feb.   | .93   | .96   | .82   | .86   | 1.49  | 1.28  |
| March  | .88   | .98   | .85   | .91   | 1.48  | —     |
| April  | .88   | 1.00  | .87   | .89   | 1.49  | —     |
| May    | .94   | 1.03  | .92   | .90   | 1.64  | —     |
| June   | .96   | 1.03  | .93   | .93   | 1.41  | —     |
| July   | .97   | 1.08  | .96   | .89   | 1.32  | —     |
| August | .96   | 1.06  | .97   | .97   | 1.28  | —     |
| Sept.  | 1.02  | 1.05  | .88   | 1.13  | 1.13  | —     |
| Oct.   | .90   | 0.88  | .89   | 1.07  | 0.88  | —     |
| Nov.   | .98   | 0.87  | .81   | 1.17  | 1.02  | —     |
| Dec.   | .96   | 0.78  | .81   | 1.17  | —     | —     |

Although prices are in the ascendant at the present time, their continuing so is contingent upon shipping conditions. The surplus stocks in India, Australia and the Argentine will at the proper time affect prices in Canada. To Sell Making due allowance for this, it seems tolerably cer-

tain that all the wheat that Canada will have for export now on will bring as good price as was obtained during 1915, which, as will be seen from the foregoing table, was a good price.

The advantage which the North American continent enjoys is proximity to the great body of consumers. A vessel can only make one or two voyages in a year to Australia and the Argentine, but to ports on the North American continent return trips from the United Kingdom can be made in a month. Those with grain to sell will not make a mistake by accepting present prices. If higher ranges are reached it will be because of shipping conditions due to the exigencies of war. To wait for these is to gamble. There's enough wheat in existence to do for the world's requirements. What the consuming nations, which depend upon the surplus production of other countries, have to face is the problem of transportation.

At present the price of wheat is around a point as high as has been touched since 1895, the year from which our most reliable statistics date. It happens, there-

fore, that Canada has the largest supply of wheat on hand for sale that she has ever had and prices are also at their highest. This is by no means an ill token.

During the early weeks of January the weather in the Canadian West was so severe and the snow fall was so heavy,

*Some of the Hauling Troubles*

were no greater than those which faced the railways operating their lines. Railway men generally are of the opinion that to try to haul heavy loads when the temperature is forty below zero is a very expensive undertaking, and it is doubtful whether it is in the best interests either of the road or of the country to attempt to continue traffic under such conditions. However, if it had been possible for the railroads to operate freely under such conditions, no advantage would have been gained, inasmuch as if the grain reached Winnipeg or a storage point it would have to stay there as it could not be moved to seaports, and if moved to seaports could not have been sent across the Atlantic. None of the United States roads are able to take very large quantities of freight from Canadian roads because they are themselves very much embarrassed at the present time. All the roads in New England are choked with business, and disorganized as the result of shipping paralysis. It is customary for a great proportion of them to get their coal supplies from Virginia, from which point the coal was hauled by water to all the important terminal points on the Atlantic Coast. Now, however, shipping has found a more profitable business and the New England lines have to get their coal from Pennsylvania and pay about \$3 per ton more for it. The carrying charges even for the short distance from Pennsylvania to points where the coal is required are very much higher than carrying the coal by water from Virginia points to terminals on the Atlantic coast. As further evidencing the congestion of States Traffic Congestion

of the United States on the Atlantic coast we might refer to a meeting of an association of shipping men recently at which the question of vastly improving the shipping facilities was discussed. Hitherto there has been always available at New York and other ports enough shipping to take charge of the freight as fast as it was delivered. In New York there is storage capacity for approximately 4,000,000 bushels of wheat which in normal times was adequate. If the steamers were not there ready to be loaded there was always lighter accommodation which took care of a very large supply for the few hours it was necessary to wait before the vessel it was destined for put in an appearance. But now, when ships cannot keep their sailing dates, and the volume of tonnage available is light, the storage facilities have become congested beyond description. One of the strongest roads operating into New York says that it cannot take many

considerable consignments of Canadian produce of any kind for at least two months.

Until the railroads are aided by lake transport and the Atlantic ports get into better shape to handle freight under existing conditions there is little hope of the Canadian crop moving out freely and no movement of this kind can be looked for until at least April or May next.

In the meantime the exports from Canada will fall off somewhat. This is not unusual. January, and the two succeeding months are not heavy export months. In March there is customarily an increase especially in trade with the United States. If there is a falling off, however, it is due to the congestion of transportation facilities and not because Canada has not an abundance of food supplies and other necessities which Europe requires. That our supplies are needed is indicated by the steadily advancing prices for them, as illustrated by recent quotations on grain, as already given, and for live stock.

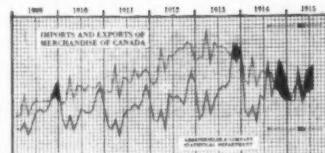
We are giving more than usual attention to what Canada has to sell because it is upon that substantial basis that business prospects rest. So far some idea has been given as to the amount of grain that is on hand and which is available for the market. Other necessities are of course being exported

*Basis for Better Prospects* and one of the chief is products of animals.

Prices for this class of product remain high and will likely do so, not only during but after the war. Chances of higher prices after the war for the products of animals are better than in the case of grain. As soon as the men of Europe are freed to look after their homesteads they can grow grain but it will take them some years to restore their herds to normal. In November last Canada exported products of animals to the extent of \$12,113,520, as compared with \$4,556,502 in the same month of 1914. Details for the month of December are not yet available, but it is not expected that they will exceed the total for the month quoted. After the turn of November there is usually a falling off, and this year, and December of last year, will be no exception to the rule. But there is no doubt but that shipments will during the first six months of the present calendar year exceed very largely those of previous years, in which the volume of trade is indicated by the following comparisons:

|       | 1913.       | 1914.       | 1915.       |
|-------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Jan.  | \$2,402,107 | \$3,151,012 | \$5,601,172 |
| Feb.  | 2,861,408   | 3,427,188   | 4,816,610   |
| March | 2,780,195   | 3,202,000   | 5,476,249   |
| April | 1,744,648   | 1,860,666   | 3,312,498   |
| May   | 2,323,930   | 3,296,507   | 3,487,231   |
| June  | 3,600,300   | 4,734,527   | 7,808,946   |

In respect of Canada's basic industries—cattle raising and grain growing—the outlook is very encouraging. So long as the country has cattle and cereal products to sell in considerable volume, and the prices for them are normal the outlook for business may be regarded with equanimity. At the present time, in so far as the immediate outlook is concerned, it is better than normal.



## Business War Maps

Sometimes the clearest way of indicating the financial and industrial situation is to express it graphically in the form of a chart. Comparisons covering a period of many years, and based upon facts drawn from various sources, are thus condensed so that their significance may be grasped at a glance.

Investors who inquire into fundamental conditions, and who are guided by them, seldom go wrong. Our Monthly Review attempts, by clear, condensed analyses of basic statistics, to protect the investor against loss, and to guide him to profit. It is free to investors.

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### In the Trenches

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These remarks are significant. They apply to those, too, who are at home, for a time comes in every man's life when he ceases to be insurable. Those who would suffer deprivation in the event of your death appeal to you to protect them while protection can be secured.

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### Royal Naval College of Canada

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 8 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, January 11th, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—90794.

We may take further encouragement from the condition of our industries which are being fed by demands for war munitions. It will not be wise to depend upon this class of product

*The Extent of War Orders* to ensure enduring activity. For some time however the effect will be stimulating.

Various estimates have been made as to the amount of the orders placed in Canada for war munitions, but they have not been authoritative. Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, when addressing the shareholders of that bank, interested them very much by his being able to tell them to what extent munition orders had been placed in Canada, and to what extent other industries had been affected. Sir Edmund said:

I am glad to be able to give a few facts which will at least help us to a better understanding of the matter. The Imperial Munitions Board have given orders in Canada for 22,800,000 shells, having a value of \$282,000,000. If we add to this the orders for cartridge cases, primers, forgings, friction tubes, etc., a total of \$303,000,000 is reached. For this work there had been paid out by the end of the year about \$80,000,000, and the monthly output is now valued at more than \$30,000,000. There are 422 plants working directly on these orders, and how much employment is indirectly due to them is beyond our skill even to suggest. The work of the War Purchasing Commission is not so easy to sum up. This body does not deal with shells, but it deals with almost every other requirement of the army and purchases about five thousand different kinds of articles. As the appropriation for the year just past amounted to \$100,000,000, we can form some idea of the importance of its operations, although there are no figures available to show how this has been spent. The pay of officers and men, the cost of all engineering operations and other large items coming under the direction of the Department of Militia and Defence, are met out of this appropriation. It is estimated that about one million pairs of boots have been purchased at a cost of more than \$3,500,000. Our woolen and knitting industries have received large orders, larger even than they could conveniently execute within the specified time. Up to the present all the cloth used for our soldiers' uniforms has been made in Canadian mills, but it is not clear that our mills can continue to fill all our requirements. From figures gathered from various sources we estimate that the value of the clothing ordered for the use of the Canadian troops since the creation of the Commission in May has been from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000, while orders from Great Britain and the cost of clothing the earlier contingents should make the total at least \$20,000,000. The British orders in Toronto at the moment amount to nearly \$1,000,000.

The above is of course only a part of the very important statement which Sir Edmund made. He is in an exceptionally good position to obtain the facts as the bank over which he presides has as customers 22 of the largest shell makers, 20 makers of clothing and leather goods, and eight of the largest packing houses. While the foregoing statement of Sir Edmund is very pleasing in so far as the immediate present is concerned, it is as well to note that he is very cautious in any reference he makes to after war conditions. "Every day," he says, "since the war began has shown us how unable we are, with our previous narrow experience, to look ahead even for a month." On the other hand, some noted Canadians have lent their names to statements that hold out hopes

of an after-war boom. "Fools step in where angels fear to tread," is as true today as when the words first took shape in their author's mind.

Another very important report was given to the public during the course of the month—that of the Royal Bank. Sir Herbert Holt, the president, while quite hopeful as to the immediate present, said as to the future:

No less than 340 plants, large and small, are engaged to-day in the manufacture of shells. The industry has proved an inestimable boon to this country and the salvation of a number of companies which otherwise might not have survived the crisis. At the same time, we must remember, that these orders will cease with the war, and our manufacturers will be under the necessity of adjusting themselves to new conditions. It must be expected that a violent dislocation will then take place. The prices of most commodities will probably recede rapidly from the present high level, and it is certain that the labor question will present grave difficulties in view of the abnormal wages now being paid, and the prospects of unemployment. Therefore, while we profit by the present opportunity, this unparalleled situation should not be made the basis of optimism regarding the future. The proper course is to conserve the unusual profits and accumulate working capital, the lack of which is so prevalent, and so detrimental to the general interests of the manufacturer.

The vice-president of the Union Bank, Mr. R. T. Riley, who presided at the annual meeting of the shareholders, took a very conservative attitude, and did not say anything to warrant the expectation of a huge immigration or huge boom after the Kaiser has submitted. "Our share of the cost of the war," he says, "has not yet fallen upon us, and it is the paramount duty of every corporation and private individual to exercise the strictest economy, both in public and private life, so that when we are called upon to pay our share we shall not be found unprepared."

To the above opinions let us add one from an investment house, as given in a circular issued by Messrs. Greenshields, of Montreal. That house

*What Will Happen After the War* regards the immediate prospects for active business men, but adds: "The advent of peace is the only factor which could unexpectedly interrupt the present period of activity. . . . We believe that to business peace will bring the necessity of a re-adjustment which cannot but cause a period of comparative depression."

To be prepared for the latter should be the chief concern of heads of businesses at the present time, and it is pleasing to note that our bankers generally are urging business men to do this especially in view of the attempt being made to "boost" hopes the realization of which is not at all probable as viewed in the light of existing circumstances.

At the time of writing some very satisfactory annual reports have been issued by the financial corporations of the Dominion. So far one or two loan com-

panies have submitted their affairs to the scrutiny

*Very Encouraging Annual Reports* of the shareholders and a large number of the banks.

The latter have not on the whole shown profits equal to those of previous years although they

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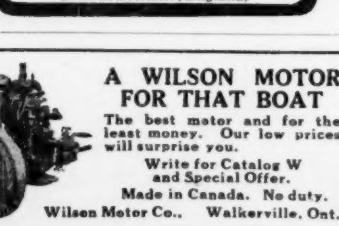


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*What Eminent Bankers Advise* to be cautious in any reference he makes to after war conditions. "Every day," he says, "since the war began has shown us how unable we are, with our previous narrow experience, to look ahead even for a month." On the other hand, some noted Canadians have lent their names to statements that hold out hopes

have had to meet special war taxation. Shareholders will get their dividends this year alright, but unless business becomes more active the directors will have to exercise the very greatest economy otherwise during the year following there will have to be some dividend cutting. But, although the bank shareholders may not view with equanimity the growing cash balance of the banks, they betoken confidence in the general outlook. When the banks are in a liquid position the country need not view the future with very great concern. It is time to look out for squalls when the banks are over-loaned as in 1912, and as in 1906. Their position during those years and their position to-day is very marked. Even as between the years 1914 and 1915 the change in the amount of cash on hand is very marked as illustrated by the following comparisions from statements issued within the last two months:

|             | 1915.        | 1914.        | Change.     |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Molson's    | \$ 4,524,149 | \$ 4,514,896 | +\$ 9,253   |
| Quebec      | 1,936,630    | 1,077,664    | + 848,966   |
| Ottawa      | 5,398,954    | 5,344,707    | + 54,247    |
| D'Hochelega | 3,218,291    | 3,197,031    | + 21,260    |
| Royal       | 28,923,681   | 28,683,854   | + 2,239,827 |
| N. Crown    | 1,673,076    | 1,410,206    | + 262,870   |
| Commerce    | 30,901,366   | 30,337,215   | + 5,564,778 |
| Hamilton    | 6,639,084    | 6,137,684    | + 502,002   |
| Toronto     | 8,651,034    | 8,162,624    | + 488,411   |
| Union       | 9,257,095    | 7,110,667    | + 2,146,428 |
| N. Scotia   | 17,294,062   | 14,333,640   | + 2,960,422 |
| Dominion    | 12,668,589   | 11,203,618   | + 1,465,251 |

There is a similar increase in cash holdings on the part of other financial organizations as will be observed when the statements appear during the next few weeks. This position is one from which the business public can derive comfort. It means that a vast amount of debt has been liquidated and the ground is clear for healthy progress as soon as war ends and the era of peace sets in.

## The Return of the Pacifist

Continued from page 12

to the rail. "Let go the head sail sheets."

Victory was within his grasp. The Helen lifted her bow under the triple stress of engines, sail and helm. In an instant the bow would fall, not on the yielding water; and the incident would be closed.

And then a strange thing happened. The doomed submarine was no longer in the schooner's path. She had achieved the impossible; she had starboarded and crossed the Helen's bow. She had swung in her own length, or nearly so. Foster realized that his own command had given the cue. He had seen it taken, with matchless promptitude. He had eased his own helm on the instant, admiring the seamanship of his foe—admiring it as an unavailing but gallant reply to his swift onset.

And the reply had availed. The waves closed in over the German's narrowing stern squarely under the yacht's forefoot. Foster, beside himself with rage, yelled at

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the gunners, knowing even in his rage that not a piece could be depressed sufficiently to bear, and rushed across the deck. Two shells exploded, one of them in the Helen's hold, as he turned to run. The German, still on the surface, was sliding away and firing her two guns as rapidly as they could be served. The yacht was suffering badly.

Broadwood, standing in the bow, flicked the ash from a cigarette and strolled back to his station in the waist. Foster took a new grip of himself and put the ship about, that the pressure of wind on sail might cant the deck and bring the twelve pounder more quickly into action. First one and then another of his quickfirers began to spit. And then the German shells were bursting, rising higher as the range increased.

Broadwood, with exasperating deliberation, sighted his piece. Foster motioned Farrell to steady the helm and coned the ship to hold the line true. At last the twelve-pounder roared.

AT THE same instant, there was an explosion under the Helen's stern.

"There goes the rudder," said Farrell, giving the wheel a disgusted spin.

"Down with the sail, then," cried Foster. "Hold your fire, Kelly. They've had about enough."

Broadwood's single shot had swept away a gun-crew and reduced the German's conning tower to a mass of twisted iron. What was left of her crew was climbing out on deck. Foster ordered away the boats and went below to inspect the damage to his own ship. When Farrell came back with the prisoners he was satisfied that both the combatants would float until they reached port.

"The thing I can't make out," he said, "is why they didn't dive when they got clear. They lost way before we fired a single shot. Anything wrong with her engines, Farrell?"

"Nothing obvious."

"I fancy it must have been that twelve pound shell I dropped between their propellers when they passed."

The speaker was Broadwood, who was lighting another cigarette.

"I am sure of it," said Lord Fairley. "Here is a little piece of one of them that nearly brained me." And he tendered part of a bronze propeller-blade.

Foster stared from one to the other. It was a new experience to find two civilians who outmatched him in coolness. He remembered his glimpses of Broadwood, flicking his cigarette at the crisis of the action. Then he smiled—at himself, a little bitterly; for Foster had his vanities.

"May we look over the submarine?" asked Lord Fairley.

"Mr. Farrell," said Foster, "will you pass a hawser and take command of the prize? Take Mr. Dool and enough men to rig up a jury rudder if necessary. And if you care to be bothered with this man of peace who won our scrap for us, and this other one who pretty well won our last, you're welcome to take 'em."

**A**T noon the *Helen*, with the submarine in tow, passed round a squadron anchored in the broad estuary of the Tay. Foster's account of the battle, in which Broadwood figured largely and himself not at all, had preceded him by wireless. A tender escorted them in, and as they approached the squadron a great ship carrying a rear-admiral's red ensign dipped its flag in salute.

Foster looked back at the submarine to see whether his two passengers had noticed the honor that was done them. The admiral was a friend of Lord Fairley's; and the yards of his ship were being manned.

The passengers were certainly there. The peer of the realm had throned his bulk among the ruins of the tower. He was tuning a banjo. Broadwood, who belonged to a more musical race, sat at his feet, giving him the notes with a guitar. Farrell, who was afraid that the proprieties might be outraged on his first command, stood aloof, red as a turkey-cock with embarrassment. Suddenly Martin Dool poked his head up from below and applied a mouth-organ to his lips.

The *Helen* followed the tender round the flagship; and as the submarine came into view the minstrels surmounted their preliminary difficulties and burst into melody. The noble lord lifted up his peculiar voice:

"All around the village,  
All around the village,  
All around the village,  
As you have done before."

"Chorus . . . ."

And he did it again, with Broadwood's rolling bass to assist.

"Mouth organ pianissimo!" he ordered, the Irishman's execution being inferior to his intent. "Second verse!"

They made a duet of it, Broadwood taking all lines but the second.

"We're bringing home the bacon,  
Dear sailors, awaken!  
We're bringing home the bacon  
As we have done before."

The chorus succeeded beyond expectations, a thousand voices roaring out the familiar chantey of a children's game. When one is a distinguished diplomat and the friend of an admiral one is not allowed to make too much of an ass of oneself. And when one touches the heart of the British seaman with a little nonsense—under official auspices—one becomes a popular hero. They rose to their feet for the third stanza:

"This is a German U-boat,  
It was a German U-boat;  
When Foster gets a new boat  
He's going back for more."

This time there was no chorus, but peal on peal of laughter, broken by cheers.

It was Foster's turn to be embarrassed.

When the admiral's launch came with a comprehensive and pressing invitation to dinner, Foster and Martin Dool were not to be found.

He got his new boat, nevertheless.

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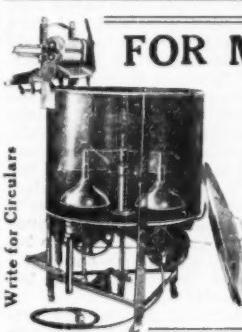
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## Uncle Sam Should Act

*A Demand for Firm Stand on the Part of the United States*

**A** STRONGLY pro-ally sentiment has been shown steadily in *The Outlook*. Throughout the long controversies waged with Germany and Austria over the submarine tactics of the enemy, *The Outlook* has consistently urged stronger action on the part of the United States. But the strongest assertion on the subject of American neutrality is contained in an article by Thomas Chalmers appearing in *The Outlook*. It is nothing more nor less than a demand for action. The writer was president of the Republican state convention of New Hampshire in 1912, and has also served in the State Senate. It may also be added that he studied theology in Germany.

A few weeks ago I made a journey covering parts of eight Eastern States. I tried to draw every man and woman I met into an expression of opinion on just one theme—the duty of the United States in respect to this world war. I had heard something of the watchword the supporters of the present Administration intend to make much of in the next Presidential campaign with reference to the President's success in keeping this country away from the firing line. That watchword was to be, "Thank God for Woodrow Wilson!" I wondered if it were really true that the people of this country were contented with America's peace and profit during these terrible days of the world's agony. From Manchester, New Hampshire, to Baltimore, Maryland, I talked with eighty-three men and seventy-two women on this subject. In homes, hotels, on railway trains, on the street, with travelling men, churchmen, chauffeurs, barbers, lawyers, merchants, I met with opinions more or less matured in almost every case. I met only one person—a domestic, expert at frying chicken—who knew almost nothing about the war and cared nothing about the result, so long as Americans were not drawn into it. This was the only case of entire neutrality found on the whole trip.

I found a majority of the men—sixty-one—to be contentedly of the opinion that the Allies would ultimately win. All but three of the men I talked with hoped they would win, but about one-fourth of them—nineteen—were afraid the war would end in a draw which would leave Germany the chief factor in future international calculations. All these nineteen men were severe critics of the Wilson policy. Four of them were Democrats, who, though sparing the President personally, blamed Secretary Bryan for the Administration's unfortunately neutral attitude at the time Belgium was assaulted. The sixty-one optimists believed there was no occasion for America to become involved. To every such optimist I put the following question, when the chance offered itself:

"But if you believed the ultimate victory of Germany would result from our continued neutrality, what would you advise?"

In every case where that question was answered at all the answers were something like the following:

"I should say strike now, and strike hard."

"In that case we should without delay accept one of Germany's many challenges and throw our weight into the balance against her."

"I would vote for war to-day if I thought Germany had a real chance to win in the end."

"I would advise, in that case, that we fight now in good company rather than later alone."

Several of the optimists were too cheerful even to consider such a possibility.

To my great surprise, the women were more bitter against Germany than the men—Edith Cavell had just been shot—and were readier for action. They were more unanimous in their instinct that the blow that had fallen on Belgium and on Armenia would some day threaten America. One Christian mother, whose older of two sons is in college preparing for the ministry, was in real agony at our Government's failure to strike a blow for blighted Belgium and dying Armenia.

"But did you raise your boy to be a soldier?" I inquired.

Her flashing reply was: "I hope I am raising boys who would defend the defenseless even at some risk to themselves!"

I came home with the conviction that the neutrality professed by our Government misrepresents the people of America, that it is really only a pretended neutrality, that it is therefore unfair to the people, unfair to Germany, and that it is writing a discreditable chapter in American history. The United States is at war with Germany as a matter of fact. The war has lasted now nearly a year. The American Government placed the chip of "strict accountability" on its shoulder last February. March 28 Germany knocked that chip off by sinking the Falaba, with the loss of an American citizen named Dresser. May 1 Germany made another pass, and sank the Gulflight with two American lives lost. May 7, after humiliating warning of what she intended to do, she struck America a full, staggering blow in the face by sinking the Lusitania, with appalling loss of life. Germany knows we are not neutral and is proceeding accordingly. We are rendering enormous assistance to her enemies. Deferring the settlement for damages, for which we shall be called on later, she feels free, either directly or through her ally, to strike us whenever she can profitably.

We have been put in a false light. We are looked upon as a nation of bargainers, of commercialists. As a matter of fact, no nation in the world has a better record for national unselfishness. We are a people of strong sympathies, and have more than once shown that the cry of an oppressed race can make a loud appeal to the national will.

The present administration's chance to meet this crisis is fast vanishing, like the sand in our hour-glass. Whether this Congress will take the nation's leadership in its hands is uncertain. If it does not, and if the great war continues without a decision, the next Presidential campaign will record the effect of some such frank platform plank as the following:

"We repudiate the present Administration's inaction at the time the neutrality of Belgium was ruthlessly violated by a power pledged to its protection."

The United States as signatory to the Hague guarantee of that neutrality cannot with honor escape the responsibilities of that guarantee."

The selection of a leader in harmony with that plank should not be difficult; but at present there seems to be just one clear figure on the horizon for such a task. He is a big figure, and a familiar one, and he has been tried out. There still remain serious questions of his availability on the part of those who bitterly fought him in the last campaign. The writer is one of those. But those questions are disappearing, and if events travel as they are travelling now for the next six months, the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt on some such plank as is suggested is more than a clear possibility.

There is no hope for the colorless man in the next campaign. In the trying times ahead of us we must have a man at the helm who does not threaten strict accountability unless he means it to the letter, whose words are deeds, whose passion for humanity is too deep for rhetoric, whose heart is oak, and whose will is iron. This is the hour of the world's greatest trial, the hour that may forebode the death of democracy, if we, the greatest of the world's democracies of all time, are content, like Reuben of old, to "abide among the sheepfolds to hear the bleatings of the flocks."

## Christianity Has Not Failed

*A Strong Article on the Relation of Religion to the War*

**I**N the depths of darkest despair the human mind even descends to a condition of doubt in Christianity. Has Christianity failed? is the question that many have asked since the outbreak of war. This questioning attitude has become so general that it has even become necessary for powerful exponents of Christianity to answer it; and much discussion on the subject has crept into the religious publications, even into the general reviews. One of the ablest answers to the question as to whether Christianity has failed is supplied in the *Hibbert Journal* by W. Adams Brown. It is quite impossible to reproduce all of Mr. Brown's able article, but in the following condensed version the main arguments will be found:

What will the war mean for the higher life of man? Are we on the eve of a permanent relapse into barbarism, or are we witnessing the birth-throes of a new and higher social order?

To every thoughtful man this question is of interest, but to the Christian it comes home with peculiar closeness. For Christianity in all its forms believes in a moral government of God in which all nations and races are included, and judges all experience, social and individual alike, in its bearing upon this supreme issue. It is not strange, then, that in every country of Christiandom, those who are at war and those which are participants only by their sympathy, men are asking themselves what bearing the events we are witnessing will have upon

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the religion to which they owe allegiance. How far has the Christian claim been confirmed, how far disproved, by the war?

From the point of view of the individual, few would be found to deny the practicability of Christianity, for the evidence to the contrary is accessible on every hand. There are men and women all the world over who believe in the Christian God, accept the Christian standard, and realize that standard in their own personal conduct to a remarkable degree. They are unselfish, trustful, brotherly, forgiving, hopeful, pure. They face calamity with courage, sin with repentance, opportunity with consecration, and persecution with self-control. They may be mistaken in their belief, and their hope may be destined to disappointment, but no one can deny that, so far as their personal experience is concerned, Christianity has proved and is still proving itself not only a practicable but a satisfying and ennobling religion.

For men of this type the war has introduced no essentially new element into their religious experience. It has immensely deepened and intensified it. It has provided new challenge for faith, a new opportunity for service, but it has not made it appreciably harder to believe in God. Indeed, for many it has become far easier, for the very shattering of earthly ideals and the new revelation of the transitoriness of material possessions has served to set in clearer perspective the unseen reality, and removed, as it were, a veil which seemed to hang between them and God.

But with the other phase of the question it is different. When we ask whether Christianity is socially practicable, we ask whether the standards which have been accepted and in a measure realized by selected individuals here and there, are valid for the race as a whole; whether nations and the rival classes within each nation whose dealings one with another are now conducted on purely selfish principles, may be expected to abandon their present rivalry in favor of the more generous and inclusive methods advocated by Christ.

For such a question the war is of momentous significance. For war in the boldness of its affirmation of the supremacy of self-interest as between social groups is in its essence the denial of Christianity. If war, and what war means, is a permanent social necessity, then Christianity in the sense in which we are interested in it here is socially impracticable, and our question must be answered in the negative.

And if it be said that these are but local or transitory symptoms, the evidence of a world-spirit which for the moment has slipped its leash and run wild without control, that within organized Christianity at least we may count on a protest against these unchristian tendencies and the reaffirmation in the face of a challenging world of the great ideals and principles of which we have been speaking—we face this further and most discouraging fact of the all but complete abnegation of leadership on the part of the Christian Church. In every country that is now at war we find the forces of organized religion mobilized with army and navy in defence of the particular contention of the State in question. The consciousness of world citizenship so characteristic of the Church of Christ in its great days is for the moment eclipsed, and one wonders whether it will ever be possible to revive it.

Christianity, whether as a programme for the individual or for society, has never promised itself an easy victory. It has been a militant religion, recognizing evil as a present fact of far-reaching ramifications and insidious power. The ideal which it holds forth is not of a gradual unfolding taking place automatically and inevitably as the flower swells and ripens under the sun, but a conquest over enemies who need to be subdued by an effort of the will, and whose resistance, even when successfully overcome, will leave its scars behind. As pictured in the New Testament, Christianity is a religion of triumph indeed, but a triumph of those who have come through great tribulation, martyrs and heroes as well as saints.

How much more necessary is it to avoid hasty judgments when we consider the social practicability of the Christian religion? For here we have to do with a process which instead of being complete in a few score years is to be measured by millenniums. To say that Christianity is socially practicable is not to say that it is possible to-day or to-morrow or even in the next generation to realize the Christian ideal in society,—but that the realization of this ideal ought to be the aim toward which social effort should be directed, and by the success or failure of which social progress should be measured. No doubt a long process of education will be necessary. No doubt while the education is incomplete and men who have accepted the Christian standard face those who either know it not or who as yet reject it, compromises will be inevitable as they are inevitable to-day in the life of the individual who yet imperfectly realizes the Christian ideal. But just as little as the fact of such compromises makes us despair of the practicability of Christianity for the individual or leads us to abandon the Christian test of character in favor of one less rigorous and exacting, ought the presence of these social compromises and failures to lead us to abandon our hope in the social practicability of Christianity, provided only we can be assured that the direction of social progress is toward rather than away from the Christian ideal. It is not the fact that we have hitherto failed to realize the Christian social ideal that should discourage us, but the abandonment of the attempt, and still more the theoretical justification of this abandonment on the part of those who in their private life still call themselves Christians.

Once more, it is not enough to reject any conclusion on account of its difficulties. We cannot consider the alternative. There are difficulties no doubt in assuming the social practicability of the Christian religion, but are there no difficulties in assuming the contrary? What those difficulties may be has been brought home to the consciousness of mankind with a vividness unexampled in history by the events of the past sixteen months. This war with all its horrors is the direct result of the fact that a group of men temporarily in control of the policy of the leading European nations, and backed by a public sentiment sufficiently strong to make them face the risks of their belief, have deliberately accepted the thesis of the social impracticability of Christianity. When the war is over and the questions of reconstruction are to be faced, this question will have to be answered by those responsible for the terms of peace: whether the philosophy which underlies the diplomacy of the past two generations is still to control, or whether from the

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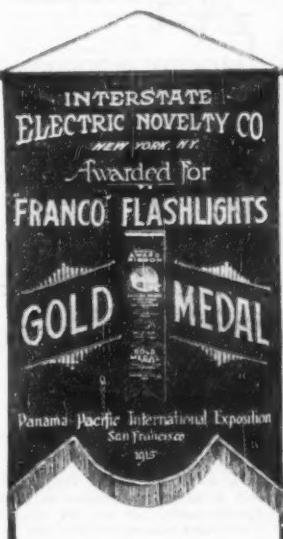
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mere point of view of human prudence and reason, if from no higher ground, it may not prove wise to try a different method? If the former alternative shall prevail, we know what to expect. After a breathing space, longer or shorter, there will be a renewal of what we have been experiencing in Europe on a scale as much more portentous and terrible than what we now see, as the forces which in the meantime modern science shall have evoked will be vaster and more appalling. Nor is this all. With the rapid education of the great peoples of the remoter East, it is already certain that in a time longer or shorter, but distinctly measurable, these unnumbered millions of men, hitherto largely aloof or quiescent so far as the Western world is concerned, will be drawn into the vortex and increase by their new reserves of power the terror of the impending cataclysm. As the world grows smaller and the distance draws near, the refuges which in the past have sheltered neutral and peace-loving nations from the storms of war will grow fewer and at last disappear altogether, and the extent and duration of the contests that will succeed one another from generation to generation in dreadful and monotonous succession be measured only by the resources of humanity as a whole.

Such then is the alternative which we face if Christianity be not socially practicable. And the question fairly arises whether it is not as reasonable to suppose that the influences which within individual communities and states have gradually substituted the methods of co-operation and of law for those of armed force, may not find advocates ingenious enough to apply them to the new situation when once the magnitude of its issues has been faced.

If the Christian claim be justified, how shall we account for the present situation? The Christian answer is entirely simple and definite. It is because, as a matter of fact, the Christian principle has not been applied.

I do not mean this simply in the sense in which it is true of our individual failures that our accomplishment falls below our endeavor. I mean that no serious attempt has as yet been made to apply the principle at all. The energies of Christians have as a rule been confined to dealing with individual lives, and the problems of organized society either ignored altogether or dealt with on principles of temporary expediency or of deliberate selfishness.

It is not difficult to understand historically how this has come to pass. When Christianity was born no one anticipated the long duration of human history. It was expected that Christ would come again within the lifetime of men then living in order to establish His kingdom upon earth and to realize the social ideas of justice, brotherhood, and love. And when this expectation was disappointed and men faced the prospect of a period of waiting indefinitely long, the old habits of thought still persisted and the social consummation unattainable or at least unrealized here was awaited in the undiscovered country that lay beyond death. In the meantime the energies of Christians found sufficient outlet in the preparation of the individual for the life after death and the winning of new candidates for the citizenship of the future kingdom.

So there grew up a conception of Christianity which, while it still cherished the social ideal and phrased its faith in terms

of social fellowship, was yet in principle largely self-centred and individualistic.

But there is a still more fundamental cause for the failure of Christians in the past to apply the principles of their religion to the organization of society, and that is the general ignorance of the laws of social life. At no point is the revolution in our habits of thought, which has been brought about by modern science, more far-reaching than in our conception of the nature of human society. We realize, as it has never been possible to realize it before, the extraordinary variety and intimacy of the ties that unite individuals one with another, not only in their economic but in their intellectual and moral life. We realize that in order to influence an individual effectively it is not enough to appeal to him directly. We must attack his environment and change the forces which enter into the making of his personality.

And with this new insight modern science has given us new power. It has marvellously increased our resources, it has multiplied in ways that stagger the imagination the wires that reach from one man to another, and created the machinery that for the first time has made it possible to mobilize all the resources of the nations and make millions of men act with the precision and effectiveness of one.

This is something new under the sun. Here is a new power put into the hands of man which he has never had before, a power which may be used for good or for evil, for co-operation or for war. The leaders of the Church, trained in the habits of the older individualism, concerned primarily with the forces of the inner life, have been slower to discover the existence of this power than men who have been trained in another philosophy and are working for other ends.

This is the true significance of what we see to-day. We are witnessing the mobilization of humanity for common action on a scale and with an effectiveness never possible before, but a mobilization the purpose of which is destruction, and its inspiration distrust, suspicion, and fear. And the reason is the same which accounts for every failure of Christianity in the past, the fact that for the time the forces of selfishness have gained control of the springs of activity, and the principles of love, of trust, and of service have been discarded as impracticable and ineffective.

But if this be the diagnosis, the remedy is plain. It is the replacement of the present methods of social control by those which are sincerely and genuinely Christian. What is needed is a change of administration, the substitution not only of new methods but of new ideals.

Of all the marvels of this marvellous year, none has been more wonderful than its revelation of the unsuspected moral reserves of humanity. The virtues that we had thought the prerogative of the few, courage, consecration, self-sacrifice, faith, are found to be the common heritage. We have heard that the days of heroism were past forever, that men were engrossed in money-getting and money-spending, blind to spiritual reality and deaf to the appeal of the ideal, and we have witnessed a rebirth of idealism on a scale more stupendous than any that history records. We have seen the nations give of their best and dearest without a murmur—mothers their sons, wives their husbands, young men their lives, parents their homes. We have seen an entire peo-



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## Is Good Acting on the Decline?

*There Are Not the Strong Plays Now to Create Great Acting*

HAS acting deteriorated? Despite the fact that there are more theatres than ever before, that the amounts spent on productions are almost unbelievably in excess of what was paid in bygone days, that the stage as an institution is on a broader basis, there are many who contend that the art of acting has not improved; in fact, there seems good reason to state, in the opinion at least of these critics, that it has fallen far below the lofty standards of the older golden age. Such a one is Walter Prichard Eaton, who writes in the *American Magazine* as follows:

Since you and I were young in the theatre, a new generation of play-goers has arisen, who know very little about the art of acting, the beautiful, vanishing art of acting! You and I, gentle reader, remember Mansfield; we remember Jefferson's Rip, and Julia Marlowe's Juliet; we saw Irving and Terry, Duse and Coquelin, John Hare as Lord Quex, James A. Herne in "Shore Acres." Ah, what wonderful things didn't we see! But the mists of time are closing about our memories; it all happened ten, fifteen, twenty years ago! In the immediate past, in the decade from the death of Mansfield to the present, there has been precious little acting to excite the imagination, and most of that has been contributed by the older players. Scarcely any new talents of the first order have arisen, except Elsie Ferguson.

But, meanwhile, this new generation of playgoers knows the art of acting only as they have seen it practised in the past decade. Lacking, therefore, any other standards of judgment, they are often curiously unaware of the present low state of the art. There are dramatic critics to-day who never saw Mansfield, and when Marie Tempest produced Barrie's "Rosalind" last autumn and some of us said that only Ellen Terry in her prime could have acted that difficult role, these youngsters looked at us wistfully, as we boys used to look at the old man who remembered the War of 1812, and answered, "I suppose so."

It is true that time casts a glamour over the past, but it is also true that time tends to obliterate the trivial, so that in the end we remember only those things which made a deep impression on us. In that sense, memory is a trustworthy critic. Running through my own memory in preparation for this article, I picked out a number of acting achievements which were still vivid; and I am confident that each one of them was indeed an achieve-

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ment; I have remembered it because of its initial power. I hardly know where to begin in the enumeration. Perhaps my first vivid recollection of the theatre is on Mansfield's Ko-Ko, at the first Boston performance of "The Mikado"; but it would be quite unorthodox to call that an acting achievement! It could not have been long after that I saw Jefferson as Rip, and wept such copious tears, accompanied with such audible sobs, when the poor old chap was driven out by his wife, that my parents seriously debated removing me from the theatre. What decided the debate was my refusal to go!

I was taken often to the theatre in my childhood, especially to the old Boston Museum, but it is generally the plays I recall rather than the acting until, in my preparatory school days, I went to a new play, then much talked about, called "Shore Acres," and saw James A. Herne's pantomime in the last act, that exquisite and tender scene when the old man banked the fire, put out the lamp, scratched a bit of frost off the pane to peep out at the night, and climbed with his candle up the stairs to bed. It was possibly on this occasion that I first consciously took note of the actor's part as a reasoned and carefully wrought process.

It could not have been long after that I saw Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber in "Romeo and Juliet"—and theirs was the only satisfactory performance of the play I ever have seen. Of course, I fell madly in love with Julia. Was there any youngster in the '90's who didn't? And what a Romeo! There has been none since. Sothern's Romeo is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Hamlet's thought, and Kyrie Bellew's was a mass of affectation and pose. But Taber was the pure flame of romance.

When I reached college, Mrs. Fiske had begun to usurp the centre of the stage, and when she brought Tess to the Tremont Theatre I sat in the top gallery more than a dozen times, suffering the most exquisite agonies when she told Angel, in those broken, staccato gasps—"I wrote—and I wrote—and you did not answer! I waited—and I waited—and you did not come!" Every moment of Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharpe, too, is a vivid recollection, and bound up with it is the memory of Maurice Barrymore's Rawdon Crawley in her first production, and of George Arliss's Marquis of Steyne in a later revival. The entrance of Arliss down the stairs in the ballroom scene, the way in which he gradually focussed every eye in the audience upon himself without speaking a word, and made a thousand people conscious that the evil spirit of the play had come upon the stage, remains one of the memorable achievements in our theatre.

The memories crowd thickly in ensuing years. Performances in two plays by Pinero we remember yet with a thrill. Both were at the Criterion Theatre in New York, now a home of the movies. One was John Hare's sinister Lord Quex, the other was Oscar Ashe's magnificently ironic and cruel and sensual Jew, Maldonado, in the play of "Iris," in some ways, perhaps, Pinero's masterpiece. We can still hear his snarl of baffled rage as he swept the ornaments off the mantel and, picking up a chair, smashed it to the floor as the final curtain fell. From about the same time, too, we can still hear Duse's piercing shriek at the close of D'Annunzio's horrible play, "The Dead City."

All of us, of course, who saw Mansfield treasure memories of his acting. Who can forget the supper scene in "The Paris-

ian Romance," or the ironic diablerie of his "Devil's Disciple" (which was produced in Boston during my freshman year in College, when Shaw was still hardly a name on this side of the water), or that moment in the tent of Brutus, when suddenly he let loose all the power of his superb voice, crying, "Away, slight man!" till you in the audience felt like crawling under your seat for safety.

As we draw nearer to the present, I find my memories growing rapidly fewer, rather than more numerous. It seems but yesterday that Mary Garden stalked out on the stage of the Manhattan Opera House as *Thais*, with the stride of a conquering tigress, and Renaud, on the same stage, as Don Giovanni, threw back his cloak with jaunty defiance at the foot of the Commander's statue—and down three thousand spines went the thrill of impending tragedy. A great actor, Renaud, if he was an opera singer, one of the greatest of our age. But though it seems only yesterday, it was actually a decade ago. It was nearly as long ago that Ethel Barrymore astonished us in "Mid-Channel." In the recent years, I have to rake my memory hard for vivid recollections. There comes, of course, the picture of Otis Skinner in his dungeon cell in "*Kismet*," grinning with unholy joy as he frees his hands and can now get at the throat of his enemy. And there comes the recollection of Elsie Ferguson's crooked little smile both in "*The Strange Woman*" and "*Outcast*," a smile that brings the sealding tears to your eyes. But the treasured pictures are few. Chiefly there is a blurred recollection of pleasant trivialities, one melting into the other without definite outline.

The lesson of our memories, and the lesson of the present season are the same. Both tell us unequivocally that memorable acting can only come from the conjunction of technical skill and a role which calls for genuine character delineation; that the actor must be equipped to render character, but without the character to depict his performance will amount to little. Who remembers Julia Marlowe definitely as "The Goddess of Reason?" Who can possibly forget Julia Marlowe as she stood in her page's costume beside the Duke, and said, as one else in our generation has said it:

... She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the  
bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek."

Acting and play-acting are inseparable. The great performance is dependent on the great part. You will remember Sothern much longer as Malvolio than as Jeffrey Pantin in "*The Two Virtues*," but not because he acts the one part any better than the other. You will remember him longer as Malvolio because Malvolio is a greater character, in a vastly finer play. Have you, dear reader, the faintest recollection of Maude Adams in "*The Jesters*?" But, if you are anything like us you can shut your eyes and both see and hear her romping through "*Peter Pan*." The poignant performance is dependent on the truthful and poignant situation. The art of acting is, ultimately, simply the art of making an imagined character live on the stage; in other words, acting is character delineation. Therefore you cannot develop fine actors, you cannot have fine acting, without plays that are based on truthful and sturdy character drawing.

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